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THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE

BY VENERABLE BEDE.

With an Introduction by the Right Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B.

INTRODUCTION.

MUCH interest is attached to the mission of St. Augustine to Britain, for he was the first to bring the faith to our Saxon forefathers, and he brought it under the personal direction of the Sovereign Pontiff. Questions are mooted concerning his monasticism, his credentials, the extent of his authority, the vitality and permanence of his work. The settlement of these issues will obviously depend mainly on contemporary records, and these, in an age of turmoil and of the reconstruction of Europe, are by no means plentiful. Hence the writings of Venerable Bede have a special importance in determining the facts of the introduction of Christianity into Saxon England. Speculations about what might have been, or ought to have been, and the dressing up of a bare skeleton with the flesh and clothes of the imagination, must give way to the narrative of a trustworthy witness who lived close to the time of the events in his story. During this year 1897 the thirteen hundredth anniversary of his landing, when attention is directed to St. Augustine, it will be serviceable to place within the reach of every one what Venerable Bede actually states about St. Augustine, so that a just estimate may be formed of the historic value of what is asserted concerning his mission.

St. Augustine came to England in 597 and died in 604. Venerable Bede was born in 672 or 673 and finished his *Ecclesiastical History* about the year 731. He was placed in a monastery on the banks of the Tyne in his early childhood, and thus speaks of himself (*Eccl. Hist.*, v. 24): "I was born in the territory of the same monastery, and through the care of my relatives when I was seven years old I was offered therein to be educated by the most reverend Abbot Benedict and afterwards by Ceolfrid; dwelling from that time in the same monastery I have spent all the days of my life there, giving my whole mind to the study of the Scriptures, and in the intervals of the observance of regular discipline and the daily service of chant in the church it has been my delight to learn, to teach, or to write. In my nineteenth year I received the diaconate and in my thirtieth the priesthood, both from the hands of the most reverend bishop John at the command of Abbot Ceolfrid. From the time that I received the priesthood until the fifty-ninth year of my age I have been engaged in annotating the holy Scriptures from the works of the venerable Fathers according to the requirements of myself and my brethren."

Thus he lived in an atmosphere distinctively ecclesiastical, and in his youth would eagerly pick up the stories of elderly men who had commenced life close upon the days of St. Augustine. Newspapers and telegrams did not then day by day crowd the mind to pander to the rapidity of modern excitement, and the story of the first introduction of Christianity was still fresh and vivid. Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* and his Lives of saints testify to his care in the collection and description of details. For the account of the conversion of Kent he did not rely on traditions prevalent in Northumbria, but he gathered accurate information from St. Augustine's own monastery at Canterbury. In the Preface to his History he thus writes: "To remove from the hearers or readers of this History any motive for doubt about what I have written I shall make it a point to mention

briefly the authorities to whom I am mainly indebted. The authority above all and the chief helper of this work was the most reverend Father Albinus, a man of the utmost learning, who was created Abbot of the church of Canterbury by Archbishop Theodore of happy memory and by the Abbot Adrian, both of whom were venerable and cultivated men. With much research he made himself acquainted with all that had been done in the province of Canterbury and the neighbouring regions by the disciples of the blessed Pope Gregory, either from written records or the traditions of the elders, and he sent to me all that seemed worthy of note through Nothelm, a holy priest of the church of London, either by letter or by word of mouth of Nothelm himself. Moreover afterwards Nothelm went to Rome, and by the permission of Pope Gregory who now presides over the Church, he examined the archives of the same holy Roman church, and found some letters of the blessed Pope Gregory and other Popes, and on his return brought them to us to be inserted in our history by the advice of the aforesaid most reverend father Albinus. From the beginning of this volume to the time when the nation of the English received the faith of Christ we have learned what we state mainly from previous writings collected here and there. But thence up to the present time what was done in the church of Canterbury by the disciples of blessed Pope Gregory or under different kings we have ascertained through the industry of the aforesaid Abbot Albinus, as we have stated, by the narrative of Nothelm."

The materials for the account of St. Augustine were consequently collected with the utmost care from the scene of his labours by skilled experts, who verified the results as far as possible by reference to the archives at Rome. Few historical documents have so clearly upon them the stamp of accuracy and truth. Whatever may be thought of some details—*e.g.*, the words put into the mouth of King Ethelbert, the incident of rising or sitting at the conference with the Britons, and other immaterial

particulars—the outline and substance of the narrative stand out as incontestable as any record of the past. No one can reasonably refuse to admit that the design originated in Rome, that the Holy See itself prompted and organized the mission, that the Pope personally encouraged and facilitated the journey, that the missionaries were monks, that they spread the faith with marvellous rapidity, that they established a hierarchy, that St. Augustine received the pallium, the symbol of jurisdiction from Rome, that he exercised authority over the newly formed Church of England, that he acknowledged his dependence on the Holy See by referring to Rome questions for its decision. Bede thus refers to Pope Gregory in his *Ecclesiastical History* (ii. 1): "It is fitting that we should treat more fully of him in our Ecclesiastical History for by his exertions he converted our nation, that is the English, from the power of Satan to the faith of Christ. For we may, and ought rightly to, call him an apostle, because, whereas he exercised the pontificate over all the world, and was placed over the churches already reduced to the faith of truth, he made our nation—till then given up to the servitude of idols—the Church of Christ, so that it is allowable for us to give him that title of apostle, for though he is not an apostle to others, yet he is so to us; for we are the seal of his apostleship in the Lord."

Bede's narrative is corroborated by the contemporary documents contained in the Registrum of the Holy See, where a portion of the letters of Pope Gregory the Great is preserved. There can be seen the letter "to the brethren on their way to England," and letters to Virgilius of Arles, Pelagius of Tours, Serenus of Marseilles, Desiderius of Vienne, and Syagrius of Autun, begging the good offices of these bishops for the missionaries on their journey. There are letters also to Kings Theodoret and Theodebert, through whose dominions they passed, and to Queen Brunehaut. A letter written to Eulogius of Alexandria expresses St. Gregory's joy at the result of the mission. "And now by the help of your prayers,"

he writes, "God put it into my mind to send to it (the English nation) a monk of my monastery to preach the Gospel. By my license he has been consecrated bishop by the bishops of Germany, and by their assistance he went to the above-named nation at the extremity of the world, and news has just reached me of his safety and of his wonderful doings, that either he or those who were sent with him, have been so conspicuous by great miracles amongst this people, that they seem to have the power of the Apostles in the signs they have wrought. On the feast of our Lord's Nativity in the first year of the Indiction, as I hear from our same brother and fellow bishop, more than ten thousand English were baptized" (Ep. viii. 30). On the return of St. Augustine's messengers St. Gregory wrote, as seen in the Registrum, to the Bishops of Toulon, Marseilles, Chalons, Metz, Vienne, Arles, Lyons, Gap, Paris, Rouen, and Angers, and also to Kings Clothaire, Theodebert, and Theodoret, and to Queen Brunehaut, thanking them for past favours and commending the new missionaries to their protection. The Registrum contains his letters to King Ethelbert and Queen Bertha, and his congratulations and warnings to St. Augustine, and the letter announcing the despatch of the pallium and giving directions for the establishment of the hierarchy.

Never, perhaps, did a nation receive its faith more directly and more certainly from Rome than did our Saxon forefathers. It was not that the British Church had no connection with Rome; it was Catholic, and had a regular hierarchy in communion with the Holy See. The leaders of the Church formally dissociated themselves from the work of St. Augustine and left the Saxons entirely to his ministration. In the account of Venerable Bede no trace of any doctrinal differences can be detected, and the points of disagreement at the Conference turned on questions of discipline and co-operation. Had any divergence in doctrine existed Venerable Bede could not have failed to mention it, nor could St. Augustine have sought the co-operation of the British

bishops in the conversion of the Saxons with any doubt about their loyalty to the faith. The whole record of the conference assumes unity in doctrine. The hatred in which the Britons held their conquerors and an obvious wish to retain their own ecclesiastical organization will sufficiently account for their refusal to work with St. Augustine. Later, Celtic missionaries came from the north and took an active part in the conversion of the country. They did a noble work, they brought provinces to the faith, they founded monasteries and formed dioceses, and for a time occupied many of the English sees. But their presence was temporary, and in due course the whole ecclesiastical organization of England settled down under the primacy of the see of Canterbury. How much of the conversion of the country can be attributed to the Celtic missionaries, and how much to those who came direct from Rome and their successors, is a matter of research, but it is a significant fact that no Celtic missionary ever sat in the chair of St. Augustine. The succession of the Archbishops of Canterbury remained unbroken in lineage and unbroken in its connection with the Holy See, until at the Reformation a change came, when gentlemen with wives and without Orders acquired the title with such jurisdiction as a lay sovereign could impart.

The following pages will give the reader an opportunity of ascertaining what Venerable Bede exactly states about the work of St. Augustine. They consist of a translation, without note or comment, of the portions of his *Ecclesiastical History* in reference to St. Augustine. The text adopted is that of Smith as edited by Moberly and printed at the Clarendon Press in 1881. The questions sent by St. Augustine to Rome for solution and the answers to them have been omitted, for they would be uninteresting to the general reader and would interrupt the narrative.

FROM VEN. BEDE'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER 23. In the year of our Lord 582, Maurice, the fifty fourth from Augustus, succeeded to the Empire and retained it twenty one years. In the tenth year of his reign, Gregory, a man eminent for learning and energy, was chosen Pontiff of the Roman and Apostolic See, and reigned thirteen years, six months and ten days. During the fourteenth year of the same prince, and about one hundred and fifty years after the coming of the Angles into Britain, he was prompted by a heavenly impulse to send the servant of God, Augustine, and other God-fearing monks to preach the word of God to the nation of the English. When in obedience to the commands of the Pope they had commenced to undertake this work and had already completed a portion of the journey, they were stricken listless with timidity, and thought it better to return home than to go on to a people uncivilized, fierce, and unbelieving, whose language even they did not know, and by common consent they determined that this was the safer course. In short, they sent back Augustine, whom it was arranged should be their bishop in case they were received by the English, to submit their respectful supplication to blessed Gregory, and to obtain his permission not to continue such a perilous, toilsome, and uncertain journey. He sent them an encouraging letter to induce them to go on with this work of the gospel, and to trust to the assistance of God. The following is the text of the letter: -

"Gregory, servant of the servants of God, to the servants of our Lord. Since it would be better not to begin good works than to think of withdrawing from them when once commenced, it is right, my dearest sons, that you should strenuously make every effort to complete the good work which, by God's help, you have begun. Be not disheartened at the hardships of the journey or the tongues of evil speaking men, but with all

eagerness and fervour carry out what at God's suggestion you have undertaken, knowing that the glory of an eternal reward is given to great labour. With humble reverence obey in all things Augustine your prior, whom on his return to you we have appointed your abbot. Be assured that whatever you do according to his directions will tend to the profit of your souls. May Almighty God shield you with His grace, and grant that I may see the fruits of your exertions in our everlasting country, so that, though I am denied a part in your labours, I may share in the joy of your reward, since, had I my wish, I would labour with you. May God take you, my dearest sons, into His keeping. Dated the tenth day of the Kalends of August, in the fourteenth year of our most religious Emperor our Lord Mauricius Tiberius Augustus, and the thirteenth from the consulship of the same Lord, the fourteenth Indiction."

24. The same venerable Pontiff sent also a letter to Etherius, Bishop of Arles, to request him to receive Augustine kindly on his way to Britain, and this is the text of the letter:—

"To Etherius, his most reverend and most holy brother and fellow bishop, Gregory, servant of the servants of God. Although religious men need no recommendation to priests who are filled with the charity that is pleasing to God, we have taken advantage of a fitting opportunity to notify that we have by the assistance of God directed thither for the good of souls the bearers of these presents, the servant of God, Augustine, to whose zeal we can bear witness, and other servants of God whom your holiness will be ready to assist with priestly affection and to give them hospitality. To make you the more willing to render him assistance we have enjoined him to communicate to you the particulars of his mission, feeling confident that the knowledge will make you anxious for God's sake to help him right cordially, for the business is urgent. We also in all things commend to your charity the priest Candidus whom we have sent for the management of the patrimony

belonging to our church. May God keep you in safety, most reverend brother. Dated the tenth day of the Kalends of August, &c."

25. Encouraged by the support of the blessed Father Gregory, Augustine and his fellow servants of Christ took up afresh the work of the word of God and came to Britain. At that time Ethelbert, the powerful king of Kent, had extended the bounds of his dominions as far as the great river Humber, which divided the southern from the northern tribes of the English. On the eastern coast of Kent lies the island of Thanet, of considerable size, and containing, according to the reckoning of the English, six hundred families, and it is separated from the mainland by the river Wantsum, which is about three furlongs broad, and fordable in two places only, for both ends of the island extend to the sea. At this spot landed the servant of the Lord, Augustine, and his companions to the number, it is said, of about forty. They took with them, according to the instructions of Pope Gregory, some interpreters from the people of the Franks, and they sent to Ethelbert to notify that they had come from Rome and brought a priceless message, and confidently promised to those who availed themselves of it eternal joys in heaven and a kingdom without end with the living and true God. On hearing this announcement the king ordered them to stay upon the island where they had landed, and provided them with necessaries until he should determine what to do with them. For a favourable opinion of the Christian religion had already reached him, inasmuch as he had taken from the royal race of the Franks a Christian wife, by name Bertha, whom he had accepted from her parents on condition that she should have unrestricted permission to practise the rites of faith and her religion, together with a bishop named Luidhard, whom they had given her for the protection of her faith.

After some days the king came to the island, and seated in the open air, ordered Augustine and his companions to draw near for a conference. Guided by an

old superstition he took care that they should not come to him in any house, lest if they practised magical arts they might deceive and prevail over him. They came, however, possessed not with diabolical but with heavenly power, carrying a silver cross for a standard and an image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board, and singing the Litanies they besought the Lord for the eternal salvation of themselves and of those for whom they had come. When they had sat down at the command of the king they preached the word of life to him and all his attendants, to which he replied: "Your words and the promises which you offer are attractive, but since they are new and perplexing I cannot give assent to them and cast aside the opinions which, together with the whole of the English people, I have held for so long. But because you have come here after a long journey, and, as I perceive, you believe what you wish to impart to us is true and precious, we are unwilling to molest you, but would rather receive you kindly with hospitality and shall take care to supply what is necessary for your support: nor do we forbid you from preaching and gaining all you can to fellowship in your religion." He gave them a house in the city of Canterbury, the capital of all his dominions, and according to promise, besides provision for temporal support, he did not withdraw the permission to preach. It is said that as they approached the city bearing, according to custom, the holy cross and the image of our Sovereign King and Lord, Jesus Christ, they sang in concert this chant: "We pray Thee, Lord, in Thy great mercy to avert Thine anger and Thy indignation from this city and from Thy holy house for we are sinners. Alleluia."

26. When they had taken possession of the dwelling assigned to them they began to practise the apostolic life of the early church, devoting themselves to frequent prayer, watching and fasting; preaching the word of life to whom they could, despising all things of this world as not belonging to them, receiving simply what was necessary for sustenance from those whom they taught;

practising themselves everything that they prescribed to others, and with their minds prepared to suffer any adversity, even death, for the truths that they preached. In short, several believed and were baptized, touched at the simplicity of their innocent life and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine. Close to the east side of the city was a church in honour of St. Martin built in the old times, whilst the Romans occupied Britain, in which the Queen who, as mentioned above, was a Christian, used for her devotions. In this church they began first to assemble, to sing, to pray, to say Mass, to preach and to baptize, until on the conversion of the king to the faith they obtained extended permission to preach anywhere and to build and restore churches.

When the king, enchanted with the rest at the unspotted life of the holy men and their consoling promises, the truth of which they confirmed by the witness of many miracles, had believed and been baptized, many began to flock to hear the word of God, and they believed and forsook their pagan rites to join themselves to the unity of the holy church of Christ. Although the king ardently wished for the faith and conversion of his subjects, he did not compel any one to adopt Christianity, but only treated the believers with greater affection as if they were fellow citizens with him in the heavenly kingdom. He had learned from his teachers and spiritual masters that the service of Christ should be voluntary and not compulsory. Nor did he delay in granting to his teachers a residence suitable to their state in his metropolis of Canterbury, and at the same time supplied them with all that was necessary of every description.

27. Meanwhile the man of God, Augustine, went to Arles according to the instructions that he had received from the holy father, Gregory, and was ordained archbishop of the English nation by Etherius, archbishop of that city. He returned to Britain, and forthwith sent the priest Laurence and the monk Peter to report to the blessed Pontiff Gregory that the English nation had received the Faith of Christ and that he had been made

bishop; at the same time to entreat his decision on certain questions that appeared to be urgent. Without delay he received the requisite answers.

28. The letter which the blessed Pope Gregory mentions in his answers that he had written to the bishop of Arles was delivered to Virgilius, the successor of Etherius, and was as follows:—

"To our most reverend and most holy brother and fellow bishop Virgilius, Gregory, servant of the servants of God. The great affection that should be freely bestowed on brethren on a visit is well known, because they are usually invited by the promptings of charity. Therefore if our common brother the bishop Augustine, should happen to visit you, your friendliness will receive him with such affection and sweetness that it may both sustain him for his own comfort and may teach others how fraternal charity should be put in practice. And since it often happens that those who are placed at a distance see more plainly than others what is to be corrected, if perchance he shall point out to your Fraternity any faults of priests and others, inquire together with him into all things with a thorough investigation, and show yourselves so strict and solicitous about what offends God and incites to anger, that punishment may reach the guilty for their emendation and evil report may not distress the innocent. May God keep you safe, most reverend brother. Given on the tenth day of the Kalends of July, in the nineteenth year of the reign of our most pious Emperor Mauricius Tiberius Augustus, in the eighteenth after the consulship of the same Lord, the fourth indiction."

29. Moreover the same Pope Gregory, because Augustine had suggested to him that the harvest there was great and the labourers few, with his aforesaid messengers he sent back fellow labourers and ministers of the word of God, amongst whom the chief and most conspicuous were Mellitus, Justus, Paulinus, Rufinianus. By these he sent everything that was necessary for worship and the ministry of the church, viz., sacred

vessels and altar linen, ornaments for the churches, priestly and clerical vestments, relics of the holy apostles and martyrs, besides many books. He sent a letter also, in which he signified that he had despatched the pallium to him, and at the same time intimated how he should establish bishops in Britain. The following is the text of the letter:—

"To our most reverend and most holy brother and fellow bishop, Augustine, Gregory, servant of the servants of God. Although the ineffable rewards of the heavenly kingdom are reserved for those who labour for Almighty God, we should still bestow upon them tokens of honour in order that they may by a recompense apply themselves more earnestly in their zeal for spiritual work. Since the new church of the English has been brought to the grace of the Almighty God by His assistance and your labours, we grant you the use of the pallium to be worn only during the solemnities of the Mass, insomuch that you ordain twelve bishops in several places who shall be subject to your jurisdiction, and the bishop of the city of London shall in future be ordained by his own synod, and receive the pallium of honour from this Apostolic See, which, by the help of God, I serve. We wish you to send a bishop to the city of York, one whom you shall deem worthy of ordination, so that when the same city and the surrounding country shall have received the word of God, he shall ordain twelve bishops and enjoy the honour of a metropolitan, and to him, too, if we live, we propose to give the pallium by the help of the Lord. We wish him, however, to be subject to the jurisdiction of your Fraternity. After your death he shall preside over the bishops that he ordains, so that he shall be no longer subject to the bishop of London. Between the bishops of the cities of London and York this distinction of honour shall in future hold, that he takes precedence who was ordained first. Let whatever be done for the zeal of Christ, be arranged with common counsel and united action: let all unanimously determine rightly, and fulfil what they determine without differing one from

another. Your Fraternity shall have jurisdiction not only over the bishops you ordain, nor only over those ordained by the bishop of York, but by the authority of our Lord God Jesus Christ over all the priests of Britain, so that from the mouth and life of your Holiness they may receive a model of believing rightly and living well, and fulfilling their office with faith and observance, may attain, when God wills the heavenly kingdom. May God keep you in safety most reverend brother. Given the tenth day of the Kalends of July, &c."

30. After the departure of the aforesaid messengers the blessed Pope Gregory sent after them a letter worthy of mention, in which he showed clearly how carefully he watched over the salvation of our country, writing thus :—

"To our well beloved son Mellitus, Abbot, Gregory, servant of the servants of God. After the departure of our brethren with you, we were much troubled, for we had heard nothing of the success of your journey. When Almighty God shall have brought you to our most reverend brother Augustine, tell him what I have long deliberated over on the subject of the English, which is this, that the temples of the idols in that country ought not to be demolished, but that the actual idols therein should be destroyed. Bless water, sprinkle the temples with it, and deposit relics in them ; for if the temples in question have been well constructed, they should be transferred from the worship of idols to the service of the true God, in order that when the people see that the temples are not destroyed, and putting error from their hearts come to know and worship the true God, they may more readily resort to places with which they are familiar. Moreover, since it is their practice to slay numerous oxen in the service of their devils, for this solemnity substitute some corresponding one : on the day of the dedication of the church, or of the martyrs whose relics are deposited therein, they may construct tents of the branches of trees near the same churches into which the old temples have been converted, and celebrate their

solemnities with religious festivity. Let them no longer sacrifice animals to the devil, but kill them for their own use and the glory of God, and give thanks of their abundance to the Giver of all things; and thus while some external rejoicing is preserved to them, they may the more appreciate interior consolation. For it is undoubtedly impossible to cut off everything from their rude minds at once. He who attempts to climb a height ascends by steps and not by vaulting. Thus the Lord made Himself known to the Jewish people in Egypt, for He reserved to them for His own worship the use of the sacrifices which they were accustomed to give to the devil, so that He ordered them to immolate animals in His own sacrifice, and thus by changing their hearts they would lose one sacrifice and retain another, so that although the animals might be the same that they were accustomed to offer, yet the sacrifice was not the same because they were immolated to God and not to idols. Tell then, beloved, these things to our aforesaid brother, who on the spot may consider how the whole matter should be arranged. May God keep you in safety, my dearest son. Given, &c."

31. At the same time he sent a letter to Augustine about the miracles that he had heard had been wrought by him, exhorting him in these words not to be excited to pride on account of their number:—

"I well know, beloved, that Almighty God hath wrought through you great miracles in the nation that He hath willed to select. In the same heavenly gift there is need for you to rejoice while you fear, and to fear while you rejoice. You can rejoice, indeed, for the souls of the English are drawn through exterior miracles to interior grace. Yet you must also fear, lest amidst the signs that are wrought by you, your feeble mind should be lifted up in presumption in its power, and should fall through vain glory from within according as it is exalted in honour from without. We ought to bear in mind that when the disciples returned with joy from preaching and said to their heavenly Master: *Lord, the*

devils also are subject to us in Thy name, they were immediately answered: *But yet rejoice not in this that the spirits are subject to you, but rejoice in this that your names are written in heaven.*[1] For they, in rejoicing over miracles, had set their hearts on a joy private and temporal. But from the private joy they are recalled to the public, and from the temporal to the eternal, when He said to them: In this rejoice that your names are written in heaven. All the elect do not work miracles, but all their names are written in heaven. For to the disciples of the truth there should be no joy, except for that good which they have in common with all, and wherein their joy has no end.

"It remains, then, dearest brother, that in the midst of what you do externally by the power of God, you should thoroughly examine yourself within, and should thoroughly understand yourself, who you are, and how much grace is needed in this nation, for whose conversion you have received even the gift of miracles. If you remember that you have offended our Creator in word or deed, keep this always in your mind, that the remembrance of your fault may repress the rising pride of your heart. And whatever power for working signs you shall receive, or have received, set it down as given not to yourself, but to those for whose salvation such gifts are conferred upon you."

32. The same blessed Pope Gregory also sent a letter at that time to King Ethelbert together with many presents of various kinds, striving to speak highly of the king with temporal deference, whom he rejoiced to have brought through his own labour and zeal to the knowledge of heavenly glory. This is a copy of the aforesaid letter:—

"To the most glorious Lord and his most excellent son Ethelbert, King of the English, Gregory, servant of the servants of God. Almighty God raises certain good men to the government of His people, in order that

[1] Luke x. 20.

through them He may impart the gifts of His mercy to all under their sway. And such we gather has been accomplished in regard to the English nation, over which your Glory has been placed, in order that, through the favours that are granted to you, the heavenly gifts may be bestowed upon the nation under your rule. Guard then, glorious son, with sedulous care the grace you have received from above; lose no time in extending the faith of Christ among your subjects, in their conversion multiply the zeal of your uprightness, put down the worship of idols, lay low the structures of their temples; by exhortation, by threats, by conciliation and correction, and by the openness of your example, build up your subjects in the utmost purity of life, so that you may receive the heavenly reward from Him whose name and whose knowledge you have spread upon the earth. For He shall render the name of your Glory still more glorious to posterity since you seek to uphold His honour amongst nations.

"Thus of old the most pious emperor, Constantine, bringing the Roman republic from the corrupt worship of idols, subjected it, with himself, to Jesus Christ our Almighty Lord God, and with his people turned to Him with all his heart. Whence it happened that he surpassed the renown of previous princes, and he excelled his predecessors as much in good works as in reputation. Let, then, your Glory hasten to implant in the hearts of all the kings and peoples under you the knowledge of the one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, so that you may surpass the ancient kings of your nation in merits and renown, and according as you blot out the sins of others among your subjects, by so the more securely may you stand for your own sins before the terrible judgment of Almighty God.

"Our most reverend brother, the bishop Augustine, is proficient in the monastic rule, filled with the knowledge of Holy Scripture, and by God's grace endowed with good works. Give a willing ear to his admonitions, devotedly fulfil them, and store them carefully in your

memory. If you give heed to him when he speaks to you for Almighty God, the more speedily will Almighty God hear him when he prays for you. If, which God forbid, you disregard his words, how shall Almighty God hear his prayers for you, seeing that you refuse to hear his pleadings for God? With all your mind, then, bind yourself to him in the zeal of faith, and assist his efforts with the power that is given you from on high, that He may make you a partaker of His kingdom, whose faith you have caused to be received and protected in your kingdom.

"Moreover, we wish your Glory to know that we recognize from the words of the Almighty Lord in Holy Scripture that the end of the present world is nigh and the kingdom of the saints is at hand which can never end. At the approach of the end of the world many things shall take place that have not been before, namely, commotions in the air, terrors in the heavens, tempests out of order of the seasons, wars, famine, pestilence, earthquakes, which shall not all come to pass in our day but shall follow after our times. If, therefore, you see any of these things occurring in your land let not your mind be at all disturbed for these signs shall be sent before the end of the world in order that we may be anxious about our souls and solicitous about the hour of death, and that we may be found prepared with good works for the judgment to come. I have briefly told these things to you now, glorious son, that when the Christian faith shall have increased in your kingdom our speech with you may be the more free, and it will gratify us the more to speak with you as the rejoicings in our heart multiply at the complete conversion of your country.

"I have forwarded you a few trifling tokens of esteem, which, however, you will not account trifling when you remember that they come to you with the blessing of the blessed apostle Peter. May God Almighty then vouchsafe to preserve and bring to perfection the grace which He has begun. May He preserve your life for

the space of many a year, and after a lengthened term on earth, may He receive you into the assembly of saints in His heavenly country. My Lord and Son, may heavenly grace keep your Excellency in safety. Given on the tenth day of the Kalends of July, &c."

33. In the royal city where, as we have said, he obtained his episcopal seat, Augustine, by means of royal assistance, restored the church which he had learned was built there of old by the labour of the Roman faithful, and consecrated it in the name of our Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ, and there established a dwelling-place for himself and all his successors. He also erected a monastery not far from the east of the city, in which, at his request, Ethelbert constructed the church of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and endowed it with various gifts, in which the bodies of Augustine himself and other bishops of Canterbury, and those also of the kings of Kent might be buried. This church was consecrated not by Augustine, but by his successor, Laurence. The first abbot of the monastery was the priest Peter, who was sent on a mission to Gaul, was drowned in a bay of the sea called Amfleet, and was consigned to an obscure grave by the people of the place; but Almighty God manifested how great were his merits, for a heavenly light appeared every night over his grave, until the neighbours saw it and recognized that a holy man had been buried there, and, inquiring whence he came and who he was, they took the body and placed it in the church of the city of Boulogne, with the honours due to so holy a man.

BOOK II.

Chapter 2. In the meantime Augustine, through the good offices of Ethelbert, called the bishops and learned men of the neighbouring province of the Britons to a conference at a place called, in the language of to-day, Augustinæsac, that is, the Oak of Augustine,

on the borders of the Wiccii and West Saxons. He began to persuade them with fraternal admonition to have the peace of Catholics with him, and to undertake in concert the Lord's work of evangelizing the people. They did not keep Easter Sunday at the same time as he did, but between fourteenth and twentieth of the moon, which reckoning is contained in a cycle of eighty-four years. They held many other things contrary to ecclesiastical unity. After a long discussion they were unwilling to give assent to the entreaties, exhortations, or upbraidings of Augustine and his companions, but preferred their own traditions before what all the churches throughout the world were agreed upon amongst themselves in Christ. The holy father Augustine put an end of this tiresome and tedious contest by saying: "We beseech God who makes all dwell in unity in the house of His Father that He would deign to intimate to us by heavenly signs what traditions should be followed and what ways should lead to the entry into His kingdom. Let a sick person be brought and by whoever's prayers he shall be cured, let that one's faith and practice be accepted as pleasing to God and to be followed by all." His adversaries reluctantly consented to this, and, an Englishman who had been deprived of his eyesight was brought before them. When he was taken to the priests of the Britons, he received neither cure nor healing from their ministry. Then Augustine, impelled by a just necessity, bent his knee to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, beseeching that He would restore to the blind man the sight that he had lost, and by the corporal illumination of one man, that He would light up in the hearts of the faithful the grace of spiritual light. Without delay the blind man saw, and Augustine was proclaimed by all to be the true herald of the heavenly light. Then the Britons acknowledged, indeed, that they understood that what Augustine preached was the true way of justice, but that they could not relinquish their ancient customs without the consent and permission of their own people. Hence

they asked that another synod might be held for the attendance of more of their people.

When this was arranged there came, it is said, seven British bishops and a number of learned men principally from their most celebrated monastery, which in the English tongue is called Bangor, and over which at that time the Abbot Dinoot is said to have presided. Before leaving for the aforesaid conference they went to a certain holy and prudent man, who led the life of an anchoret, to consult him whether they ought to desert their traditions for the preaching of Augustine.

"If he is a man of God follow him," he replied.

"How can we be certain of this?" they said.

"The Lord says," he answered, "take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart. If, therefore, this Augustine is meek and humble of heart he is worthy of belief, because he himself bears the yoke of Christ which he offers you to bear, but if he is haughty and proud, it is clear that he is not from God, and his words should be nothing to us."

"How are we to discover this?" they again asked.

"Arrange," he said, "that he and his followers shall arrive first at the place of the synod, and if he rises when you come, know that he is the servant of Christ, and listen to him submissively, but if he shall contemn you, and does not rise up in your presence when you are the greater number, let him be contemned by you."

They did as he told them, and it happened that when they came Augustine remained in his seat. Seeing this, they were at once roused to anger, and, condemning him for pride, strove to contradict everything that he said. He spoke thus to them: "You do many things that are contrary to our customs and those of the Universal Church, yet if you are willing to submit to me in these three things, viz., to celebrate Easter at its proper time, to administer baptism by which we are born again to God, according to the manner of the Roman and Apostolic Church, and together with us to preach the word of God to the nation of the English, then the

other things which you do, however contrary to our customs, we shall tolerate them all without interference." They replied that they would do none of these things, and would not have him for archbishop, and they said one to another that "if now he will not rise to us, with how much more contempt will he treat us if we began to be subject to him."

At which the man of God, Augustine, warning them, is said to have foretold that if they were unwilling to accept peace from brethren they would have to accept war from an enemy; and that if they should be unwilling to preach the way of life to the English nation, they should suffer from its hands the avenge of death. All these things, by the judgment of God, came to pass as he had foretold.

Soon after this Edilfrid, the powerful king of the English, of whom we have spoken, collected a large army before the city of the Legions, called by the English Legacæster, but more correctly Carleon by the Britons, and gave up the perfidious people to great slaughter. When before the battle he saw their priests, who had met to beseech God for their army, standing apart in a safer place, he inquired who they were and why they had assembled there. Most of them came from the monastery of Bangor, in which the number of monks is said to have been so large, that when the monastery was divided into seven sections, with priors to rule them, no section had less than three hundred men, who were all accustomed to live by the labour of their hands. Most of them, after a fast of three days, had met together with others for the purpose of praying at the aforesaid battle, and they had an officer of the name of Brocmail to protect them from the swords of the barbarians while they were intent on prayer. When King Edilfrid understood the cause of their coming, he said: "If they thus cry to their God against us, although they do not bear arms, yet they certainly fight against us, for they beset us with adverse imprecations." Therefore he ordered his arms to be first directed against them, and

then he destroyed the other forces of the impious army, but not without great loss to his own. In that battle about twelve hundred of those who came to pray are said to have been killed, and only fifty escaped by flight. Brocmail and his troops fled at the first onset of the enemy, and left those whom he ought to have defended unarmed, and exposed to the blows of the sword. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of the holy Pontiff Augustine, although he himself had been taken to the heavenly kingdom some time before, that the perfidious men should feel the vengeance of temporal destruction, because they had spurned the counsels of fraternal charity that were offered to them.

3. In the year of our Lord's incarnation, 604, Augustine, the Archbishop of Britain, ordained two bishops, Mellitus and Justus; Mellitus for preaching to the province of the East Saxons, which was separated from Kent by the river Thames, and extended as far as the eastern sea. The metropolis, the city of London, was placed on the bank of the aforesaid river, and was the mart of many people resorting to it by land and sea. At that time Saberet, the nephew of Ethelbert by his sister Ricula, reigned over the people, although he was under the control of Ethelbert, who, as mentioned above, ruled the whole English nation to the boundary of the river Humber. When this province received the word of truth by the preaching of Mellitus, King Ethelbert built in the city of London the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, in which he and his successors placed the episcopal throne. Augustine ordained Justus for Kent itself in the city of Durobrevis, which the English called Hrofæscæster from a former chief named Hrof. It is about twenty-four miles distant from Canterbury to the west, and King Ethelbert built in it the church of blessed Andrew the apostle. On the bishops of both these churches he bestowed many gifts, adding territories and possessions for the use of those who lived with the bishops.

The Father Augustine, the beloved of God, died, and

his body was placed outside next to the church of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul above mentioned, because it was neither finished nor dedicated. As soon as it was dedicated the body was brought inside and buried honourably in the north porch, in which the bodies of all the succeeding Archbishops were entombed, except those of Theodore and Berctuald, which were placed in the church itself, because the aforesaid porch could contain no more. This has nearly in the centre an altar, dedicated in honour of the blessed Pope Gregory, at which every Saturday a mass is solemnly celebrated by a priest of the place. On the tomb of Augustine this epitaph was written:

"Here rests the Lord Augustine the first Archbishop of Canterbury, who formerly was sent here by blessed Gregory the Pontiff of the Roman city, and gifted by God with the working of miracles, led King Ethelbert and his nation from the worship of idols to the faith of Christ, and having completed the days of his office in peace, died on the seventh of the Kalends of June during the reign of the same king."

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.*

By Horace E. Chapman, M.A.

That which first led me to disbelieve in Anglicanism as having any other than a human origin, was the government of the Established Church—or in other words the exercise of the Royal Supremacy, through the Privy Council, which Court,† without doubt is the final Court of Appeal of Anglicanism in matters of Faith.

The first time I ever heard of the Privy Council was when I was a student at a Theological College. A clergyman at Brighton, a certain Mr. Purchas, used to indulge in a very elaborate form of ritual, and thereby raised the wrath of an exceedingly Protestant population. The result was an ecclesiastical prosecution, which was carried to the Judicial Committee for ultimate solution. The judgement of the court was unfavourable to Mr. Purchas, and by it among other things, the eastward position of the celebrant was condemned. Now the eastward position was regarded by the Ritualistic party of that day as being of supreme importance, because its object was to symbolize the sacrificial character of the Holy Communion. I knew then nothing whatever about the Judicial Committee, or the position it occupies as being the expression of the Royal Supremacy, and thereby the final and Supreme Court of Appeal in all matters, whether ecclesiastical or civil. But I do

* The substance of this booklet was in part delivered in the form of a lecture at the Westminster Town Hall October 12, 1896, at the annual meeting of the Gild of Our Lady of Ransom, before His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.

† As to how the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council came to be the Court of Final Appeal in all causes ecclesiastical or civil, see note in Appendix.

remember the great stir the judgement created, and, what was at that time all-important to me, the statement that we were to take no notice of any of the decisions of the Judicial Committee.

Afterwards, another thing occurred which threatened serious disaster to all who held the Doctrine of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Communion. Mr. Bennett of Frome had published sermons on this subject in which he professed belief in the doctrine, and the sermons were accordingly deemed so extravagant and unorthodox by the Protestant party that the Church Association decided to prosecute him.

This case also was eventually carried to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. That august and spiritual tribunal, representing the Queen as supreme governor of the Church of England, decided that though Mr. Bennett had gone perilously near infringing the Articles, yet he had not absolutely done so—on the hand, it was not to be supposed that his view in any way represented the teaching of the Church of England, for any one might hold, as against Mr. Bennett, that the presence was only real in the heart of the faithful.

This satisfied everyone. It only now remained to preach the objective * doctrine more strongly than ever. But what a denial of all Truth! Mr. Bennett was right or he was wrong. Such a doctrine as the Real Presence does not, before God, admit of the doctrine of the Real Absence.

Three other events of supreme consequence to the Anglican Church occurred whilst I was in Brighton (1) the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act; (2) the publication of the Oath of Homage, in the House of Lords, by Lord John Russell; and (3) the appointment of Lord Penzance to be Dean of Arches.†

The Public Worship Regulation Act was a measure

* By the Objective Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is meant, that His Real Presence is effected by His own word of power, This is My Body: and consequently is altogether independent of the worthy or unworthy communicant.

† The Court of Arches is the Metropolitan Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury; its judge is always called the Dean of Arches.

brought in by Archbishop Tait, supported by Lord Beaconsfield, which had for its object the suppression of Ritualism. By it, any three persons residing in a parish, even though not communicants, could bring a charge against a clergyman for any of the following points:—lighting candles which were not required for the purpose of light, using incense, standing (when celebrating Holy Communion) with his back to the people, mixing water and wine, wearing "vestments." This Act passed into law, with a proviso that the Bishop, if he saw fit, could veto proceedings, and prevent their going further. A sharp struggle took place over the retention of this veto clause in the House of Commons; the Protestant party opposing it tooth and nail, and the Liberal and Church party generally supporting it. The measure was severe, and promised to be efficacious in putting down Ritualism, with the extravagance of which the English people were heartily wearied. It is of interest to remember that it was then that Mr. Disraeli raised the "No Popery" cry, and, with scathing sarcasm, spoke of the celebration of the Holy Communion by the Ritualists as the "Mass in masquerade"!

Undoubtedly it was a time of great excitement for all Catholic-minded people; and it looked as if, after all, the Church of England was nothing but a department of the State, or, as some statesman once described it, "the moral police force of the Government of England."

People did not know what to think or what to do. The more logical followed their reason, and became Catholics. Others wrote pamphlets, addressed meetings, protested, and threatened all kinds of things, none of which came to pass, and were content with what they did.

I was greatly upset. The Privy Council was now no longer looming in the distance, but standing out clear and sharp in the near horizon: for the process by this Bill was: First, the Bishop; then the Court of Arches; and then the final arbiter—the Privy Council—representing the Sovereign.

The Public Worship Regulation Act was passed to put down Ritualism. It has signally failed, and the

license to do what you like and "go as you please" has enormously increased since the attempt. To my mind the publication by Lord John Russell of the "Oath of Homage," on the presentation of the Bishops to Her Majesty, was likely to produce a deeper impression on reflective minds.

Lord John Russell, in order to expose the pretensions of Ritualists and Sacerdotalists in the Church of England, alluded to this oath in the House of Lords, and wrote a letter to the *Times*,* in which he made public its form. This came like a blow from a sledge-hammer. No one had ever heard of it. Simple people thought that when a Bishop went to Windsor to do homage, he went as a citizen to do fealty to the Queen. Not at all! The process is this: Dressed in his full canonicals, he is taken by the Home Secretary into the royal presence, and then on his knees, after kissing the Bible, says:

"I——Doctor in Divinity, now elected, confirmed, and consecrated Bishop of——do hereby declare that your Majesty is the only Supreme Governor of this your realm in spiritual and ecclesiastical things, as well as in temporal, and that no foreign prelate or potentate has any jurisdiction within this realm: and I acknowledge that I hold the said Bishopric, as well the spiritualities as the temporalities thereof, only of your Majesty. And for the same temporalities, I do my homage presently to your Majesty—so help me God. God save Queen Victoria!"

"It would be impossible, I think," says Mr. Allies, "to devise a more unambiguous declaration that spiritual mission and jurisdiction are derived, in the Church which was set up by Queen Elizabeth and continues what she made it, from the Crown, and nobody but the Crown, than this charter professed by each of the Bishops of that Church as he enters on his office. There is a completeness of statement about it, which tells of the sheerness with which the Tudor axe severed heads, and does away with every attempt to palter and shuffle. From Elizabeth to Victoria, every Bishop

* March 5th, 1875.

humbly confesses on his knees 'I acknowledge that I hold the said Bishopric, as well the spiritualities as the temporalities thereof, only of your Majesty.' What is become of the succession of the Apostles? What of the jurisdiction belonging to episcopal, or metropolical or patriarchal sees? Where, above all, is the mission of the world's Redeemer, 'Go, and make disciples of all nations?' The Elizabethan crosier is a stick which the temporal sovereign first lays over her Bishop's shoulder, and then gives him to keep his clergy in order with." *

Now this most extraordinary oath, like a great many other remarkable things, came in with Elizabeth: but except the Bishops, I doubt until Lord John Russell published it whether ordinary persons knew of its meaning and import.

It was at once attempted to explain it away† but it remains—and my firm belief is, that in this oath is to be found the reason for the apparent indifference of the Episcopate to all definite truth. They can do nothing after taking it, and they cannot disobey the law in any particular without resigning their see.

I was however myself to experience something of the meaning of the Royal Supremacy, for when rector of Donhead, I was prosecuted for ritual irregularities. And among other charges brought against me was that I was guilty of ceremonially mixing water with wine in the administration of the Holy Communion. The Bishop of Salisbury at that time was Dr. Moberly, for whom as long as I live I shall retain a very real affection. He availed himself of the power granted him by the Public Regulation Act, and quashed all further legal proceedings against me. He had in an interview previously asked me whether I mixed water with wine in the presence of the congregation. I said, "Yes, I do, and I feel most

* T. W. Allies: *Per Crucem ad Lucem, p.* 7.

† It was said that the term spiritualities referred to a certain department of income, and passages were quoted to show that certain fees were even in pre-Reformation times called "spirituals." But this is a very feeble evasion. The oath makes no distinction but says "I hold the spiritualities," that is all of them, and therefore the past and present spiritual jurisdiction of the see, which is what the word spiritualities has always primarily meant.

strongly about this, as having undoubtedly the authority of apostolic times." I was determined to let the Bishop know my position, and I said at the end of the investigation, "My Lord, I wish to tell you that my mind is made up, I shall either obey you implicitly, or resign."

"Is there not a third course open to you?" said the Bishop. "Sin bravely. *Pecca fortiter.*"*

I replied: "You mean by that, resist your authority?"

"Yes," he said.

"That is impossible for me, my Lord. With my views of the office and position of a Bishop, I could not do so, especially as the appeal from your judgement would finally be to the Privy Council."

And then the good Bishop said with real feeling.

"Would that I could deal with you as a Bishop, but I cannot! I am convinced that it is impossible for an Anglican Bishop to disobey the law, though the day may come when he will have to resign his see."

The Bishop gave effect to these words, after he had stopped all further procedure, by asking me to forego, at his request, the use of lights and the mixed chalice, and he wrote:

"I am most anxious to convey to you my very earnest, affectionate, and sympathizing desire that you will, in deference, not to the declaration of the Court only but to the urgent request of your Bishop, forego these things."

I yielded to the Bishop in so far as the ceremonial mixing of water and wine was concerned.† Whether the Bishop would have acted as he did had he not felt bound by law so to act, you can best judge by this letter which he wrote to me on receiving my submission.

"On the question of the mixed chalice I own that I have a clear and strong opinion; and though I do not think that that opinion would justify me in going counter to the decision of the Reformed Church of England (whether that decision was deliberate and

* A famous utterance of Martin Luther. Of course the Bishop was speaking with gentle irony. He meant to say that many Ritualists seemed to have no scruple in taking this third course.

† By 'ceremonial mixing' is meant mixing water with wine in the presence of the congregation.

doctrinal, or, as seems not improbable, more or less casual and unconsidered), yet I think it a grave misfortune and wrong that a practice so ancient and *original*, so universal in the primitive ages, and considered so important by the greatest writers of antiquity, should be forbidden, to the extent of being made penal, in the Church of England."

I quoted these remarkable words, "I am convinced that it is impossible for an Anglican Bishop to disobey the law, &c.," in a letter to the present Bishop of Salisbury in 1887. They are to my mind the only explanation of the reason which prevents the Bishops of the Established Church from taking action in any matter, however serious, which could bring them in opposition to the law.

And why? Simply because without the law they are powerless: they have no authority except that given them by the law: and even if they should think the law has allowed anything which is contrary to the teaching of Christ, still they cannot take action against the law.

The plainest illustration of this is to be found in their past and present attitude towards the grave evil of divorce. Our Lord says: "Whosoever marrieth her that is put away doth commit adultery." The human law has torn into shreds the plain command of Christ, and has legalized adultery: and yet men who are by some supposed to be Apostles of Christ, have come to tolerate, and even directly give their sanction to it; for licences are still issued from the Bishops' Courts authorizing the marriage of divorced people, and according to high authority, they cannot be refused. The law does not compel a clergyman to marry divorced people, but it does compel him to lend his church to any clergyman who has no scruple in performing the ceremony, and the Bishops cannot, and dare not, prevent this frightful act of profanation.

I know myself of a case of a man twice divorced, and re-married a third time according to the service of the Church of England. Is not this really amazing? And yet it is not so, for divorce has dogged the Church of England from the very beginning. It is divorce which

to-day threatens to destroy the sanctity of all home life, and is yearly increasing. The marriage bond, which is pronounced by the clergyman to be indissoluble, is easily snapped asunder. The solemn words of the service, "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," have become a sacrilegious farce, and the Bishops, the pretended successors of the Apostles, do nothing. No, because they have sworn before Her Majesty that they derive their spiritualities and their temporalities from the crown, and so, what the law decrees, that they must allow, or, which they never do, give up their palace and their princely incomes.

What a position! And what a striking object lesson in the cuckoo continuity cry of the identity of the present Established Church with the old Catholic Church of England!

"I am convinced that it is impossible for an Anglican Bishop to disobey the law: though the day may come when he will have to resign his see." What words could more eloquently express the real condition of things than these?

I have said that what led me to disbelieve in Anglicanism as having any other than a human origin, was the government of the Church of England—or in other words the exercise of the Royal Supremacy through the Privy Council, which is without doubt the Final Court of Appeal of the Church of England in matters of faith.

I know of course what is usually said on the other side. The kind of argument used by Anglicans is this:—

1. The Privy Council is unconstitutional and a violation on the part of the Crown of the Reformation settlement. It should be treated therefore as of no authority and be disobeyed.

2. The appointment of Lord Penzance, a layman, to be Dean of the Court of Arches was irregular, he also is therefore to be disobeyed.

3. And even for the Bishop himself since he is only to be obeyed when he acts according to Canon Law, he must be disobeyed whenever he attempts to sanction the irregular proceedings of the Judicial Committee or Lord Penzance.

But these pleas for disobedience are easily answered:—(1) The Privy Council.—The late Lord Selborne in his defence of the Church of England, says, in contrasting the Privy Council with the Court of Delegates which preceded it, "It is needless to add that there cannot possibly be any difference in principle between an appeal to the King in Chancery, given by Statute in A.D. 1533. and an appeal to the King in Council, given by Statute in A D, 1832: the latter may, or may not be, a better Court than the former: but there cannot be any *difference in principle*." *

As regards (2) Lord Penzance, what did the irregularity of his appointment amount to, when, without any question, an appeal from his decision went to the Privy Council? And as regards (3)—only obeying the Bishop when he was supposed to act according to Canon Law, it seemed to render nugatory all obedience whatever on the part of the clergy to their bishop—for have Anglican Bishops since the Reformation ever thought of grounding their exercise of authority on Canon Law—as distinguished from the "King's Ecclestical Law," which is nothing else than such Statute Law as relates to ecclesiastical matters? †

I asked this question and I need scarcely say, I obtained no reply.

It was clear in short that, whilst repudiating every existing authority on earth (and this on so-called Catholic grounds), we were becoming an exhibition to the world of ultra-Protestantism, and of lawlessness run riot. There is not, nor can there be, the slightest doubt about the fact of the Royal Supremacy being the ultimate authority for the Church of England, as well as the source of all jurisdiction and order for the Anglican Episcopate, as I shall presently show.

The ground is indeed cleared, if only people who desire an explanation of so much that is contradictory and perplexing in Anglicanism will face and work out

* *Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment*, p. 43.

† Correspondence in the *Guardian* between Canon Carter and "Perplexed Rector." Dec. 20, 27, 1876, Jan. 3, 10, 17, 1877, and leading article Jan. 10. 1877.

this point first of all; and then investigate, and seek explanation for, whatever difficulties of detail they may find in the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church. For this investigation must, if honestly and fearlessly undertaken before God, lead people to ask, "By whose authority was all this done? and by what law of God, written or unwritten, was the determination of religious causes transferred to the King from the Pope, who had exercised in this country supreme authority in things spiritual ever since the mission of St. Augustine?" Obviously, if the conclusion arrived at be that the present Church of England, both in its origin and Government, is the creation of the State, we shall no longer be mystified by first having taken for granted, on the pure basis of assumption, the Church of England to be divine, nor shall we, by any power of intelligible reasoning, ever again identify the Establishment with any part of the Catholic Church, which claims submission from us all, only because her origin and government are from God.

And that the crown is supreme in all causes, ecclesiastical or civil, requires no laboured argument to prove, and the following quotation from Lord Campbell and Lord Coke, which will be found in Mr. Allies' book *Per Crucem ad Lucem*, p. 28, will suffice for my present purpose.

"Lord Chief Justice Campbell delivered judgement on the 28th, April 1850 upon a point raised by the opponents of the decision in the Gorham case *—the point namely, maintained by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, on behalf of the Bishop of Exeter, that, in a matter touching the Crown, an appeal does not lie to the Queen in Council, but lies to the Upper House of Convocation. Lord Campbell, deciding in the negative this claim, says:—

'In the following year (1534) Henry, finding that there was no chance of succeeding with his divorce suit with the sanction of the Pope, and being impatient to marry Anne Boleyn, resolved to break with Rome altogether, and, preserving all the tenets of the Roman

* The Privy Council in this case decided, that it was open to an Anglican Minister to hold and teach baptismal regeneration, but not punishable in an Anglican Minister to deny it.

Catholic Faith, to vest in himself the jurisdiction which the Pope had hitherto exercised in England. Sir Thomas More * had now resigned the Great Seal, and it was held by the pliant Lord Audley, who was ready to adopt the new doctrines in religion, or to adhere to the old, as suited his interests,' "

He proceeds to say that this seizure of the Papal jurisdiction was effected by the Statute 24 Henry VIII. c. 12, by which, instead of allowing the decisions of the Archbishops "to be final" as it was by Statute 24 Henry VIII. c. 12, the Legislature now enacted that, "for lack of justice at or in any of the courts of the Archbishops," "it shall be lawful to the parties grieved to appeal to the King's Majesty in the King's Court of Chancery, where delegates are to be appointed under the Great Seal, who are to adjudicate upon the appeal.

The appeal is given in all causes in the courts of the Archbishops of this realm,—as well in the causes of a purely spiritual nature which might hitherto have been carried to Rome, as in the classes of causes of a temporal nature, enumerated in Statute 24 Henry VIII. c. 12.

Lord Chief Justice Campbell further cites Lord Coke in support of this judgement. In his fourth institute, p. 340, commenting upon the Statute 28 Henry VIII. c. 19, this great lawyer says "A general prohibition that no appeals shall be pursued out of the realm to Rome, or elsewhere. Item, a general clause that all manner of appeals, what matter soever they concern, shall be made in such manner, form, and condition within the realm, as is above ordered by 24 Henry VIII. in the three causes aforesaid:" and one degree further in appeals for all manner of causes is given, viz., from the Archbishops' Court to the King in his Chancery, where a commission shall be awarded for the determination of the said appeal, and from thence no further.

With this judgement Lord Campbell ended all attempts to dispute or limit the Royal Supremacy *in appeals for all manner of causes.*

* Lord Chancellor, afterwards beheaded, as also Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, both of whom refused to take the Oath of Supremacy.

There cannot be a better illustration of the reality of the Royal Supremacy, as being the final determining power in all things spiritual, than the recent case of the Bishop of Lincoln. Dr. King was prosecuted by the Church Association for ritual irregularities. The case was heard first before the Archbishop of Canterbury and his assessors and he gave their judgement. But the Church Association appealed to the Queen in Council, and the Privy Council spoke the last word on the points in dispute.

Now what, I ask, has been in the latter half of this century the *consequence* of the judgements of the Privy Council? Nothing less than the total destruction of all positive truth. For this court has had to deal, from the Gorham case inclusively to the present time with questions which embrace the whole range of Christian belief and Christian life.

"Thus in the judgement of Heath *v* Burder, in 1862, it had to deal with our Lord's atonement, with jurisdiction, and the forgiveness and remission of sins. In the cases of Williams *v* Bishop of Salisbury, and Wilson *v* Fendale, it had to deal with the inspiration of Scripture, the doctrine of eternal rewards and punishments, the belief in prophecy, and many of the most intricate questions of theology. In the Gorham case in 1850, it had to deal with the point whether clergymen of the Church of England were bound to believe and teach the regeneration of infants, in and by virtue of Baptism. In the case of Liddell *v* Westerton, and Liddell *v* Beal, it laid down that in the Church of England there was no longer an altar of sacrifice, but merely a table at which communicants were to partake of the Lord's Supper: that the term altar is never used to describe it, and there is an express declaration at the close of the service against the doctrine of transubstantiation, with which the idea of an altar and sacrifice are closely connected."*

And what has been the outcome of these judgements? The High Church party have taught, more strongly than ever before, all and every doctrine, as far as they understand them, of the Catholic religion, obedience to all

* *Per Crucem ad Lucem* p. 32.

authority except their own notably excluded. The Broad Church party have reached a position barely distinguishable from Unitarianism,* and the Low Church party, caring nothing about Church and Sacraments, except as occupying an entirely subsidiary position in the Christian dispensation, and disowning all ideas of a Priesthood and an Apostolic Ministry, are as contented as ever with their Gospel of negation.

"Go ye, teach all nations," was the Divine Commission. Does the Anglican Communion fulfil the command? What doctrine do her ministers teach? How may the rich and the poor, the educated and uneducated, the heathen or the savage, know what is of Faith, what of opinion, what is truth, what is error, what the efficacy of the Sacraments, what position they occupy in the Christian dispensation as regards our Salvation, what the nature of the Christian Ministry, and how exercised in dealing with immortal souls, what the belief about the intermediate state, what the meaning of the Communion of Saints, what is well-pleasing to Almighty God, and how man ought to worship Him, and how is he surely to work out daily his own salvation? Alas! the answer is, no one can know; nothing in the whole range of the Christian revelation is any longer a matter of certitude, but every article of Faith is a matter of controversy, wrangled about and fought over, in pulpits, in the press, on platforms and in homes. The Babel of tongues is the only living voice to be heard in the English Establishment, the city of confusion.

But perhaps you will say, "All this may be true, and yet after all the English Church suits the English people, their ways and their habits. They do not care about inquiring too deeply into its origin, doctrines, or practice. They are content with things as they are; enough for them that the Established Church is English, and that it is a witness to that glorious policy of complete isolation which both in temporal and spiritual things seems to point to the fact that the world was made for the English, and that outside their sphere of influence every one else occupies a position of inferior

* Witness Dean Fremantle of Ripon—"The New Reformation"—*Fortnightly Review*, March 1887.

mediocrity. It would be something too novel for us, and too troublesome no longer to be able to believe as much, or as little, as we like, or to surrender the birth privilege of every Englishman and every Englishwoman of being by nature heaven-born theologians; or to own any authority superior to our own, and find ourselves daily confronted with a Faith which really taught, and really believed, that nothing in this world, even the whole world itself and all its possessions can be compared with the value of one immortal soul before Almighty God."

Now I do not deny that Anglicanism does suit a section, though only a section, of the English people; but I would ask, is then every nation to formulate for itself a religion suitable to the national taste? Is the revelation of Almighty God to man to be so handled and criticized, twisted and torn, that all positive truth is to be overthrown, or only to be believed as a matter of opinion at the option of the individual, so that in each different nation, with its individual conception of what Christianity is, or ought to be, there is at length nothing left of revelation at all? Are the people of England, and for that matter is the world, to believe, not as God has revealed Himself, but only so far as His Revelation suits their convenience, or their national taste, and does not materially interfere with the enjoyments of life? For this is what would be the case, if (taking Anglicanism for the type) the principal of National Churches had been universally carried out, and every nation on earth had a separate Church of its own with a different doctrine, liturgy and worship, with the king for supreme head: *then*, anarchy in the place of authority would have been the distinctive characteristic of the Kingdom of God.

The following is a description of the National Church by Cardinal Newman:—

"I have said we must not indulge our imagination in the view we take of the National Establishment. If, indeed, we dress it up in an ideal form, as if it were something real, with an independent and continuous existence, and a proper history, as if it were in deed, and not only in name, a Church, then indeed, we may

feel interest in it and reverence towards it, and affection for it, as men have fallen in love with pictures, or knights in romance do battles for high dames whom they have never seen. Thus it is that students of the Fathers, antiquaries, and poets, begin by assuming that the body to which they belong is that of which they read in times past, and then proceed to decorate it with that majesty and beauty of which history tells, or which their genius creates. Nor is it by an easy process or a light effort that their minds are disabused of this error. It is an error for many reasons too dear to them to be readily relinquished. But at length, either the force of circumstances, or some unexpected accident dissipates it: and as in fairy tales the magic castle vanishes when the spell is broken, and nothing is seen but the wild heath, the barren rock, and the forlorn sheep-walk, so it is with us as regards the Church of England, when we look in amazement on that which we thought so unearthly and find it so commonplace or worthless. Then we perceive that aforetime we have not been guided by reason, but biassed by education and swayed by affections. We see in the English Church, I will not merely say no descent from the first ages and no relationship to the Church in other lands, but we see no body politic of any kind: we see nothing more or less than an Establishment, a department of Government or a function or operation of the State—without a substance, a mere collection of officials, depending on and living in the supreme civil power. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings of any kind. It is easier to love or hate an abstraction, than so commonplace a framework or mechanism. We regard it neither with anger, nor with contempt, any more than with respect or interest. It is but one aspect of the state or mode of civil government: it is responsible for nothing: it can appropriate neither praise nor blame: but, whatever feeling it raises is to be referred on, by the nature of the case, to the Supreme Power whom it represents, and whose will is its breath. And hence it has no real identity of existence in distinct periods, unless the present legislature or the present Court can affect to be the offspring

and disciple of its predecessor. Nor can it in consequence be said to have any antecedents, or any future: or to live except in the passing moment. As a thing without a soul, it does not contemplate itself, define its intrinsic constitution, or ascertain its position. It has no traditions: it cannot be said to think: * it does not know what it holds and what it does not: it is not even conscious of its own existence: it has no love for its members, or what are sometimes called its children, nor any instinct whatever, unless attachment to its master, or love of its place, may be so called. The fruits, as far as they are good, are to he made much of, as long as they last, for they are transient, and without succession: its former champions of orthodoxy are no earnest of orthodoxy now; they died and there was no reason why they should be reproduced. Bishop is not like bishop, more than king is like king, or ministry like ministry: the Prayer Book is an Act of Parliament of two centuries ago, and its Cathedrals and its Chapter-houses are the spoils of Catholicism." (*Anglican Difficulties* p. 5.)

Well then, my tale is told. What led me to perceive that the Anglican Church could not be the Church of God in this land and so led me to look elsewhere for the true Church of Christ was because being convinced of the Absolute Supremacy of the Crown in things spiritual, and in consequence the complete over-throw of all positive truth, I could no longer without grievous sin against God, remain in the Established Church, without imperilling my soul. Neither to Kings or Queens, to Parliaments, or Republics, or to any earthly form of Government whatsoever did our Divine Lord entrust the Supreme Power in the ruling of His kingdom. And

* This fact is strikingly brought out in Archbishop Sumner's correspondence with Mr. Maskell. "You ask me," he says, "whether you are to conclude that you ought not to teach, and have not the authority of the Church, to teach any of the doctrines spoken of in your five former questions, in the dogmatical terms there stated? To which I reply, Are they contained in the Word of God? St. Paul says, 'Preach the word,' . . . . Now whether the doctrines concerning which you inquire are contained in the Word of God, and can be proved thereby, you have the same means of discovering as myself, and I have no special authority to declare."

I can now understand the tremendous force and truth of these words of Montalembert,* when he says, "As for moral sacrilege, if I may say so, as for the surrender of spiritual independence and Christian freedom to the sanguinary pride of royal theologians, assuredly the Anglo-Catholic fathers of the sixteenth century have surpassed in that respect every example of the kind, both in Pagan and Christian times."

For it is due to the Royal Supremacy, as expressed in the judgements of the Privy Council, that terrible disorder and confusion exists to-day in our country in the matter of religion. Moreover, it was in its origin the seizure by the King, in so far as he could, of the Headship of Christ, and the unholy claim of the secular power to Divine authority. And, as a consequence, unable to accept such authority in matters of faith as coming from God—unable, either from faith or reason to accept that such was the government of that Divine Kingdom founded by our Lord—to which the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit was promised, to lead and guide the world into all truth—men have come to disbelieve in any authority whatever except their own, to regard as impossible that there can be any certitude about any one doctrine of the Christian religion, and so, in the absence of any recognized authority as coming from God, to drift into practical indifference to all definite truth. What are they to teach their children which is definite and unalterable? In what phase of Anglicanism or Protestantism, is to be found any truth lasting and unchangeable? Alas! truth would seem too often to mean only that conception of truth which is palatable to the taste of any and every individual. And so, without the imperishable aid, such as is found in the Catholic Church, in her Divine authority, and in the Holy Sacraments, there is nothing left to fall back upon in the moment of some intellectual temptation to unbelief—no help recognized by all men as Divine to soothe and brace us in our conflict with sin, except our own opinions of how or how not to act.

If there be any who are still toiling and stumbling in the darkness of uncertainty, and who have yet to

* *A Voice from the Dead.* C. T. S. 1d.

make the rough passage from Jericho, the city of confusion, to Jerusalem, the city of peace, let me remind them of the words of one who has spoken, and will continue to speak to numberless hearts—Cardinal New man—and let me urge them to come out of darkness into light, out of uncertainty into truth, of feverish restlessness into the blessed peace of the Church of God—

"O, long sought after, tardily found, the desire of the eye, the joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fulness after many foretastes, the home after many storms! Come to her, poor children, for she it is, and she alone, who can unfold to you the secret of your being and the meaning of your destiny."

APPENDIX.

How the Judicial Committee of the Privy came to be the Court of Final Appeal in all causes Ecclesiastical and Civil.

In 1532, Appeals to the See of Rome were prohibited in one class of spiritual causes and in one class only, i.e., in all causes testamentary, causes of matrimony and divorce, rights of tithes, oblations and inventions. The final court was henceforth to be that of the Archbishop of the Province, whose decision was to be final. So that in 1532, Appeal in doctrine still went to Rome.

The object of this Statute was to enable Henry VIII. to get a favourable decision in his own marriage case, and it was limited to the cases named because he had not then conceived the wicked intention of breaking with the Holy See altogether. But as we know he soon advanced to this further stage of rebelliousness. In the following year he caused his subjects to renounce all obedience to the Pope as the divinely appointed Head of the Church and annexed so far as he could this Headship to his own crown.

This involved as a necessary consequence that the Crown should be the supreme court of appeal in all cases spiritual as well as temporal, and it became accordingly necessary to devise some method of procedure whereby the new appellate jurisdiction might be

exercised. Hence (by 25 Henry VIII. c. 19.) it was enacted that for lack of justice at or in any of the King's dominions it shall be lawful to the parties grieved to appeal to the King's Majesty in the King's Court of Chancery; and that, upon every such appeal, a commission shall be directed, under the Great Seal, to such persons as shall be named by the King's highness, his heirs or successors like as in case of appeal from the Admiral's court, to hear and definitely determine such appeals, and the causes concerning the same. . . and that such judgement or sentence as the said commissioners shall make and decree, in and upon any such appeal, shall be good and effectual, and also definitive, and no further appeals to be had or made from the said commissioners for the same.

The commissioners were called *delegates*, and the Court formed out of these was the Court of Delegates. This Act was repealed by Mary, but revived by Elizabeth (1. Eliz. c. 1), with the difference that under Elizabeth a special Court of High Commission was eventually established to execute under the Queen the said spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. This Court of High Commission, notorious for its tyrannical methods, lasted till the reign of Charles I, when it was abolished (16. Car. i. c. ii.). The Court of Delegates, however, continued till the present century. It is important to notice in regard to it that a Commission was to be issued separately for each case arising by the King's commission under the Great Seal and issuing out of Chancery to represent his Royal Person (Stephen's Commentaries vol. iii. p. 404). It was thus eventually a Royal not a Church Court, except in the sense that the Church was a department of State. The quality therefore, of the persons to whom the commission was addressed was unessential, but they usually consisted of Lords Spiritual and Temporal, judges of the Court at Westminster and Doctors of the Civil Law.

In 1832 these Courts of Delegates were finally abolished, and in their place was substituted the present system whereby all ecclesiastical causes are on final appeal heard by the Queen in Council. That is to say a standing Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has

been founded out of Law Lords only. They hear the cases brought before them and report to the Crown the judgement at which they have arrived. This judgement the sovereign then adopts and in her own name, and her own supreme authority pronounces.

As the character of this new court has been so fiercely attacked, it is worth while to note the points of likeness and difference between it and its predecessor. The Court of Delegates was a court specially appointed to deal with an individual case when it arose. The Judicial Committee is a standing court for the hearing and determining all cases that may be brought before it. The Court of Delegates, being a special court dealt only with ecclesiastical cases: the Judicial Committee deals equally with ecclesiastical and civil cases of ultimate appeal. The Court of Delegates had a few ecclesiastics, not necessary but usually on its list, the Judicial Committee has only Law Lords. But on the other hand each court has its King's Court, represents the King in his ecclesiastical capacity, that is as the Head of the Church, and in each case the position of the Court was merely that of counsellors—the judgement was the Sovereigns—"We by the advice of . . decree, &c,"

They are both therefore equally expressive of the Royal Headship not by any jurisdiction emanating from ecclesiastics of any kind, for its important point is clearly not who are his counsellors but who is the judge. Hence Lord Selborne's remark that "there cannot possibly be any difference in principle between an appeal to the King in Chancery, given by Statute in A. D. 1533, and an appeal to the King in Council given by Statute in A.D. 1832."

Finally it may be noted that these two successive Courts were established not by any Church authority, but by the authority of Parliament. The only influence on these establishments which can be ascribed to the Bishops was such as in common with the Temporal Lords they could exercise by their Parliamentary votes. Nor do they either under Henry, Elizabeth, or William IV. appear to have offered any resistance, or to have detected any impropriety in what was being enacted.

THE TWO SISTERS.

I WAS coming out of church one morning, when I was stopped by one of the nicest women in our congregation—a poor woman living by the labour of her hands, but incessantly employed in works of charity and kindness: so that her name has become a household word in the courts and alleys of that miserable district, and her gentle step and soft hand may be found early and late by every sick bed.

"If you please, ma'am," she said, "there's a young girl very ill in Crown Street, if you had time to go and see her. The doctor thinks she can't get over it, and she's of the better class, and would be so pleased if you would come and speak to her for a few minutes."

I gladly assented, and followed my kind-hearted guide, whose name was Ellen Blake, down a narrow street to the left of the church, till she stopped at a door of one of the lodgings, and went in. I followed her into a poor little room on the ground-floor, shabbily furnished, where, on a bed as clean as the circumstances would allow, lay the sick girl in question. Her hectic cheek and labouring breath showed me that Ellen's statement was not exaggerated; but the poor child seemed even more troubled in mind than in body. After a time I learned her whole history, and it is this sad tale that I am about to relate to my readers.

She was the daughter of a poor country clergyman, who died when she and her sister were very young, leaving them utterly dependent on the exertions of their widowed mother. This struggling, miserable existence went on till the girl was between sixteen and seventeen, when the poor mother, fairly worn out with sorrow and privations, followed her husband to the grave. "What was to become of the girls?" was the question which passed from mouth to mouth. The rector of the parish where they lived, and one or two old friends of their father, took the sorrowing orphans by the hands, and invited them to stay first in one house and then in another.

But that could not go on for ever. Luckily, or as it afterwards turned out, unluckily for her, the eldest girl, Mabel, had received a very good education from her poor mother; so that she obtained a governess's situation without much difficulty. But the youngest, Nellie, had been delicate and unable to learn much; and although her pride rather revolted from the idea, the only thing that could be found for her was an apprenticeship in what is called the "mantle" department of a large and fashionable linen-draper's shop, the premium for which was raised by subscription among their friends. Little did those kind and well-meaning people guess the nature of the place or the character of the persons to whom they had entrusted the poor weak child! Everything appeared perfectly well ordered in this vast establishment. The lodging of the "young ladies" was airy and good; the food was plentiful and unexceptionable; the senior partner in

the firm stood high in reputation among his townsfolk; and Nellie was congratulated on having fallen into such good hands. There was no one to tell of the late hours during which the shop was kept open; of the night walks which the poor girls, fainting for a little fresh air after the close hot air of the work-room or show-room, regularly took, first alone, then in company with one or other of the "young gentlemen" of the establishment. Still less was there any suspicion of the nature of the conversation which now fell for the first time upon poor Nellie's ears. At first she was horrified and disgusted, and used to make excuses to remain at home or in her own room, when the labours of the day were over. But then she began to find it dull; and the hot weather came, and she could never get cool in the house; and by degrees the bad, coarse language and the viler jokes ceased to shock her. The temptation to drink likewise came upon her, partly from her delicate health, partly from the inducements held out to her by her companions; for she was very pretty and a general favourite.

But why prolong this part of the story?—the end, alas! but too common—I might almost say inevitable without the grace of God. There was no one to speak a warning word. Nellie was, in fact, the only pure, good girl in the whole house, when she first arrived. But she was weak, and had no deep religious principles to fall back upon; and so she fell, not at once, but bit by bit, and little by little, till she lost that which a lifetime of penitence can never restore, and became a child of sin and shame.

Three or four years passed; the life she was leading told rapidly on a constitution originally delicate, and the summer of 186— found her in a hospital. She had fallen sick in a low lodging-house in the town where she was then staying, and a good Samaritan, finding how ill she was, got her an admission into the infirmary. This was the beginning of her conversion. In the bed next to her was a young Catholic girl in the last stage of decline. Nellie had been both touched and edified at her patience and unselfishness during the restless nights and days, when Nellie herself, with far less alarming and painful symptoms, could not resist expressing aloud her murmurs and complaints. From admiring her, she got to watch her as she lay, smothering her racking cough not to disturb the ward, and always answering with a pleasant smile the inquiries of the nurse or the doctors as to how she was.

Nellie observed that whenever she suffered more than usual, she used to clasp something very tight in her hand and press it to her breast, and one day she asked her what it was. The dying girl hesitated for a moment, but then, seeing that no one else was listening, said: "It is a crucifix; and it helps me to bear it all, you know," she added earnestly. Nellie's curiosity was roused; she entered into conversation with her, and by degrees the whole truth and beauty of the Catholic faith dawned upon this erring soul; and with that new light came an abhorrence of her own sinfulness, which brought her to the very verge of despair.

The remaining days of her suffering companion's life were spent, as far as her weakness would allow, in

teaching and striving to reclaim and console the poor child who had wandered so far from the fold. But they were obliged to be cautious in their talk, as the nurse was a strong Protestant, and took a dislike to the dying girl as soon as she found out that she was a Catholic; and still more when she refused the services of the Protestant minister, who was a weekly visitor at the hospital. Her earnest entreaty to be allowed to see a Catholic priest was harshly refused by the Board of Directors, one fat tallow-chandler in particular, who was a constant attendant at the weekly meetings, declaring that Parson Lane was "good enough for the likes of her," and that "he wasn't going to allow a sneaking Papist to make his way into the wards as long as he sat at that Board." One mild-looking country gentleman ventured to remark that it seemed hard on the poor girl to deprive her of the consolations of her own faith when she was dying; but his mouth was closed by remarks on its being a "precedent," "the thin end of the wedge," and the like – coupled with hints as to the whole Protestant character of the institution being jeopardized by such an innovation: so the timid gentleman's suggestion was dropped.

So the poor Catholic girl died without the Sacraments; but before her death she made Nellie promise that, as soon as she could leave the house, she would lose no time in calling on Father Penrose, the good old priest who lived in the town where they were. Poor Nellie tearfully treasured up his address as her one anchor of hope and consolation, when the

loving voice which had dictated it to her was mute, and she was left doubly alone in that crowded ward. By degrees her strength returned, and the wished-for day arrived when she could ask for and obtain her discharge. No sooner had she left the hospital, than she hurried to seek the priest's house. He was at home, and received her with fatherly kindness; so that she summoned courage at last to tell him the whole of her miserable history.

Father Penrose placed her for a time with a respectable widow woman living near his chapel, where she was regularly instructed in the Catholic faith, and finally received into the Church. Employment was found for her in a "ready-made" warehouse near, and for almost a twelvemonth Nellie went on admirably, punctual in the performance of her religious duties and apparently a thorough penitent. But then, little by little, she began to relax in her watchfulness, to make imprudent acquaintances, despite the warning words of her only true friends, and to indulge once more in that which habit had made almost a necessity to her —the drinking a glass of wine or spirits before going to work. It was "for her health," she said—she felt "so sinking."

Presently the good priest missed her from her place at Mass, then from the confessional. He went to her and reasoned with her; first gently, then sternly: it was all of no use. She had made great friends with a man younger than herself, and of loose and dissolute habits. The widow with whom she lodged, knowing his character, refused permission for him to come to

see Nellie at her house. In a fit of wilfulness she left the home where she had been so kindly sheltered and the woman who had been to her as a mother, saying she could get a room cheaper elsewhere. But this excuse could not blind the eyes of those who really cared for her, and Father Penrose had the sorrow of seeing her plunge deeper and deeper into habits of drinking and dissipation, till "the last state of that soul was worse than the first." Yes, worse—for before she had sinned in comparative ignorance; but now she was sinning against sacramental grace.

Unable, however, altogether to stifle the whisperings of conscience, and fearful of coming across the friends whom she had so cruelly disappointed, Nellie took a sudden resolution to follow her lover to London. Here he deserted her, and she sunk lower and lower, till it was almost impossible to recognize in the ragged, bloodshot-eyed woman, always hanging round the gin-shop door, the fair and gentle Nellie of the year before.

But God, in His mercy, did not abandon the hapless child. He sent her another fit of sickness, so severe that her life was despaired of; and then the whole of her past wickedness rose up before her, and the unheeded lessons of the good old priest came back upon her with agonizing force, and she could only bury her head in her hands, crying out—"Too late—too late!" It was in this state that Ellen Blake found her, and at once devoted her whole mind and energy to strive to save the wretched soul which was hovering on the brink of eternity.

At first her words seemed to fall on barren ground. Nellie would not hear of seeing a priest, or making her confession, or taking any steps to undo the past, or cleanse her soul from its frightful stains. But Ellen was used to cases like hers, and never lost either courage or patience; and at last her charity was rewarded by Nellie's consenting to speak to the Father who had the care of the Mission in the Westminster district, where she lodged. When I first saw her, she had been for nearly a month under his tender and skilful hand, and the change in her, Ellen said, was marvellous. The most hopeful sign in her penitence was her excessive mistrust of herself. She attributed her last grievous fall and relapse into sin entirely to pride, and now her only anxiety, if she recovered, was to get into the "Good Shepherd," where she would be saved from herself.

"For, you see, I am so miserably weak," she went on repeating, "I cannot answer for myself for a single day if I get better; my passion for drink is stronger than all my good resolutions; for, now that I have got such a habit of it, it is positive agony to me to go without. Do help me, dear madam," she continued, "to get into one of those homes, when I am well enough to leave these lodgings."

I promised all she asked if she would but be still and quiet now; although in my heart I doubted if she would ever rise from her sick bed. One day she began speaking to me of her family, and of her early home, and I suddenly asked her:

"What has become of the sister Mabel you mentioned when you first told me your sad history?"

A sudden flush came over her poor pale face, and she turned it away from me to the other side of the bed.

"That is one of her great troubles now, ma'am," whispered Ellen Blake to me, who was preparing some soup for the invalid, which she had warmed in a little saucepan on the fire. "Perhaps she'll tell you all about it when I am gone."

So saying, she poured out the broth into a cup, asking me to give it to Nellie, and then, with the delicacy of feeling which was habitual to her, quietly left the room. After the door closed there was complete silence for a few moments, only broken at last by a violent sobbing from poor Nellie. I tried to soothe her, and make her take her broth; but at last her sorrow found vent in words:

"You ask me about Mabel, my darling, my beautiful Mabel!" she exclaimed. "How can I tell you how she has been wronged? But perhaps you may have it in your power to help and to save her, so I will let you know all, though I cannot bear to speak of it. I told you that we had an elder sister, did I not, who was well married and gone to Australia? and, when the wreck of our life came, and our mother died, some of our friends very much wished us to go out to her. But to begin with, we did not like being dependent on her and her husband, and then we both had a horror of the sea. Mabel said she should die before she got to Melbourne; so, as she was very clever, and very accomplished, they decided to look out for a governess's situation for her, which was not hard to find, and she

went to a first-rate place in ———shire, where she was to have the charge of one little girl, and get eighty pounds a year.

"Oh, how well I recollect that evening before she left! We had never been separated in our lives, and I loved her with a passionate and admiring love, such as a poor weak thing like me generally feels for something far above one in talent, and beauty, and everything else. We had always shared the same room, and all that night whilst she slept I lay by her side watching her, and smothering my sobs that I might not disturb her. She did her best to comfort me, poor Mabel! and we made all kinds of castles in the air—how she would soon save a fortune, and we would live together and be so happy. Little did either of us then foresee what the future had in store for us!

"Well, Mabel went, and for the first month or two her letters were just like herself—warm-hearted and natural—telling us all about her troubles and her pleasures, and her little difficulties with her pupil, etc.; but, on the whole, she seemed happy. Then I went to that horrid warehouse, and by degrees her letters got fewer and fewer, and I got more and more anxious. This was before I had gone wrong myself, and I used to drench my pillow with tears every night thinking of her, and fancying she had ceased to care about me. At last I wrote to our old friends at C——, and asked them if they had heard of her, or from her; but they knew as little as I did. So months passed away; and one day—I shall never forget it—a large letter was brought to me directed in a strange handwriting. I

opened it with a kind of presentiment that it contained bad news. . . . Half an hour after one of my companions found me senseless on the floor with the letter crushed in my hand. After that I became reckless, and did not care what became of me—and you know the rest."

"But what was there in the letter?" I asked.

"Oh, I forgot I had not told you," replied poor Nellie. "But I cannot talk of it—here it is—you may read it for yourself."

I took the soiled and faded lines, which she gave me from under her pillow, and read as follows:

"Mr. D—— returns Miss Lawrence's letters, as her unworthy sister left his house last week in company with his eldest son and has not been heard of since."

"And have you no clue to her whereabouts?" was my next question to poor Nellie.

"Yes," she replied, "one of my objects in coming to London was to find her out; for, bad as I was, I could not bear to think of her being like myself; and, during the few months of my penitence, my whole life was spent in praying for her. I thought, when I arrived in town, I should have no difficulty in tracing her, little guessing the size of the place and how impossible it would be to discover her except by chance. That chance, however, strange to say, came about.

"I was walking one day in the Park with the man who had persuaded me to leave C——, when an accident happened to one of the ladies who was riding in Rotten Row. Every one crowded to see what was the matter, and I somehow got in the first rank before

the policeman came to move us away. The young lady who had been thrown was lying almost unconscious on the lap of another—and that other was my Mabel! A thousand different thoughts rushed through my head in one moment; but my first instinct was to remain hidden. When I saw that the lady was recovering I stepped back, and, mingling with the crowd, asked the groom, who was holding what I found was Mabel's horse, who the lady was and where she lived. He told me at once; and here it is," continued Nellie, giving me a dirty piece of paper with the address. "Many a time afterwards I have gone to the corner of the street to see her go out, and watch her mount her horse, and, God forgive me! I have sometimes in my misery envied her position and her beautiful clothes. But I never dared speak to her, and now all things appear so differently to me, and it breaks my heart to think of her going to perdition like that! For the love of God, go to her and try and save her!"

"But on what possible ground can I go?" I replied. "How can I intrude myself into her house uninvited and unknown?"

"Tell her you come from me, and that I am dying," feebly answered Nellie, whom this agitation had completely prostrated; and fearful of prolonging a conversation which, in her weak state, might have serious consequences, I promised to see what I could do, and left her in Ellen's care.

All that day and night I kept thinking of poor Nellie's words: "For the love of God, go to her and try and save her." But how? After turning over

every possible and impossible plan in my head, I finally resolved to do the simplest thing—which was to go and call upon her, and see what effect the mention of her sister would have upon her. I was not very hopeful of success; nor, I am ashamed to own, did I at all like the errand; but I could not break my word to Nellie, and a something which I cannot describe urged me on.

The house was easily found: it was in a retired part of Brompton. I knocked, asked for "Miss Lawrence," and was shown into a room exquisitely furnished—everything being sky-blue—blue silk covered the sofa and chairs, all the ornaments were of priceless blue Sèvres. Hot-house flowers, jardinières, and every invention of modern luxury were crowded into this little boudoir. I had plenty of time to examine all this, as Miss Lawrence was "dressing," although it was past twelve o'clock. In one corner of the room was a piano: on the desk, to my surprise, I saw the "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" and the book was open at St. Bernard's beautiful hymn, "Jesus, the very thought of Thee," etc. Here was a glimmer of hope, and I thanked God in my heart for the opening it gave me.

After a few minutes more Miss Lawrence came in. She was dressed with perfect taste, and was very beautiful, although her colour was heightened by paint, and her hair was dyed the fashionable gold colour. She asked me my errand with a certain embarrassment mingled with pride, and I felt that my best chance of making an impression was to tell her at once, and without preparation, of her sister's alarming state. The

effect was what I anticipated; she burst into tears, and implored me to tell her where she was. This Nellie had specially begged me not to do, so that I was obliged to put her off with some kind of excuse. After a time she got calmer; and then, something being said about Nellie's sweet voice in old times, I pointed to the piano, and asked her if she sang that hymn. She coloured, but said "Yes," and that she was very fond of it. Then I asked her if she ever went to church. At this her whole manner changed in an instant.

"To church!" she exclaimed, "living the life I do? Do you think I would mock God like that?"

These words gave me fresh hope—at least she had a sense of sin, and felt that she was outraging the God of purity. But I said no more that day, only promising to return very soon and let her know the state her sister was in. She thanked me warmly, and I felt that the first step was gained.

The following day, and the next, I called again with bulletins of Nellie, who was slowly recovering; but, though her sister was evidently pleased to see me, I could not feel that much progress was being made in the one thing which was the object of our hopes and prayers. Various circumstances prevented my returning to Brompton that week, and I was startled and surprised on Sunday evening by a note being brought me marked "immediate" from Miss Lawrence, imploring me to go and see her the following morning as early as I could. I went and found her in a strange state of agitation. In answer to my inquiries, she told me that a great friend of hers had died suddenly the day before

in the midst of a thunderstorm, and that it had frightened her very much; for, though a Scripture reader had come and assured her she would be saved, it had not satisfied her. "For she has been living the same life as I," she exclaimed, "and had no time to repent; and if *she's* all right, why, the Bible must be a lie!"

With this opening I had no difficulty in telling her all that was in my heart, and I found her a willing and even an eager listener. I represented to her in strong colours the fearful future which was before her, and how when she was no longer pretty, or young, or attractive, she would be cast aside as an old glove. I told her the whole story of her sister's sin and hearty penitence, and of her earnest prayers for her, and wound up by imploring her to see a priest, promising to bring a very old friend of mine the next day who would not frighten her, but be as gentle with her as a brother.

At first she would not hear of it; became almost violent, and declared that, if any one of that sort came into the house, she would go out of it; but, after a time, she got reconciled to the idea; allowed that she had been several times to listen to the music at the Oratory, and had longed once to open her heart to one of the Fathers whom she had seen there, but did not dare. Her terror was lest he should force her into a penitentiary; but of that I told her there was no fear whatever.

The next morning I brought my old friend. I saw she "took to him," as the saying is, at once; and so, after a little general conversation, I slipped away into her bedroom, leaving him to try and work on that

poor soul alone, while I prayed for her with all my heart.

After about half an hour I returned: her very expression seemed changed. She said: "Father —— has been trying to persuade me to leave this house and stay with some friends of his, and do you know I am more than half inclined to go?"

I took her hand and said I hoped and trusted she would; and then wished her good-bye, more hopeful about her than I had ever been.

Still the devil did not let go his prey without a terrible struggle. The next day she received, whilst I was there, the most beautiful presents in jewellery, together with a case of champagne. After a great deal of discussion, I persuaded her to send them all back. It cost her a great deal, but she did it. Then she received the most moving letters from her tempter, imploring her not to leave him, and promising anything she wished if she would only remain where she was. All this was very hard to flesh and blood. But she was a girl of resolute will, and when once she made up her mind to do anything, she resolved to keep to it. This Nellie had told me before, and added that her greatest hopes rested on this firmness of character in her sister.

At last the day arrived when she was to leave her luxurious home. We had had great difficulty in finding any religious house not strictly for penitents which would receive her, as they all declined when they heard her history. At last the Superior of a convent in the neighbourhood of London consented to give her a room which she generally kept for a retreatant, and to receive

her into their house, on condition that she never revealed her sad secret to any one of its inmates. Having arranged this, I went to fetch her one evening about five o'clock, according to agreement. At the door I found her saddle-horses waiting. Feeling that the moment was a decisive one, and probably the only hope of this poor girl's salvation, I went to the groom, and, telling him his mistress would not want to ride that afternoon, dismissed him and went into the house. She cried violently when she saw me; but at last consented to let me pack up for her the few simple things she wanted, leaving the rest to be sent later, and finally to accompany me to the carriage which was waiting at the corner of the street. It was impossible not to feel for the poor child, who at that moment was forsaking a life of unmixed indulgence, where everything pandered to her tastes and pleasures, for one of hardship and poverty and penitence, alone with God, whom as yet she could scarcely be said to know! But His grace had touched her heart; and, after a very short hesitation, she walked steadily from the door.

We arrived at the convent towards the evening. She was perfectly silent from exhaustion and fright; but we were shown into the parlour by a kind-looking portress, who at once brought her a cup of tea, and told her the Mother would be with her in a few moments. The cheerful look of the house, and the gentle, nice face of the lay sister, reassured poor Mabel, who sat with her hand in mine, scarcely realizing as yet the full bearing of the step she had so generously taken. Very

soon the Superior came in, and she won Mabel's heart at once, as I had foreseen. Then turning to me, she said:

"You may leave her, dear madam, quite comfortably with us; and I hope you will come and see her to-morrow, and that you will find her well, and calmer."

Giving her a warm kiss, which the poor child convulsively returned, I rose and left her. The next day the Superior told me she had had a violent fit of crying after I left; but that then she had begged to go to the chapel, and remained there till night prayers, when she of her own accord knelt at the Mother's feet and asked for her blessing. I found her calmer than I expected, but very much depressed, and we at once entered into conversation about the future. She said her first anxiety was to be instructed in the Catholic faith, and to see again the kind priest whom I had brought to her house. In concert with the Mother Superior a regular course of instruction was arranged for her so as to occupy her mind; and she likewise asked, and obtained, permission to look after and teach a little orphan child who was in the house, to fill up the hours which otherwise would have hung heavily on her hands—for my greatest fear for her was the reaction consequent on the excitement of the last few weeks, and especially from the absence of the stimulants to which she had been so long accustomed. She soon became so engrossed in the great work of preparing worthily to receive the Sacraments of Penance, Baptism, and Confirmation, that the past

seemed for a time forgotten, or only remembered with an agony of compunction and remorse. Especially was this the case when preparing for her first general confession, and when the whole magnitude of her sin, and of the frightful danger from which God had rescued her, was by degrees revealed to her. Fortunately she had fallen into the hands of one who knew how to bind up the broken-hearted and penitent soul, or her despair would have induced her to do something wild and desperate. Finally, on the Feast of the Assumption, I had the joy of seeing her receive her First Communion and the Sacrament of Confirmation from the hands of our venerable Archbishop.

Poor Nellie had already entered with a thankful heart into a house of the Good Shepherd; and she wrote to Mabel a letter in which a touching joy and gratitude to God were mingled. Mabel herself had but one idea; that of reparation to the Sacred Heart which she had so grievously wounded. She had taken the name of Magdalen at her baptism, and obtained without much difficulty an engagement as English teacher in a foreign convent.

In the meantime her sister, who was in Australia, wrote to entreat her to come to Melbourne. By the help of some kind friends a passage was secured for her and she was placed under the escort of a respectable married couple, who were about to join their children in the colony. So one fine summer's morning the vessel glided out of the docks, and Mabel started to begin a new and a better life in a fresh country.

THE STORY OF A CONVERSION.

I HAD just settled down one morning to my usual writing-table, with a heap of unanswered letters on one side and of uncorrected proofs on the other, and was hoping to have a quiet and undisturbed hour or two for both duties, when the door opened, and my old servant's head appeared, though with some hesitation, as he knew I was very busy.

"If you please, my lady," he began, and then stopped, looking compassionately at the heap of work before me.

"Well, James," I said resignedly, "who is wanting to see me this terribly wet day? I thought I should have been free from visitors in such a downpour as this!"

"It is a young woman, my lady. Very well-mannered and respectable; a servant, I think, who seems very anxious to speak to you, and says you knew her in your old home."

"Show her up," was my reply.

In a few seconds the door opened to admit a pleasant-looking girl of twenty-six or twenty-seven, whom, however, I failed to recognize.

"Don't you know me, my lady?" she asked, when I had begged her to be seated. "I am Mary D——, the baker's daughter at W——."

"What am I to do," I replied, laughing, "when all

you children grow so quickly into men and women, and make me feel even more of a grandmother than I am already? Yes; I see now it is you by your eyes. But what can I do for you? I hope you are not in any trouble?"

"No, my lady," replied Mary, colouring; "at least, not exactly. And yet I am in great trouble," she added, after a moment's pause; "and you are the only person in the world that can help me, I think, if I may tell you about it."

"Tell me everything," I replied; and making her sit down, I prepared to listen.

"Well, my lady," continued Mary, "you know that you advertised for me some two years ago, and got me a very nice place as lady's-maid to Mrs. L——. She was a good kind lady, and I was very comfortable there, and worked for her and the young ladies, and never had a cross word from her till——"

"Till what?" I asked, seeing Mary hesitated.

"Till something happened which I am going to tell you about," she replied. "About a month ago my mistress had gone out of town for the Sunday, and was not to return till late at night. It had been very hot all day, and as I had not my lady to dress I thought I would take a walk in the cool of the evening. In passing by Brompton I heard some beautiful singing in a large church near the road, and saw a lot of people going in. Curiosity prompted me to follow them, and I found myself in a large, long building, crowded to excess, the men being on one side and the women on the other. There was a great quantity of lights and

flowers at the further end; and I stood there, wondering what on earth was going to happen. At last a kind of procession of clergymen came out at a side-door, one of whom was beautifully dressed, and they knelt in a wide space, which was railed off before the communion-table, which, as I said before, was all covered with lights.

"'What are they going to do?' I whispered to a woman near me.

"'Hush!' she replied; 'don't you see? There's going to be Benediction.'

"What she meant by that I couldn't imagine. But all of a sudden, as I was watching, I saw one of the clergymen put something round his neck, and then go up to a kind of large square box which was on the table and open the door with a key. Then he seemed to take something out, and he knelt, and then put it in a beautiful gold thing looking like a watch-case; and then he went and carried it somewhere behind the table; and, I suppose, up some steps, for suddenly I saw it, high above all the rest, on a sort of throne; and some one gave a pull to my gown, and I looked round for a moment and saw that it was to make me kneel, as every one else was on their knees. And so I did. But when I looked again up at the throne—oh! I shall never forget it—no never!"

"What did you see, Mary?" I exclaimed.

"I saw Jesus Christ in His glory," replied Mary, reverently; "I could not distinguish the watch-case any longer, but there was a wonderful light, and in the middle was Our Lord, just as He is represented in the

pictures, with pierced hands and feet. And He seemed to be beckoning me to come to Him, and it filled me with such joy and yet such fear too, I don't know what I felt. And I don't know how long He was there. But I know I remained kneeling on ever so long after the people round me went, and at last a clergyman came up to me, and I asked him where I was.

"And he said, 'In the Oratory, my child.' And seeing I didn't understand him, he added, 'In a Catholic church. Were you never in one before?'

"I only said, 'No, never, sir.' But I was afraid to say more, and went away.

"But all that evening and all that night I thought of nothing else. I felt just as Samuel must have felt when God called him. And of one thing I was very sure—that I must become a Catholic, and go again to that church. After a day or two my mistress remarked that something was the matter with me, and asked me if I was ill. I said 'No,' and tried to go about as usual; but I could not rest. Whenever I knelt down to say my prayers, especially, I used to see that vision of Our Lord more plainly, and He seemed to be reproaching me for delay. At last I took courage, and spoke to Mrs. L——. She at first laughed at me, treating the whole thing as a delusion. Then, when she saw I was really in earnest, she became very grave, and said she would speak to her clergyman about it.

"In a day or two I was sent for to go into the drawing-room, and there I found Mrs. L—— and the clergyman. Mrs. L—— got up and said:

"'Mary, this is a very good friend of mine, and I

want you to have some talk with him about what you told me the other day.'

"I curtsied and said nothing, and Mrs. L—— went away. The clergyman made me sit down, and talked to me for a long time about the sin of joining the Church of Rome, and leaving the Church of my baptism; and I listened to all he had to say, but I felt more strongly than ever that somehow he was wrong. At last he got impatient at my silence, and said:

"'Why don't you answer me?'

"I replied, 'Sir, I'm but an ignorant girl, and can't argue with a gentleman like you. But I believe with my whole heart that the Catholic Church is the only true one, for it's the only one where I have seen Our Lord.'

"'Who has been putting these thoughts into your head?' he answered angrily. 'You have been tampered with by some Romanist or other.'

"I replied, 'No, sir; I don't know a single Catholic, and have never, that I know of, read a Catholic book.'

"The gentleman looked very uncomfortable when I said this, and got up, saying:

"'I will speak to your mistress. You may go.'

"What he said to her I don't know; but in the evening she called me into her room, and said she was very sorry for my obstinacy, but that I must clearly understand that if I persisted in becoming a Romanist I must leave her service.

"I felt ready to break my heart, for I knew I must go. I couldn't disobey Our Lord. So I went to my own room, and had a good cry, and then prayed with all my heart that I might only do what was right.

But I thought, if I am sent away, where can I go to? My father would be more angry with me than Mrs. L——; and I had no money and no home. Then all of a sudden I remembered your ladyship had become a Catholic; and though I was but a little child at the time, I recollected all the fuss there had been about it in our village. And so I asked leave this morning to go out and come to you, to ask whether you could advise and help me, and tell me what to do to become a Catholic; for you are the only one I know in the world."

I need not say with what a joyful, thankful heart I heard this poor child's simple story. I settled at once that she was to come to me when she left Mrs. L——, and then placed her with a great friend of mine, who devotes her whole life to preparing souls for the great grace of entering into the true fold. Soon after she was received into the Church. I got her a nice place in an old Catholic family, as she said truly that she could not go home; and then I lost sight of her for a year or two, till she was recalled to my memory by the following letter, which I will transcribe literally.

"Dear and Honoured Lady,

"I hope you will forgive my taking the liberty of writing to you, as you begged me to let you know if any change came to me. Last year poor father was taken very ill, and he got worse and worse, and my brother said he was always looking round as if he wanted somebody. And at last Henry (that's my brother) said to him, 'Father, do you want Mary?' 'Yes, I do,' he answered. Now, you know, my lady, ever since I came into the Church he has never seen me or written to me, or let my name be mentioned in the house, which vexed Henry very much, for he and I were very fond of one another. Henry didn't lose a moment, but ran off to the office, and telegraphed for me to come

down. And my mistress gave me leave directly, and said, 'Who knows Mary? you may perhaps get the grace for your father too.' Well, I got home that evening, and as soon as ever I came into the room, father opened his eyes, and called feebly, 'Mary!' I flew up to the bed and threw my arms round his neck and kissed him, but couldn't help crying to see how he was changed. After a minute or two he said, 'Mary, my lass, I've been hard upon you. Can you forgive me?' I could only answer by my sobs; but from that time he never could bear me out of his sight. And one day he began to talk to me about religion, and asked me what made me change. And I told him, and we talked for a long time. And at last he said, 'Do you think the priest would come and see me?' I could scarcely speak for joy. But I sent off for Father C——, and he came by the train even sooner than I dared hope. And, to make a long story short, my lady, father was received, and had all the last Sacraments before he died, which he did, so happily, two days later. So your words have come true, my lady, and I have been rewarded even in this life for the step I took in such anxiety and fear."

I need add little more to this touching story. Mary went back to her mistress, and a short time after married an excellent young Catholic carpenter, who had been attached to her for a long time.

I have written this account of her conversion to encourage the many halting, fearful souls who are longing to follow Mary's example, yet hesitate for fear of losing their places, or being turned out of their homes to face life alone. To all such I would say: Trust in God, who will never permit a generous sacrifice to remain unrewarded. Go forward simply and fearlessly, following the inspirations of His Holy Spirit. Even if the path be full of sorrows, and the future uncertain and dark, yet the peace which passeth all understanding will fill your hearts, and in God's own time and way even earthly consolations will be granted to you.

CAN BOTH CHURCHES BE TRUE?

"Well, Mary, I'm not satisfied," said a respectable-looking young tradesman to his wife, as he was walking home one Sunday evening from the Anglican church where they had been together. "I don't see how there can be two faiths and two Churches, when the Apostle tells us there is but 'one faith, one hope, and one baptism,' and that Our Lord Himself said He had founded His Church on a rock, and the gates of Hell should not prevail against it."

"But, Ralph," replied Mary, gently, "don't you recollect Mr. Andrews telling us that though all this was very true, we might be quite content, because we were a branch of this one true Church?"

"That's all very fine talking, my dear," answered her husband, "but if it be a branch, why are we not allowed to go to the parent tree? Whereas you know very well he blew us all up in the pulpit last week for going to see that procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the Catholic chapel, and said it was being 'unfaithful to our mother the dear Church of England,' and all the rest of it."

"But Mr. Lewis told me the other day, Ralph, that when he went abroad with his master, Mr. Andrews said he might go to the Catholic church as much as ever he pleased; and so he did."

"Yes," replied Ralph, "he was telling me all about it the other day, and he and I agreed there was no sense at all in Mr. Andrews saying that. It's making the truth just a matter of geography! Why, if it's wrong in England, it ought to be just as wrong in France or Italy. Don't you see that too?"

"Well, yes, I couldn't make it out," answered Mary, "but then Mrs. Wills, she tried to explain it to me in this way: that *here* the Church of England was the established religion, and so it was schism to leave it; but *there* the Catholic is the established Church."

"But if that's the case," replied Ralph, "we're all in schism—because this Church of England was only established three hundred years ago to please Henry VIII.; a bad man, as I have heard people say, who first wrote a book to defend the true Church, and then turned against it because the Pope wouldn't let him put away his lawful wife and marry another. And so he set up this new Church, and made himself the head of it, and put to death everybody who stuck to the old faith and wouldn't come into his new-fangled notions. Give me the old faith again, I say, and not the imitation of it!"

Mary walked on, looking rather sad and grave. She felt, it is true, much in the same way as her husband; but she was of a timid, shrinking nature, and she dreaded very much the idea of taking any step which would separate them from their old friends and from the clergyman whom they loved, and would probably injure their business besides. So, unconsciously perhaps, she always tried to shut her eyes to the truth, and to put the subject from her. This evening, however, she seemed to be

fated not to be left in peace; for on reaching home, they found an old friend who had come from the country to see her husband; and this man was himself of an old Catholic family. He had taken a great interest in the young couple, and had shown them substantial kindnesses in many ways; so that his arrival was hailed with pleasure by both husband and wife.

"Why, if you're not the very man I was just thinking of, and longing to see!" exclaimed Ralph, warmly shaking his friend's hand. "Sit down here by the fire, and Mary will get us our supper, and we can have a good talk."

"What, on the old subject?" asked Mr. Richards,— "the difference between the two Churches?"

"Yes," replied Ralph. "My wife and I get more puzzled every day. Our parson here is a very good man, and says he is a Catholic; but yet he don't obey the Catholic Church. And then he tells us we are a branch of it, and that I can't believe, because we're cut off from the main stem."

"And a branch that's cut off must be a *dead* branch, mustn't it?" answered Mr. Richards, "because it's got no sap and no life."

"But surely, sir," exclaimed Mary, "it would be a wrong thing to leave the Church of our baptism because we fancy we should like another better."

"Stop a bit, Mary. In what were you baptized? What does your creed say you believe in?"

"In One Holy Catholic Church," replied Mary, instinctively folding her hands as she had been used to do when she said her Catechism.

"Very well: then you see that you are baptized into

that 'One Holy Catholic Church,' not into the Church of England; and so if the Church of England does not hold the same doctrines as the Catholic Church, your very baptism, it appears to me, binds you to leave it. It is a dream to call a communion 'Catholic' when you cannot appeal to any clear statements of Catholic doctrine in its formularies, nor interpret these ambiguous formularies by the received and living Catholic sense, whether past or present."

"But don't you believe we are Catholics, then?" said Mary, timidly; "Anglo-Catholics, I mean? That's what Mr. Andrews says he is, and we too."

"And thinks so, I've no doubt," replied Mr. Richards, drily. "Every sect of heretics has done the same from the beginning, as St. Augustine tells us. But if he and you be all 'Catholics,' as you say, why don't you join the Catholic Church? St. Cyprian says: 'God is One, and the Church One, and the Chair One, founded by the Lord's word *upon a rock*. There shall be *one flock*. How, then, can he who is not of the number of the flock be reckoned in the flock?' And again, 'The Spouse of Christ is His Church. She owns but one Home; she keeps us for God.'"

"But," persisted Mary, "Mr. Andrews is a very learned man, I've heard people say; and I'm sure he's a very good man. Why, he gives everything away that he's got! and he so mortifies himself he hardly ever eats anything, his servant tells me, but carries off his dinner day after day to some sick person. Surely, if a religion is to be judged by its fruits, his must be the right one!"

Mr. Richards smiled at Mary's warm praise of the

minister, and still more at her conclusion. Then, gently taking her hand, he said:

"Listen to me, my dear child. I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Andrews is a very good and holy man, but that is no proof that he is right. The very best man I ever knew, almost, was a Unitarian; but that did not blind me to the fact that he was in the wrong. Mr. Andrews has been brought up to believe in the Church of England and to consider himself a priest in that Church, and he acts up to that belief. But we know that he is in error. We know that what is called the 'Church of England' is no Church at all, and that his priesthood is no priesthood at all. For to be a priest you must be rightly ordained, and ordination is invalid in the Anglican Church. I won't enter into all the proofs now; but I will tell you one thing which will show you the mind of the *real* Catholic or Universal Church on this matter. Ordination is a sacrament with us; and it is one of those sacraments which cannot be repeated without the sin of sacrilege. Yet no convert Anglican clergyman, from Cardinal Newman downwards, has ever been received into the Catholic priesthood without going through all the forms of ordination as if he were a mere layman. This proves to you that the Catholic Church does not for a moment admit the possible validity of Anglican orders.

"Therefore, see how poor Mr. Andrews stands. He is a member of a communion which has wilfully separated itself from the centre of unity, which is the rock of Peter.

"He has been ordained by men who have no power

to confer that grace; and therefore he, in his turn, cannot consecrate the elements, or give absolution, or perform, in fact, any priestly function.

"So now you see why I speak and feel so strongly about it. All these things which he does in his Church are simply *shams*. Mind, I don't say he does them *thinking* they are shams; but that does not prevent my words being true; and he is so good a man, that I firmly believe the day will come when he will have the grace given him to see the truth, and then he will have as great a horror of his present imitations as we have."

Ralph had listened with the deepest attention to Mr. Richards' conversation with his wife and at the conclusion said: "Well, I've quite made up my mind. What you have just said settles the question for me. I'll go and see the Catholic priest to-morrow. He comes every Monday to some Sisters of Charity who are doing a wonderful work down in our neighbourhood, and they say he is a very learned man himself, besides being so kind, and good, and patient with people like us; so I'll go to-morrow night. Will you come too, Mary?"

A squeeze of the hand was her reply. She felt the step they were about to take very keenly; but in her heart she was convinced that her husband was right.

The following evening found them both kneeling in the Sisters' little chapel; and after some quiet instruction from the Superior, and a more lengthened interview with the good priest, both pronounced their abjuration and were admitted into the fold of the One Holy Catholic and Roman Church.

THE ALLEGED "FAILURES" OF INFALLIBILITY.[1]

BY THE REV. CHARLES COUPE, S.J.

THE Church of God is a visible society of visible men, a society welded into one compact body by unity of government, unity of faith, unity of sacraments. Moreover, this triple unity of the visible body is impossible without a visible, supreme, and infallible Head. The Head must be visible, because the body is visible. The Head must be supreme, because it is the Head; that is, because all other visible authority in the Church is subordinate to it. And the Head must be infallible, because its decisions must command certain and unhesitating assent that is not merely external, but is internal also.

Who, then, is that visible, supreme, and infallible Head? It can be proved in several ways to be the Bishop of Rome, the Successor of St. Peter, Christ's Vicar and Viceroy upon earth. And for a thousand years the English people recognized the Pope as their spiritual Head. For a thousand years they acknowledged one centre of authority, the See of Peter. For a thousand years as spiritual sheep they were led by the one Supreme Shepherd, the Successor of St. Peter. And, in consequence, for a thousand years the English people

[1] This little tract was originally delivered, almost in its present form, as a popular lecture at a meeting of the Preston Centre of the Catholic Truth Society.

were closely united with the rest of Christendom under the same Church government, in the same faith, in the same sacraments. For the thousand years during which the great English nation recognized the Headship and Authority of the Bishop of Rome, the nation was conspicuously one—one in creed, one in religion. In those olden Catholic days, not Canterbury but Rome was the touchstone of unity. And when the yoke of obedience to Rome was cast off by the rulers of England, and the English people were plundered of their ancient Faith, the new-fangled religion which a lustful king brought in, which upstart nobles gorged with Church property welcomed, to which a servile Parliament gave the semblance of legality, and which a code of penal laws unexampled in severity forced upon the people—in spite of it all, the new-fashioned religion could not even for a single generation hold the English people in its allegiance, but at once the process of disintegration and dissolution set in.

Here, then, for those in doubt, is the key of the religious situation. Find out where the visible, supreme, and infallible Teacher is. Do not trouble about other difficulties. Confine your search to this alone. For if God has given such a Teacher, these other difficulties must admit of a clear and certain solution by that Teacher. If God has not given such a Teacher, then of yourself you will never find a clear and certain solution. If there be no such Teacher to enlighten us, then Christianity is a delusion and a dream, and there is nothing for us but, like the pagans of old, to cry out in anguish and desolation of heart, "God there is none. Future life there is none. Let us drink and make merry, for to-morrow we die." If there be no such Teacher to enlighten us, how is our end better than that of the dumb beasts of the field who lie down in the dust and die?

Now, I do not say there are no difficulties connected with the proofs of Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. No doctrine is free from difficulties: not the doctrine of God's existence, not the doctrine of the Trinity, not the doctrine of the Atonement, not the doctrine of Unquenchable Fire. Yet it is a common practice with the enemies of Catholicity to string together lists of such difficulties to withhold good men from submitting to the Church of their forefathers. Take a book like Littledale's *Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome*—a mere catalogue of inaccuracies, of calumnies, of garbled quotations, of studied admixtures of truth with falsehood—a mere heap of those half-truths which are ever the worst of lies; a book which would require the lifetime of a trained theologian to answer in detail. Littledale has taken some work on Catholic theology, copied out the "objections" he found there, and omitted even to hint at the full and complete answers which he also found there. A good specimen of the work is the attack on Papal Infallibility, a part of which I am going to answer now. It occupies but a few pages of Dr. Littledale's small book, yet a whole volume would be required to answer it in detail.

The adversary tells us that Popes have taught error when teaching *ex cathedra*. Therefore, he argues, they were not infallible. If that assertion be true, the Catholic Church collapses like a house of cards, and Christianity collapses with it. If the adversary could demonstrate one single false *ex cathedra* utterance of one single Roman Pontiff, straightway we might give up Catholicity, we might deny Christianity. But proof? Where is the proof? The enemy is rich in assertion, but it is proof we want. Where will you find this proof? Search through the annals of the Papacy, ransack libraries, scrutinize the dusty tomes of bygone ages, peer lynx-eyed into all the decisions of all the 258 Popes who for

nineteen centuries have sat in Peter's chair, find but a single instance—one only—from Peter in the first century to Leo in the nineteenth—of a Pope who teaching *ex cathedra* has fallen into error, and we grant the Catholic Church to be a sham and an imposture. But we need not be afraid of the search. The enemy will not succeed. Men more skilful than he, to wit the great theologians of the Catholic schools, have examined every case the opponent can adduce, and they laugh his feeble efforts to scorn. Moreover, the ablest men in our own time in the Anglican Establishment have sifted every instance that eager animosity could find, and what was the result of their search? They broke with the traditions of their youth, they snapped the fondest ties of family and friendship, they abandoned Protestantism and submitted to the Catholic Church! Newman and Manning, Faber and Ward, Oakley and Wilberforce, and a host of others who gave up all they loved for truth's sake—think you that these confessors of the Faith would have made these bitter sacrifices had Littledale's shallow sophistries been true, and Papal Infallibility had been the obvious imposture which this man's pleadings would have simple Protestants believe?

But, the adversary urges, have not some Popes been notoriously bad men? Let that pass, we reply; Judas was a bad man, yet he had supernatural gifts. Let us stick to the point. It is Infallibility we are discussing, not Impeccability.

But, the adversary urges again, have not many Popes notoriously fallen into error? If you mean, we reply, as private teachers and doctors, again let that pass. Let us keep to the point. Infallibility is the prerogative of the Pope, only as Pope, in his official capacity when speaking *ex cathedra*—that is, when as Supreme Teacher and Doctor he defines a question of faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church. In that capacity not a

single one in the long line of 258 Popes has stumbled once during nineteen centuries!

But again the objector presses. What about the cases of Liberius, Honorius, and Galileo? Were not these *ex cathedra* decisions, and were they not erroneous? Very well, here we have a clear issue. Let us discuss these three cases. They are the three crucial examples on which our opponents rely.

But before giving a direct reply let me point out this significant fact that the objections of our adversaries are now practically limited to these three instances. Formerly, however, a long list of Popes were charged by opponents with official heresy. There was quite a long catalogue of lapsed Infallibles! In the time of Cardinal Bellarmine, in the seventeenth century, at least forty Popes were impugned by non-Catholics for heretical teaching! But the progress of historical study has changed all that. We Catholics are for ever being told that the Roman Church is afraid of history, and that her foundations will be undermined with the advance of historical knowledge. Yet, curiously enough, the effect is just the reverse. Accurate historical study has indeed killed certain Protestant watch-cries. Who ever hears now among respectable folk of the "Glorious Reformation," or the "Holy Reformers," or of "Good Queen Bess," and still less of the "Virgin Queen"? On the other hand, accurate historical study has gone on reducing the number of heretical Popes, until at the present day no opponent worth notice will venture to cite more than the three cases already mentioned. And that the progress of historical study has, in reality, given the finishing stroke even to these three supposed survivors, it is not hard to show.

I.—Liberius.

Let us take first the case of Pope Liberius. Dr. Littledale says (*Plain Reasons*, Ed. 1880, p. 160):—"Pope Liberius subscribed an Arian Creed, and anathematized St. Athanasius as a heretic." The facts are briefly these. The General Council of Nicaea in A.D. 325 defined the doctrine of the Homoousion, *i.e.*, the Consubstantiality of the Divine Son with the Eternal Father. In a word, it defined that the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was God. That Council condemned the arch-heretic Arius and upheld his great opponent Athanasius. The Arian heresy was, however, widespread, and its adherents formed a powerful faction. In consequence St. Athanasius became the object of such bitter persecution that to desert Athanasius was to abandon Catholic orthodoxy, to support Athanasius was to champion Catholic orthodoxy. Now the Emperor Constantius, one of the most dangerous foes the Church of God ever had, was himself infected with heresy, and determined to destroy the Catholic religion. But Athanasius with might and main thwarted his plans. The Emperor, therefore, set himself to ruin the saint. He summoned a Synod at Arles in 353, signified his will that Athanasius should be condemned, and prevailed on the cowardly bishops to pronounce the wicked sentence. The destruction of St. Athanasius seemed certain.

One obstacle, however, still blocked the Emperor's path. Unless confirmed by Liberius, Bishop of Rome, the sentence against Athanasius already pronounced by the bishops at Arles was invalid. The Emperor, therefore, set to work to gain the Pope; but do what he would, he could not win over Liberius. The Pope stood firm as granite rock. Promises could not dazzle him, threats could not daunt him. He point-blank refused to endorse the wicked sentence. Nay, brought face to face with the Emperor,

the Pope addressed Constantius in favour of Athanasius and the Nicene Creed, with all that placid courage which befits the Vicar of Christ when confronting the proud oppressors of the Church. Liberius was in consequence driven into exile, to Berœa in Thrace, where he was treated by the Arians with cruelty and insolence. At the end of two years the Roman populace raised a sedition in his favour, and the Emperor deemed it prudent to reinstate him. The motive of his recall, therefore, was political.

His enemies, however, published another explanation of his return. He had bowed, they said, before the will of the Emperor and had signed an Arian formula of faith. Now what is the evidence for this assertion? Dr. Littledale quotes a line and a half from St. Jerome, but St. Jerome was deceived by the calumnies of the Arians, just as he was deceived when he represented St. John Chrysostom as tainted with Origenism. However, waiving this point, we know of three formulas of Sirmium which the Pope might have signed. Of these the second only was openly Arian and un-Catholic; the first and third were objectionable only by omission, because they omitted mention of the Nicene definition. The second formula, then, was clearly heterodox; the first and third were open to a heterodox as well as an orthodox interpretation. Now did Pope Liberius sign any of these three formulas? We do not know for certain that he did. There is at least a high probability that he did not. But if he did, which of the three did he sign? Again we do not know. Certainly, however, it was not the second, or heterodox Arian formula. For the Emperor Constantius was not an Arian but a semi-Arian, and so far from requiring the Pope's signature to this second formula, he had actually ordered all copies of it to be destroyed, and had denounced the heaviest penalties against those who even retained it in their possession.

Therefore, if Liberius signed any formula at all (which, however, I am far from granting), he signed either the first or the third. But both the first and the third fairly admitted of an orthodox interpretation.

Consequently, to Dr. Littledale's dogmatic assertion, contained in a line and a half, that "Pope Liberius subscribed an Arian Creed, and anathematized St. Athanasius as a heretic," I sum up my answer as follows :—

First, Dr. Littledale's statement that Liberius "anathematized St. Athanasius as a heretic" is a pure fiction of his own imagination. It is an assertion made without a particle of evidence. The Pope issued neither definition nor anathema in the case. The proof that the Pope even withdrew from communion with Athanasius, *not* as a heretic, but as a disturber of the peace of the Church, is a document known as the *Sixth Hilarian Fragment*, which Hefele and other competent scholars have proved to be a forgery. On the contrary, the Menology of the Greeks describes Liberius as "a saint, the Blessed Liberius, the defender of the truth, whose zeal for the orthodox faith caused him to undertake the defence of the great Athanasius."

Secondly, Dr. Littledale's statement that "Pope Liberius subscribed an Arian Creed" is at most a probability. Dr. Littledale when he made this assertion knew it to be a matter of dispute among scholars whether Liberius subscribed at all, and if so which of the three formulas he subscribed.

Thirdly, it is certain that Liberius did not sign the second or openly Arian formula.

Fourthly, even if it could be proved, as it cannot, that Liberius signed the first or the third formula, it would still have to be proved, as it cannot, that he signed it in a heterodox and not in an orthodox sense. The presumption is wholly in his favour, since he had bearded

the Emperor and braved exile rather than acknowledge the Arian heresy.

Fifthly, even if it could be proved, as it cannot, that he signed at all, it would still have to be proved, as it cannot, that he signed, not merely as an individual, but as the Universal Teacher addressing the whole body of the faithful. It would still remain to be proved that his act was *ex cathedra*, and for this there is no shred of evidence.

Sixthly, when all these obstacles had been overcome, the opponent of Papal Infallibility would still have accomplished nothing. For let us put the case at its worst. For the sake of argument, let us assume that the Pope did sign one of the three formulas, and that he signed the second or Arian formula, and that he signed it, not in his private capacity, but as Universal Teacher, even these admissions would not in the least compromise his infallibility. Why not? Because the fact is notorious that he was not a free agent at the time. If he signed at all, it was under coercion and from fear of death. If he signed at all, it was an act of external assent only; for even the Protestant authors Smith and Wace in the Dictionary of Christian Biography (iii. p. 723) remark that "when Liberius was once again in possession of his See and surrounded by his orthodox supporters, he appears to have resumed his old position of resolute orthodoxy." Cardinal Newman, in his *Historical Sketches*, ii. p. 340, observes:—"It is astonishing to me how any one can fancy that Liberius in subscribing the Arian confession, promulgated it *ex cathedra*, considering he was not his own master when he signed, and it was not his drawing up. Who would say that it would be a judgment of the Queen's Bench, or a judicial act of any kind, if ribbon-men in Ireland seized one of Her Majesty's judges, hurried him into the wilds of Connemara, and there made him, under terror of his life

sign a document in the very teeth of an award which he had lately made in court on a question of property?"

Therefore, the signature of the Pope, if he did sign; the heterodoxy of the Pope, if there was any; the *ex cathedra* pronouncement of the Pope, if he made one, was extorted by force and violence. An *ex cathedra* decision by its very nature, to be valid, must be free; this supposed act of Pope Liberius was not free; therefore this supposed act was not *ex cathedra*. How then could it affect the question of his Infallibility?

Such, in outline, is the case of that Pope who according to St. Basil is "the most blessed Liberius"; according to Epiphanius, "the Pontiff of blessed memory"; according to Cassiodorus, "the great Liberius, the most holy Liberius, Liberius in all things most renowned"; according to St. Ambrose, "the thrice-holy Bishop"; according to Theodoret, "the illustrious athlete for the Catholic faith"; and according to the Greek Menology, is "a saint, the Blessed Liberius, the defender of the truth, whose zeal for the orthodox faith caused him to undertake the defence of the great Athanasius!"

So much for what is called the "fall" of Pope Liberius. If Papal Infallibility has no more serious objection to meet than this, it has little cause for fear.

II.—Honorius.

I now pass on to the second alleged lapse of Infallibility—the case of Pope Honorius, of whom Dr. Littledale (p. 161) wrote as follows:—"Pope Honorius was unanimously condemned by the Sixth General Council as a heretic, for having publicly sided with the Monothelite heresy, and for having officially taught it in Pontifical Letters, the legates of his own successor, Pope Agatho, taking the lead in anathematizing him; and a successor of his, Gregory II., wrote to assure

the Spanish Bishops that Honorius was certainly damned."

The history of the case is briefly this. In the seventh century a hot controversy was raging in the Church as to whether in Christ there were two wills and two operations, the human and the Divine, or one only. The Monothelites, or One-Will-ists, held Our Lord to have but only one will and one operation. The orthodox party maintained Christ to have two distinct wills, the human and the Divine, just as He had two distinct natures, the human and the Divine. While the dispute was at its height, Sergius, the Patriarch of Constantinople and a leader of the heterodox party, wrote a deceitful letter to Pope Honorius, begging of him, in the interests of religious peace, to intervene and impose silence on both parties. Honorius incautiously complied, and wrote Sergius two letters to that effect. More than forty years after his death for these letters the Sixth General Council in A.D. 681 condemned the Pope, and the then reigning Pontiff, Leo II., confirmed that condemnation. To those unskilled in theology the case may seem at first blush conclusive against the Infallibility of Pope Honorius. To those versed in theology the case does not even remotely touch the Infallibility of Pope Honorius. Why not? Let me explain. An examination of the case involves these three points:—

First, was Honorius condemned as a heretic? Secondly, did his letters contain heresy? Thirdly, were his letters *ex cathedra* teaching?

As to the first point, was Honorius condemned as a heretic? Most certainly not! Both by the Council and by the Pope who confirmed the Council, Honorius was condemned, not because he had defined error, but because he had omitted to define the truth. The circumstances of the controversy demanded a definition; Honorius omitted that definition: he was therefore con-

demned for that omission. This is most clearly stated by Pope Leo II., who informed the Spanish Episcopate that Honorius was condemned "because he did not extinguish the flame of heretical dogma, as it became his Apostolic authority, but rather fed it by negligence." Pope Honorius' offence, then, was this, not that he taught error, but that he omitted to teach truth; not that he defined heresy, but that he failed to suppress heresy. He was condemned not for a doctrinal fault, but for a moral fault. Moreover, he was condemned for a moral fault which was not necessarily wilful, since he appears to have been duped by Sergius. So far from the condemnation compromising his Infallibility, it does not even compromise his personal orthodoxy. Honorius, therefore, was *not* condemned as a heretic.

As to the second point, did the letters of Honorius contain heresy? Most assuredly not! The letters were entirely orthodox. Honorius most clearly draws the distinction now found in every book of Catholic theology, namely, that if we consider the Person of Christ (the "principium quod") the operations are morally one, because the Operator is one; but if we consider the Natures of Christ (the "principium quo"), the operations are two because the natures are two. The letters of Honorius contain the very doctrine afterwards dogmatically defined by the Sixth Council which condemned Honorius, and by Pope Leo II. who confirmed that condemnation.

His letters were quite orthodox, but he was condemned because he did not, as in duty bound, publicly proclaim and defend that orthodoxy. The letter of Honorius, then, did not contain heresy, so that a second time the case against him collapses.

And now for the third and principal point. Were these letters an *ex cathedra* definition? If the opponent cannot prove they were, he has accomplished nothing.

For even had the letters of Honorius contained heresy, and even had he been condemned for heresy, still if the letters were but the expression of his private opinion, the heresy of the Pope, as an individual, would in no sense have compromised the Infallibility of the Pope as Pope. Were these letters, then, *ex cathedra*? Most assuredly not! Why not? For two reasons. They contain no definition. They were not addressed to the Universal Church.

First, then, they were not *ex cathedra* because they contain no definition. In them Honorius expressly declares, at least four times, his intention not to define anything on either one side of the controversy or the other. He says: "We must not wrest what they say into Church dogmas." And again: "We leave the matter to grammarians." And again: "We must not define either one or two operations." And again: "We must not by definition declare either one or two operations." The letters, then, were not an *ex cathedra* definition, because they contain no definition.

Again, these letters were not *ex cathedra*, because there is nothing in them to show that the Pope, as Supreme Teacher, was addressing the Universal Church. So far from that being the case, the letters were not even published in the Pope's lifetime. The world heard of them for the first time long after the Pope's decease. Pope Honorius was not condemned until forty years after his death.

And now to sum up the case of Honorius. It is at the very least highly probable that his letters were not heretical. It is at the very least highly probable that they were not condemned as heretical. It is absolutely certain that they were not an *ex cathedra* definition. And it is absolutely certain that they were not condemned as an *ex cathedra* definition. This attack on the Infallibility of Pope Honorius is a baseless calumny.

Dr. Littledale, out of the luxuriance of his fertile imagination, has made the discovery that Pope "Gregory II. wrote to assure the Spanish Bishops that Honorius was certainly damned." The assertion is erroneous and absurd. The assertion is erroneous, for Gregory II. never wrote a single line in his life to the Spanish Bishops about Honorius. Leo II. did, indeed, write to them that Honorius was among those who were "æterna damnatione mulctati"—involved in a final anathema of the Church. Dr. Littledale's ignorance of Church formulas has betrayed him into this ridiculous translation. He has bungled in his Latin. And the assertion is absurd, for the Catholic Church has never defined any one's eternal damnation, much less has she claimed to inflict it.

So much, then, for what is called the "fall" of Pope Honorius. Once again, if Papal Infallibility has no more serious attack than this to fear, we Catholics have no cause for excessive alarm.

III.—Galileo.

I now pass on to the third alleged lapse of Infallibility, I mean the affair of Galileo, in connection with which I have but room to state the leading principles that govern the case.

The facts in brief are these. Galileo eagerly defended the Heliocentric or Copernican theory, the opinion (which was not new, but had been taught by Roman clerics for at least two centuries before his time), that the earth is in motion and the sun at rest. The ancients, who, be it remembered, had no telescopes, believed in the Geocentric theory, that the sun is in motion and the earth at rest. Even yet we retain the ancient phraseology and speak of the rising and setting of the sun. Galileo, however, not content with science, which

was his province, would for ever meddle with theology, which was not his province. In consequence he fell under ecclesiastical censure, Copernican works were put on the Index Expurgatorius, and a mild punishment was inflicted on Galileo. Now the scientific conclusions of Galileo were right, and the scientific conclusions of his Roman judges were wrong. Galileo's *conclusions* I say were right, but his reasoning was wrong, and his Roman judges knew that his reasoning was wrong. His conclusions were only happy guesses. Nay, not only was his reasoning from the flux and reflux of the tides wrong, but when a scientist greater than himself, Kepler, pointed out the true explanation of the tides, Galileo treated that explanation with lofty contempt.

Galileo, it is urged, was condemned as a heretic for teaching a true doctrine. That I deny, but let it pass. For the sake of argument, let us assume that he was. The question which concerns us is this: Was that condemnation a Papal condemnation? and, if it was, was it *ex cathedra?* It is easy to show that it was neither one nor the other. There are two, and only two, documents bearing directly on Galileo's case, the Decree of the Index, dated March 5, 1616, and the Decree of the Holy Office, dated June 22, 1633.

The Decree of the Index decided that because the Copernican theory, which Galileo had defended, was "false, unscriptural, and destructive of Catholic truth, the books expounding this theory were not to be read by Catholics." Now the grounds of this decision were wrong, and the decision itself was wrong. It was the erroneous decision of a fallible tribunal. The Roman judges made a mistake, as our English judges have made mistakes. But, it is asked, was not that tribunal supposed to be infallible? Certainly not! The decree of a Roman Congregation, as such, is no more infallible than a decree of a country Bench of Magistrates is

infallible. But did not the Roman Pontiff confirm the decree, and thereby make it his own? The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which represents the conclusions of educated English opinion, shall answer this question:—"This edict, it is essential to observe, of which the responsibility rests with a disciplinary congregation, in no sense representing the Church, was never confirmed by the Pope and was virtually repealed in 1757." It was not confirmed by the Pope, as every one with an elementary acquaintance with the subject is aware. Again, even if the Pope had confirmed the decree, that confirmation would not necessarily have been an infallible utterance. To confirm a decree is not necessarily to speak in that decree *ex cathedra*; it is not necessarily to speak in that decree as Universal Doctor and Supreme Teacher; it is not necessarily to speak in that decree at all. Thirdly, even if the Pope had confirmed the decree, and by confirming had spoken in the decree, and had spoken in the decree *ex cathedra*, still that utterance would not have compromised his Infallibility. Why not? Because, as all theologians teach, Infallibility does not extend to the motives which led to a definition, nor to the arguments in favour of the definition. Infallibility extends only to the definition itself, and the definition in Galileo's case was only this, "that the books in question must not be read until amended." The decision was a mere matter of discipline, and not of doctrine at all. So much for the former of the two documents.

The disobedience of Galileo to the former decree led to a second decree against him, this time by the Holy Office, and he was charged with being "suspect of heresy." This second decision was a decree of cardinals only; it received no authoritative Papal confirmation or approbation. It was not a Papal act, and therefore it cannot compromise Papal Infallibility.

But, opponents urge, the Index, or Catalogue, containing among many others the condemned propositions against Galileo, was reissued by Pope Alexander VII. in 1664, accompanied by the Bull *Speculatores*, by which that Pontiff formally approved of the Index and thus made it an *ex cathedra* utterance. I reply that this objection is only another proof how dangerous it is for laymen to intrude in the domain of theology. The Bull in question is a disciplinary and not a dogmatic Bull. It is not a special approbation of each decree in the Index. It is not a special approbation of any decree in the Index. It is nothing more than an official guarantee that the Index newly reissued is an authentic catalogue of all decrees hitherto published. The Bull gives no new decision; it imposes no fresh obligation; it makes no change in the character of the decrees catalogued in the Index.

The decree concerning Galileo was only disciplinary, and not dogmatic, before the Bull was issued; it remained only disciplinary, and not dogmatic, after the Bull was issued. As that decree was not an utterance of the Infallible voice before the Bull, neither was it an utterance of the Infallible voice after the Bull. The Bull *Speculatores* has absolutely no bearing on the case of Galileo.

But the simplest and fairest way of arriving at a sound opinion on this question, as to whether the decision against Galileo was *ex cathedra* or not, is to see how the Heliocentric theory had been viewed before Galileo's time, and how it was viewed after Galileo's condemnation. For two centuries before Galileo's day the immobility of the sun and the mobility of the earth had been openly taught, and taught, too, by ecclesiastics of the highest rank. Nicolas de Cusa taught it and was made a cardinal by Eugenius IV. in 1430, just two hundred years before the decree of the Holy Office

against Galileo. Copernicus, himself a priest and a canon, in 1530 taught it and did not suffer in the estimation of his superiors. Widmanstadt taught it in presence of Clement VII. and the College of Cardinals, and received the congratulations of all. Copernicus himself was allowed to dedicate his book to Pope Paul III., and from the time of its first appearance under that sanction in 1543 until the decree of the Index against Galileo in 1616 the theory was left in the hands of mathematicians and philosophers, who alternately attacked or defended it without either support or molestation from the ecclesiastical authorities. So that had Galileo not meddled with theology, he too would have remained unmolested. So much for Copernicanism before Galileo's condemnation.

After the condemnation how was the decree understood by contemporaries? Was it regarded as an *ex cathedra*, and therefore a final dogmatic decision? Certainly not! A dogmatic decision can never be reversed; yet from the very beginning contemporaries looked on this decree as reformable. To quote only the evidence of Jesuits, the Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmine, a contemporary of Galileo, writes, in his letter to Foscarini, that should proof be adduced (and proof as yet had not been adduced) of the earth's motion, he is quite prepared to change his views as to the meaning of the Scripture texts. In 1651 the Jesuit Riccioli holds Catholics to be under an obligation to respect the censure of the Holy Office until the truth of the earth's mobility is proved to the judges. In 1661 the Jesuit Fabri, Grand Penitentiary of St. Peter's, declares, in words which are reported in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, 1665, "Nothing hinders, but that the Church may understand those Scripture-places that speak of this matter in a literal sense, and declare they should be so understood as long as the contrary is not evinced by any

demonstration, which, if perhaps it should be found out, in this case the Church will not at all scruple to declare that these places are to be understood in a figurative and improper sense, according to that of the poet, *Terraeque Urbesque recedunt*" (p. 24). The Jesuit astronomer, Grassi, in 1623 remarked, "When a demonstration of the earth's movement shall be discovered, it will then be fitting to interpret Scripture otherwise than has hitherto been done." Such was the Jesuit view of Galileo's condemnation—a view which makes it certain that Galileo's contemporaries, and those contemporaries, too, living in and about the Papal Court, in no sense considered the decree of condemnation to be final, dogmatic, and *ex cathedra*, but to be only disciplinary, temporary, and reformable.

Galileo's case, I say, has no bearing on Papal Infallibility, and that conclusion I support by a quotation from the famous mathematician and philosopher, René Descartes, who in a published letter of 1634 declared that the condemnation of Galileo "had been authorized neither by Pope nor General Council, but was issued solely by a congregation of Cardinals." Again that conclusion I support by a quotation from Mr. Proctor, the late eminent astronomer, the learned mathematician, the eloquent lecturer, and the distinguished editor of two well-known scientific publications. Mr. Proctor, after assuring his readers that he had "specially studied and weighed during eight years the whole question of Papal Infallibility," observes (*Knowledge*, vol. ix. p. 274): "Not quite as absurd, though quite as incorrect, is the idea that Papal Infallibility is disproved by the decision (supposing for the moment it received the Papal sanction) against Galileo. The Catholic doctrine on the subject of Papal Infallibility is perfectly definite; and it is absolutely certain that the decision in regard to Galileo's teaching, shown now to

have been unsound, does not in the slightest degree affect the doctrine of Infallibility either of the Pope or of the Church. The decision was neither *ex cathedra* nor addressed to the whole Church. In not one single point does the case illustrate this doctrine of Papal Infallibility, as defined by the Vatican Council."

Having thus quoted one distinguished Protestant to show that Galileo's case does not compromise Papal Infallibility, let me end with a quotation from another distinguished Protestant to show that no case can compromise Papal Infallibility. Mr. Mallock, in his well-known book, *Is Life Worth Living?* (chap. xii.), observes: "This claim to Infallibility is one, as we shall see when we understand its nature, that no study of ecclesiastical history can invalidate now, or can even promise to invalidate."

Here, then, I end. During the long lapse of nineteen centuries, in a long list of 258 Popes, the enemies of Papal Infallibility think they have discovered three instances—one instance for each six hundred years, one instance for each set of eighty-six Popes—where a Pope as Pope has officially erred in his dogmatic teaching. Three instances they claim to have discovered; yet when we subject even these three instances to the searching criticism of accurate history and precise theology, we find that even in these three cases the attack of our enemies falls ignominiously to the ground. The Church can never err in faith, for she is "the pillar and ground of the truth." The Pope, as Pope, can never err in faith, for he is that Rock against which the Gates of Hell shall never prevail!

THE TRUE STORY OF BARBARA UBRYK.

BY THE REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

About three years ago I wrote for the Catholic Truth Society a slight examination of one or two of the slanderous charges against convents which, in the furtherance of their campaign for the persecution of Catholics, the Protestant Alliance people so industriously circulate.[1] Among these slanderous charges was one relating to the strange story of Barbara Ubryk. This story was sprung upon the world in 1869, when it was so worked by the Masonic press that in the first instance it not unnaturally caused many excellent persons to lose their heads. But when the judicial inquiry to which it led had ascertained the true facts, it became apparent that the accused nuns, so far from having indulged in an almost fiendish cruelty, had been passing through a perfect martyrdom of patient and compassionate endurance. The Protestant Alliance people, however, according to their wont, in their many accounts of Barbara Ubryk suppress all mention of these

[1] *Calumnies against Convents*, by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. (Catholic Truth Society, 1d.). By the phrase "Protestant Alliance people" it is intended to denote the class of bigots who gather round the Protestant Alliance and similar societies. Some such designation seems required, for it would be grossly unfair to the Protestants of England to connect their name in any way with the half-crazy, half-dishonest fictions which the Protestant Alliance people circulate.

later stages in the history of the discovery. They confine themselves to the task of disseminating widely, with the additional embellishment of purely imaginary pictures, the hideous version of the Vienna *Free Press* (of July 23, 1869), a paper notorious for its anti-Catholic and indeed anti-Christian bias. *Calumnies against Convents* met this misrepresentation by supplying the suppressed portion of the history, and it is a consolation to know that the exposure has been of some use. If it has likewise stirred up the Rev. Lancelot Holland—a gentleman whom the Protestant Alliance is proud to have on its managing committee—to write in highly seasoned language a species of reply,[1] this too is cause for satisfaction, enabling one, as it does, to expose still more effectually the kind of evidence on which these people rely. As the primary object of the present tract is not so much to furnish more exhaustive particulars of the Barbara Ubryk case as to show up the methods of these anti-Catholic bigots, it will be best in the first place to transcribe the section from *Calumnies against Convents*, and then to examine the mode in which Mr. Lancelot Holland deals with it.

"In one of the *Monthly Letters* of the Protestant Alliance entitled *Convents* may be found the following:—

> On Tuesday, the 20th instant (*i.e.*, July 20, 1869), an anonymous notice, apparently written by a female hand, reached the Criminal Court at Cracow, to the effect that, in the Convent of the Carmelite barefooted nuns, one of the order, named Barbara Ubryk, had been forcibly kept in close confinement in a dark cell for a long number of years. The Vice-President of the Criminal Court, Ritter von Antoniewicz, immediately laid this information before a judge of inquiry, who, in company with the public prosecutor, repaired to the Bishop von Galecki, with the request to permit them to enter the convent. [The Bishop declared he would grant the request as Papal Delegate], and subdelegated the Papal prelate Spital, a very intelligent and worthy priest. . . . The convent was first entered by

[1] *Walled-up Nuns*, pp. 162–183.

Father Spital, followed by the members of the judicial commission, to whom the portress attempted to refuse admittance, and she allowed their entrance only when Dr. Gebhardt, with the confirmation on the part of Father Spital, referred to the permission he had received from the Bishop. The judge then informed the portress that he had come to see and speak to Nun Barbara Ubryk, which information made a terrible impression upon the portress. . . . The commission thereupon went to the upper corridor, followed by the nuns, one of whom showed the judge the cell of Sister Barbara. The cell, which was situated at the extreme end of the corridor, between the pantry, close to the dung-hole, had a walled-up window and a double wooden door, in which there was a movable grating, through which, very probably, food was handed in. Through a very small open window niche some rays of light could now and then penetrate into this dismal dungeon. The cell, seven paces long by six paces wide, was opened, but it is almost impossible to describe the view this piece of inquisition of the nineteenth century presented. In a dark, infected hole adjoining the sewer sat, or rather cowered, on a heap of straw, an entirely naked, totally neglected, half-insane woman, who, at the unaccustomed view of light, the outer world, and human beings, folded her hands, and pitifully implored: 'I am hungry, have pity on me; give me meat and I shall be obedient." This hole, for it could hardly be called a chamber, besides containing all kinds of dirt and filth, and a dish of rotten potatoes, was deficient of the slightest decent accommodation. There was nothing —no stove, no bed, no table, no chair—it was neither warmed by a fire nor by the rays of the sun. This den the inhuman sisters who call themselves women, spiritual wives, the brides of heaven, had selected as a habitation for one of their own sex, and kept her therein in close confinement for twenty-one years—since 1848. For twenty-one years the grey sisters daily passed this cell, and not one of them ever thought of taking compassion on this poor outcast prisoner. . . . The judge instantly ordered the nun to be clothed, and went himself for Bishop Galecki.

"Here the narrative (which is an extract through the *Morning Post* from the Vienna *Free Press* of July 23, 1869) breaks off in the pamphlet before us, but in the *Free Press* it goes on to say that the Bishop on arriving was horrified like the rest, and cried out to the nuns, 'You are furies, not women!'

"This ghastly story was repeated by the journals of nearly every country at the time, and was received on every side with a chorus of indignation. Those, however, who understood the methods by which the Masonic Governments on the Continent were in the habit of

arousing a popular feeling in favour of the measures they were projecting against the Church, asked themselves what sort of Ministry were at the head of affairs in Austria, and what projects they had in contemplation. Nor were their suspicions allayed when they learnt that Herr Giskra, the Masonic Minister for Home Affairs, was bent on the suppression of the religious orders and the confiscation of their goods. A convent scandal like this was the very thing for him, and many circumstances pointed to the conclusion that it had been got up designedly. The anonymous letter, in a feigned female hand, proved to have been written by a retired Government employé (*Civiltà Cattolica*, vii. p. 737). At once, on the affair becoming public, a mob gathered in the streets, broke the windows of the convent, and tried to force an entrance into it; from the convent it passed on to the Jesuit College (only just opened in the town, and clearly not responsible for Barbara's twenty years' detention), invaded it, drove out the inmates, and murdered the aged Rector; it attacked also and destroyed several other convents and monasteries, raging in this manner for three days before the authorities found it convenient to stop its course (*Times*, August 2nd). It was likewise suggestive of prearrangement that—whereas the discovery was made on July 21st, Barbara was removed to the asylum on the 22nd, and the prioress and sub-prioress of the convent were taken to prison on the 25th—Herr Giskra, without awaiting the result of the trial, proceeded at once to utilize the opportunity. On the 29th he wrote to the Governor of Lemberg, asking if there could be any possible reason why he should not at once proceed to withhold the annual pension on which the convent depended for its subsistence, and even suppress the convent altogether (*Morning Post*, August 7th). Also, on the 27th, the municipality of Vienna, a body in full sympathy with the aims of the Minister, met together, and petitioned him for the instant suppression of the enclosed orders and the expulsion of the Jesuits (*Civiltà Cattolica*, viii. p. 240). Various other municipalities

throughout the country met at once in a similar manner to frame similar petitions. Why this indecent haste, save because all had been arranged beforehand, and they were anxious to use the opportunity before it was destroyed by the detection of the fraud?

"After indulging in excited telegrams for a few days the Austrian correspondents of the English papers suddenly lost interest in the subject. It did not seem to occur to them that English readers might wish to hear the result of the trial of the incriminated nuns, and for this reason we must seek elsewhere for this very important information. This is unfortunate, as we have endeavoured wherever possible to refer for our proofs to non-Catholic authorities; still, it would be outrageous to refuse credence to respectable Catholic witnesses when they pledge their good faith for facts of a public character, nor do we anticipate that it will be denied them by any save the hopelessly credulous people who gather round the Protestant Alliance. We shall rely, therefore, on accounts given of the further proceedings by the *Tablet* and the *Civiltà Cattolica*, each of which journals took pains to obtain information from persons living at the time at Cracow, whose trustworthiness they guaranteed. Unfortunately we are unable to refer to the *Univers* (of Paris), which took a leading part in ascertaining the details of the history.

"When, then, the two nuns had been a month in prison, the preliminary proceedings against them were instituted, the result being that they were declared 'guilty of the objective, not the subjective, offence of overtly violating the rights of personal freedom, and were adjudged to stand a special trial accordingly' (*Tablet*, August 21, 1877): that is, in English, it was judged that they had *unwittingly* been guilty of a legal offence in locking the door on a mad woman without having first gone through the legal formalities. Surely a ridiculous mouse out of the labouring mountain! After this comparative acquittal they could not of course be detained in prison, and on August 28th they were allowed

to return home. In its *Cronaca* for February 12, 1870, the *Civiltà* tells us what the final result was.

Slowly and incompletely but still in some degree justice has been rendered to the innocent Carmelites of Cracow. Ever since August 28th, after more than a month of most cruel imprisonment, the Prioress, Sister Maria Wenzyk, and the Sub-prioress, Sister Teresa Kosierkiewicz, were reconducted to their monastery and restored to liberty; but the process against them was by a piece of craft left suspended without a definite sentence being passed, probably because either they desired to avoid the shame of having, by recognizing the manifest innocence of these persecuted ladies, to acknowledge at once the iniquity that had been perpetrated, or, which is worse, because they wished to let the fruits of their calumny grow to maturity, and accomplish the projected abolition of the religious orders and confiscation of their goods. But this manœuvred delay could not last for ever, and the conscience of the judicial authorities was opposed to it. Hence Giskra and his fellow-conspirators had to put up with the passing of a verdict in good form to the effect that Barbara Ubryk had in no way been shown to have undergone any cruelty to which her madness could be imputed, and that throughout its course she had been treated as well as possible according to the only method consistent with her deplorable state, and had received every attention which the most tender Christian charity could inspire.

"What, then, is the true version of the facts which, since it extorted this verdict of complete acquittal, must have differed widely from the horrible version to which the Vienna *Free Press* gave publicity? The answer is given by a Polish correspondent of the *Tablet*, for whose accuracy it vouches, and whose communication appeared in its columns on August 21, 1869. On account of its length we will not transcribe this document, but give instead the *Tablet's* shorter summary of its contents.

We undertook to lay before our readers such additional information as we might be able to obtain. We now do so, and the details which will be found in another column may be relied upon as accurate. In the first place, the whole accusation respecting the punishment of Barbara Ubryk for an offence against her vows falls to the ground. It is a case of simple madness and the treatment of a lunatic. Secondly, with regard to the accusation of inhumanity, it is proved that she was fed more abundantly than the other inhabitants of the convent, and that her health and appearance confirms the statement. Also that she exhibits no trace of personal ill-usage.

Thirdly, that the absence of clothes and of a proper bed and other chamber furniture was owing to the fact that she invariably destroyed all the articles with which she was repeatedly supplied. Since the removal to the hospital it has been equally impossible to prevent her from destroying her clothes without the use of the strait waistcoat, which has been accordingly employed. Fourthly, that her cell was kept as clean as was possible consistently with her habits. Fifthly, that about half the window was walled up to prevent her being visible to the passers-by, and causing grievous scandal. Sixthly, that the cell itself, instead of being a dungeon, was in all respects similar to those inhabited by the other sisters. Seventhly, that her insanity was known to her relatives. The Bishop has therefore very properly retracted the expressions which he used with respect to the religious, who can reasonably be accused of nothing but a certain want of prudence in not getting rid of so terrible a patient by consigning her to a lunatic asylum.

"On the authority of another Cracow correspondent the *Tablet* (*ibid.*) learns that the state of Barbara Ubryk had been well known to many others besides her relations. At the trial of the nuns it was deposed by a witness who had been sacristan to the nuns for thirty years that, when she first went mad, numerous physicians paid her professional visits, and that the two administrators of the diocese previous to Bishop von Galecki, who had quite recently succeeded, knew well about it, having received frequent applications from the sisters for leave to send her away to an asylum—applications which had been refused on the ground that it was the duty of the nuns to take care of a mad sister, not send her to a lunatic asylum."

Such is the account given in *Calumnies against Convents*. Now let us see what Mr. Holland has to say to it. The daily papers, not finding the further stages of the history to be of sufficient interest, and therefore passing them over in silence, in the Catholic Truth Society's tract, as the above transcript shows, I had been compelled to seek information as to these further stages from Catholic papers only; but I had ventured to hope that their authority would be accepted by all sensible readers (see above, p. 5). Mr. Holland, being what he is natu-

rally objects to this anticipation, but forgets that I had not been so rash as to expect credence from the "hopelessly credulous people who gather round the Protestant Alliance." He feels himself, however, to be now in the possession of evidence against me so conclusive that he can say confidently, perhaps over-confidently, "I give him [that is, the writer of the C.T.S. tract] my word for it that, if I do not convince him, I will convince nearly every reader of this book [his *Walled-up Nuns*] who has not made the Pope a present of his reason, that the authorities which he gives are worthless" (*ibid.*, p. 172). I, too, am now in the possession of further evidence, and it enables me to anticipate that I shall be able to convince every reader who has not made the Protestant Alliance a present of his reason that Mr. Holland's new authorities are not only false, but, it is to be feared, fraudulent. Here, then, is matter for a comparison.

Mr. Holland's convincing authority purports to be the report of "the Commission appointed by the Austrian Government to investigate the frightful discovery," a Commission which, he tells us, "consisted of the most respected citizens of Cracow—the Bishop himself taking part in the inquiry—all being Roman Catholics." Mr. Holland's account reads as though it were a condensation of this report, and it has sentences and passages interspersed which, being placed within quotation marks, one naturally takes to be the very words of the Commissioners. On the faith of authority apparently so good he gives us the evidence of Johannes Egriek, a woodcutter, and of Sister Mary, one of the nuns, of whom the latter owned to be the writer and the former the bearer of the anonymous letter which first called public attention to the scandal. On the faith of the same authority he further gives us a long and elaborate deposition from Barbara herself—detailing immoral proposals made to her and cruelties inflicted on her for repelling them—which purports to have been made and signed by her in the presence of the "presiding Judge of the Court of Correction, Austria"; and he likewise gives "the decision of

the Commissioners" with their signatures appended—a decision which treats the charges against the nun and the confessor as fully established, and recommends the condign punishment of the Mother Superior.

If all this were really certified by a judicial commission duly appointed by the Austrian authorities, no doubt it would be evidence of great weight. What, however, is the case?

To readers who might wish to inquire further into the character of so important a document, the sole reference granted is to "the American edition of the *True Story of Barbara Ubryk*, C. J. Thynne, London" (see *Walled-up Nuns*, p. 183); and this American edition on being consulted is found, although headed "The Convent Horror—a Sworn Statement" (possibly a misprint for "foresworn statement"), to be nothing better than a romance absolutely unsupported by any reference whatever. Yet it is from this romance that Mr. Holland's entire account is derived, and from it, not from any authentic document, in spite of his express declaration to the contrary, that his quotations within inverted commas are extracted.

That this American account is not supported by any reference, and that it has not the character of evidence taken before a judicial commission, can be seen at once on inspection of its text; that although purporting to be a "sworn statement" it is in reality pure fiction, shall now be shown. I have before me (Doc. I.) a *brochure* entitled *Barbara Ubryk*, published at Cracow by the firm of Ladislaus Jaworski whilst the judicial proceedings were still pending; (Doc. II.) a copy—legally authenticated before the notary Stephan Muskowski under dates January 25 and 27, 1896—of "the Report of the Proceedings in the Cracow High Court of Justice for Criminal Cases—*in re* the Prosecutor General *versus* Mary Wezyk, Theresa Kozierkiewicz, and Mary Xavera Jozaf, in the affair of the nun Barbara Ubryk, March 8, 1870"; (Doc. III.) a copy of the entry in the Hospital Register made on the day (July 23, 1869) when Barbara

was first brought there; (Doc. IV.) a certificate of her death which took place on April 29, 1891. I have before me also a French tract entitled *Guerre aux Couvents*, published at Paris in 1869, contemporaneously with the events at Cracow, and written, as its name ("War against the Convents") implies, by an anti-Christian writer (M. Cayla), with whose sentiments Mr. Holland will doubtless find himself in the fullest sympathy; some extracts from well-known German papers; and some notes of inquiries kindly made for me by a friend who visited Cracow last year. With the help of these materials let us endeavour to test the account which Mr. Holland's American friend calls "a sworn statement," and which Mr. Holland himself elevates to the higher dignity of a report of "the Commission appointed by the Austrian Government."

1. As to Barbara's alleged "Deposition before the presiding judge Kironski."—Barbara was removed from the convent to the Hospital of the Holy Ghost on July 23, 1869, and even Mr. Holland does not deny that she was then mad. But he tells us that "with care and kind treatment she soon improved both mentally and physically, insomuch that on the 16th August (*sic*), shortly after her release, she was able to give the particulars of her experience, which she signed herself before Kironski, the presiding judge of the Court of Correction" (*ibid.*, p. 170). The American authority (p. 28) even goes so far as to give the text of Kironski's attestation: "The foregoing statement has been duly and legally made to affirmation by the nun, Barbara Ubryk, of the Carmellite (*sic*) Convent, as being in every whit true. Done before me officially this sixteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, A.D., Kironski, presiding judge of the Court of Correction, Austria."

Such is the allegation, but what are the facts? The friend who made inquiries for me at the Cracow Hospital spoke with a doctor who had seen and the nurse who had attended Barbara from the first. Both report that she never ceased to be mad, and was therefore never in

a state to make any deposition at all, much less to write the long and elaborate composition with which she is credited. And this statement of the doctor and the nurse is confirmed (*a*) by the anti-religious M. Cayla (p. 93), who says: "Since July 23rd Barbara Ubryk has been at the Hospital. By assiduous care it has been possible to save for some time the *débris* of this poor body . . . but her reason has been extinguished for ever in the darkness of her prison. . . . She will always remain mad" ("*elle est folle à tout jamais*"). The doctor's and nurse's statement is confirmed also by (*b*) the Austrian correspondent of the anti-Catholic *Allgemeine Zeitung* (November 25, 1869), which says, "There is no longer any hope that the mad nun, Barbara Ubryk, can ever recover her reason sufficiently to give evidence;" and (*c*) by the decision of the Cracow Court of Justice (the Court of First Instance) of November 25, 1869, which, as quoted by the Report of the High Court, March 8, 1870, (Doc. II.) says that, "According to the final report of the doctors appointed to make a thorough examination of Barbara Ubryk, now confined in the lunatic asylum, the woman's reason and mental faculties are utterly disordered; she is passing into a state of idiotcy, her disease is incurable, and is of many years' standing."

Here are four independent sources of evidence, one Catholic (the nursing sister and possibly the doctor), two rabidly anti-Catholic (M. Cayla of Paris and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Berlin), and one judicial (the Report of the Court of First Instance, in November, 1869, confirmed by the Court of Appeal, in March, 1870). All concur in testifying to facts which prove that Barbara Ubryk could not possibly have made the alleged deposition either on August 16, 1869, or on any other date previous or subsequent. And, indeed, this fact is notorious, and can be ascertained independently by any one who will take the trouble to inquire at the Cracow Hospital of St. Lazarus, to which, on the closing of the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, Barbara was not long afterwards transferred,

To evidence so conclusive it seems superfluous to add more, but for completeness' sake it may be well to point out that the so-called deposition makes Barbara allege (*a*) that she was born in 1827 and took her vows in 1846 ("after the death of my father in 1843, at which time I was sixteen years old . . . and [I assumed] the veil and vows of a Carmelite nun in 1846"), whereas the Register of Deaths of the parish of St. Nicholas, Cracow (Doc. IV.), enters her as having died on April 29, 1891, aged seventy-two; and the Report of the Court of First Instance, as quoted and confirmed by the High Court (Doc. II.), says, "after her noviciate she made her solemn vows in the Order [of Mount Carmel] on March 12, 1841, being then twenty-three years of age"; (*b*) the so-called deposition makes her allege that she went straight from Vienna to the Cracow convent in consequence of a disappointment in love (Amer. Edit. p. 10), whereas the aforesaid report states that "symptoms of mental aberration were observed in Barbara Ubryk already in 1838, when she entered the Convent of the Visitation at Warsaw, the said symptoms manifesting themselves three months after she took the veil," and that "in consequence she was dismissed from that convent," and in "1839 came to Cracow and entered the Convent of the Reformed Carmelites in the Wesola Street"; (*c*) the "deposition" likewise makes her allege that a certain Father Calenski was the cause of her immurement and persecution, whereas no person of that name had at any time anything whatever to do with her case (see below). In view of all this evidence is it excessive to say that Mr. Holland and his nameless American friend (who for aught we know may be himself under another guise) must share between them the responsibility of having attempted to pass off as genuine a palpably spurious document containing the grossest charges against others, and this with the express object of exciting prejudice and persecution against the peaceful priests, nuns, and other Catholics of English-speaking countries?

2. As to the alleged "decision of the Commissioners"[1] (*Walled-up Nuns*, pp. 176, 177). This is given by the American edition of *Barbara Ubryk* (p. 58), thus:—

> We, the duly appointed Commissioners in the case of the nun, Barbara Ubryk, lately an inmate of the Carmelite Convent of Cracow, having fully examined all the witnesses in the matter, do hereby render the following decision, to wit—that the said Barbara Ubryk has been for twenty-one years unlawfully imprisoned in a loathsome underground dungeon of the Carmelite Convent and most cruelly and barbarously oppressed and maltreated by Mother Josepha, the Abbess thereof, and Father Calenski, the confessor thereof. We also find that the said Barbara Ubryk was not of unsound mind, and therefore that it was entirely unnecessary to deprive her of her liberty.
>
> We recommend, that as Father Calenski has, by suicide, placed himself beyond reach of the law, an example should be made of the surviving partner of his wickedness, Mother Josepha, as a wholesome warning to others in like positions of trust, that such deeds cannot and shall not go unpunished.
>
> *Signed* { WILHELM FRANSKI, J. TRELLINGS,
> { LOUIS BREVERRICH, J. P. HEILINGSKI,
> *Commissioners of Examination.*

Now in this alleged decision (to pass over the palpable fact that it is not a bit like the report of a commission of inquiry) there are at least seven mis-statements—a plain proof that it is spurious.

(*a*) The signatures, in spite of the ostentatious word "signed," have every appearance of being made-up names. The only Commission which was appointed in connection with the case was the Commission of Inquiry deputed, after the manner of foreign judicial procedure, to collect the evidence and prepare the case for trial. First on this Commission was the Judge of Inquiry, Dr. Gebhardt, as is mentioned by the Polish tract (Doc. I.), by the *Reveil*, as quoted by M. Cayla (p. 60), and even by the Vienna *Free Press* (July 23, 1869), as quoted by the *Monthly Letter* of the Protestant Alliance (see above, p. 3). Dr. Gebhardt's name must therefore have stood

[1] Of this "decision" Mr. Holland gives from the words "that the said Barbara" to the end.

first among the signatures to any genuine report of the Commission, whereas in Mr. Holland's document it does not appear at all. Also second among the signatures to the genuine report of the Commission would have been the name of the Imperial Procurator, which M. Cayla (p. 52), quoting from the *Agence Havas*, gives as Kinsizski, but which, as I have ascertained by private inquiry at Cracow, was Kendzierski. This name likewise is wanting in Mr. Holland's document, thereby revealing its spuriousness.

(*b*) The confessor's name is given wrong. It was not Calenski, but Piatkewicz, as is testified by—(1) The Polish tract, Doc. I. ("the terrified nuns and their chaplain, Piatkiewicz"); (2) the *Agence Havas* ("the confessor, Piantkewicz, an old priest, dared to say that the episcopal authority knew of the case, on which . . . the bishop immediately suspended the confessor and the superior," *ibid.*); the *Wiener Zeitung*, as quoted by the *Volks und Schützen Zeitung*, of Innspruck, for July 30, 1869 ("the bishop suspended the chaplain and confessor who was present, the Carmelite Father Pietkewicz"). There was indeed a Father Louis Zielinski, who had at a former time been confessor to the nuns (see Doc. II.). But the genuine report of the Commission of Inquiry would have given his name accurately, and would not have made the mistake of representing him as the actual confessor, or have spoken of him as a suicide, seeing that he gave valuable evidence before the Land Court, which treated him as a trustworthy witness (see below, p. 21).

(*c*) Father Piatkewicz, in fact, so far from committing suicide, lived on till 1881, when he died, after a long illness, at the ripe age of seventy-five, in the Carmelite monastery of Czarna. This has been ascertained for me from the Directory (*Schematismus*) of the diocese of Cracow. Moreover, this Father Piatkewicz, after a short interval, occasioned apparently by the outbreak, seems to have resumed his duties as confessor to the Wesola Street nuns.

(*d*) The cell was not, as stated in this spurious decision, "an underground dungeon," but was at the end of a gallery on the first floor, and was the last of a series of cells occupied by other nuns. This is stated—(1) By the report of the Court ("The Commission . . . was shown by the Superior of the convent a cell situated on the first floor of the building at the end of a corridor"); (2) by the Vienna *Free Press*, quoted by the Protestant Alliance *Monthly Letter* ("The Commission therefore went to the upper corridor, followed by the nuns, one of whom showed the judge the cell of Sister Barbara; the cell, which was situated at the extreme end of the corridor . . ." See above, p. 3); (3) by Doc. I., *i.e.*, the Polish tract ("Her cell was the last of a suite of cells").

(*e*) It is not very conceivable that the Commission of Inquiry should have reported Barbara as "not of unsound mind," for had it done so the subsequent report of the Court would not have neglected to mention so important a fact, whilst referring to several witnesses as having established the origin, duration, and virulence of her madness.

A *bonâ fide* decision of the Commission of Inquiry could never have contained so many and such glaring misstatements. It is proved, therefore, that this alleged decision is a pure work of imagination and, since it is put forth as historically true, of fraud.

3. **As to the testimonies of Johannes Egriek and Sister Mary,** which Mr. Holland and his American authority profess to have derived from the report of the Commission of Inquiry. These are the two witnesses stated to have been the means of delivering Barbara from her persecutors, the one by sending, the other by bearing, the anonymous letters to the Court. Egriek's alleged evidence is confined to this one point, but Sister Mary's, together with that of a supposed former servant in the convent, by name Gabrilla Hansung—which Mr. Holland passes over but his American authority gives—tells us a tragic story of cruelties inflicted on Barbara during the

twenty-one years of her captivity. In fact, it is on these witnesses, as added to the bogus deposition of Barbara herself, that the case against the nuns is made to rest. What, then, about them?

There can be no doubt that they, too, are bogus witnesses. For—(*a*) Both "Sister Mary" and "Gabrilla" represent Father Calenski as figuring largely in the history—in fact, as having been the demon of the plot—whereas it has already been shown that Calenski was not the name of the confessor whom these writers have in view, and the previous confessor, Zielinski, was, as has been said, treated as a witness of good repute by the two Courts of Justice.

(*b*) "Sister Mary" and "Gabrilla" both say that the place of incarceration was an underground cellar, and "Sister Mary" further assures us that it was not till ten years after Barbara was immured in it that the nuns knew where she was ("We did not know where she was." Amer. Edit., p. 48), whereas, since her cell was at the end of a corridor in which they were themselves living, they must have all known she was in it, from her shrieks if from nothing else. For Adalbert Jarom, one of the gardeners who gave evidence before the Court, which the Court mentions and cites with approval, "deposed" (says Doc. II.) "that whenever he was at work in the garden or in the corridor he heard Barbara's shrieks" (see also below, on p. 20, Dr. Wroblewski's confirmatory evidence on this point). (*c*) If "Sister Mary" and "Gabrilla" had really given the evidence ascribed to them, the report of the Court could not have passed it over in silence, and yet it has not one single word of reference to anything of the kind.

Such, then, is the character of the evidence, on the ground of which Mr. Holland felt confident of "convincing nearly every reader who has not made the Pope a present of his reason." Whether this effect has actually been produced on the minds of any sensible persons who have read so far into this present tract they are themselves the judges. I feel, however, so confident

that the effect produced upon them has been very different, that I will in their name invite Mr. Holland henceforth to stand down as a discredited witness.

But further, whilst Mr. Holland's story is thus discredited, the account given in *Calumnies against Convents*, on the faith mainly of certain correspondents of two Catholic papers, the *Tablet* and the *Civiltà Cattolica*, is fully justified by the evidence derivable from the above-mentioned authentic sources of evidence. This must now be shown, though, for reasons of space, very briefly.

4. As to the acquittal of the Nuns. It seems that the prosecution set on foot against them never got so far as the trial stage at all, the evidence by which it was supported having broken down in the preliminary stages. In England, as we all know, the first stage of such a prosecution is before the magistrate, who, if he deems the evidence devoid of even *primâ facie* sufficiency, dismisses the case forthwith. In conformity with the Austrian procedure, which in this respect resembles the French, the evidence collected by the Commission of Inquiry was first laid before the Land Court, to whose judges at that stage it belonged to decide the question of *primâ facie* sufficiency. This Court decided on November 25, 1869, that the evidence was not sufficient to justify a prosecution; that the nuns had indeed performed an action which was in itself criminal by locking the door upon a free person, but that they had not acted with criminal intent, or shown cruelty or want of proper consideration for Barbara, or, in fact, done anything save what they could hardly have avoided doing; that the charge against them must therefore be dismissed, and they themselves at once set at liberty. This much is expressly stated in Doc. II., and it agrees completely with what was said in *Calumnies against Convents*, whilst at the same time supplementing it. Thus the *Tablet* correspondent for August 21, 1869, was cited in the C.T.S. tract as reporting that the nuns were declared (that is before that date) guilty of the objective, not the

subjective, offence of overtly violating the rights of personal freedom, and were adjudged to stand a special trial accordingly. This, which coincides exactly with the information sent by its Cracow correspondent to the Bavarian *Volk's und Schützen Zeitung*, and printed in its issue of August 9th, must refer to the conclusion reached by the Committee of Inquiry. As this Commission was only a Commission of Inquiry, it would have felt obliged on arriving at such a decision to send the case on to the Land Court, but it cannot have taken a very unfavourable view of the conduct of the nuns, or it would not have released them from prison on August 28th (see *Tablet*, *loc. cit.*, and the independent witness of the Bavarian paper for August 30th). The case having thus passed under the purview of the Land Court, was adjudged on November 25th in the manner above described. In other words, the Land Court entirely endorsed the opinion favourable to the nuns of Dr. Gebhardt and his committee. This much is certified—(1) By the terms of the decree of the High Court, to be cited presently; (2) by M. Cayla, who (p. 91) has to report, much to his disgust, that "the Land Court has ordered the discontinuance of the prosecution against Marie Apolonie Wezyk, Therèse Kozierkiewicz, and Xavier Joseph, charged with the [species of] public violence against Barbara Ubryk, foreseen by the Law § 63 of the Criminal Code. . . . The decree [of the Court] is motived by the complete absence of any ground of accusation (*manque absolu du chef d'accusation*). By the same decree the Court recognizes that in the conduct of the sisters of the Carmelite convent there has been no criminal act. The Imperial Procurator, Nalepa, demanded that the Court should draw up a charge against the above-mentioned accused." In this last sentence M. Cayla is not as correct as in the preceding part of the paragraph. What the Imperial Procurator did was to avail himself of his right, and appeal from the Land Court to the High Court, asking the latter to do what the former declined to do—treat the

evidence in hand as sufficient to justify sending the case on for trial, and hence draw up the charge.

The result of this appeal made by the Imperial Procurator was a further judicial testimony to the innocency of the nuns. On March 8, 1870, the High Court confirmed the judgment of the Land Court in every particular. It is the report of this judgment of the High Court of which Doc. II. is a legalized copy. It begins: "In a report of December 13, 1869, No. 22065, in the appeal presented by the Imperial Procurator, and referring to the criminal prosecution against Mary Wesyk, Theresa Kosierkiewicz, and Mary Xavera Josaf, charged with the crime of public violence." It goes on to say that "the Imperial Royal Higher Court of Justice, approving the decree of the Cracow Court of Justice of November 25, 1869, . . . which decided *that the prosecution of the above-named three persons for violence committed against the life and security of Barbara Ubryk must be abandoned*," orders that certain fees be paid to the advocates and doctors, and also that copies of the decree of November 25, 1869, be delivered to the said defendants, with a Specification of the Motives by which the judgment of this lower Court was determined —all this being required by certain paragraphs of the Statute Book of the Empire.

Thus we have the entire innocence of the nuns judicially established, and the Motives just mentioned, which are appended to the legalized copy before me, furnish us with a still more conspicuous vindication of their character.

From these Motives we learn that Barbara had previously been in another convent, and had been dismissed because signs of mental derangement appeared. By 1839, when she joined the Carmelites, these symptoms had ceased, and the Carmelites do not seem even to have known of their previous existence. In this second convent she kept her health and gave satisfaction to every one till 1845. "Her behaviour then became extraordinary. She would put out the lights in the

choir, throw about the breviaries, dance and sing worldly songs, until one day, escaping or running away from the choir, she locked herself up in a cell and refused to open the door. When it was at length forced open, she was found entirely naked, gesticulating most unbecomingly" (*Report of High Court*). She had, in fact, contracted that well-known but most distressing species of madness called erotomania. The witnesses whose testimony the Court deemed sufficient to establish these initial facts, as likewise their sequel during the twenty-one years of Barbara's madness whilst in the convent, were several of the nuns and two convent workmen—the sacristan, Casimir Gregorczyk, and the gardener, Adalbert Jarom. These two men likewise testified that as soon as her madness broke out in the manner described, no less than three doctors were called in to see her—Dr. Sawiczewski, Dr. Wroblewski, and another not named—and that for a time "these visited her daily and sometimes twice a day." Of these doctors, Dr. Sawiczewski was dead in 1869, as perhaps was the unnamed third doctor, of whom no more is said in the report. But Dr. Wroblewski came forward himself as a witness, and confirmed what had been said by the two workmen. He stated that she was undoubtedly incurably and dangerously mad when he was first called in, and that he had warned the nuns to take care lest she should kill either herself or others; he did not remember, the time being so long ago, having recommended the walling-up of her cell window, but he imagined that they had followed in this the advice of Dr. Sawiczewski, who was their ordinary attendant. Still when some of the nuns deposed to their distinct recollection that Dr. Wroblewski had concurred with Dr. Sawiczewski in recommending this step, the Court, as it tells us in express words, judged their recollection to be more trustworthy than Dr. Wroblewski's. Dr. Wroblewski, besides his testimony before the Court, wrote a letter to the *Tygodnik Katolicki*, dated September 3, 1869, which is preserved for us in the Polish tract (Doc. I.). In this he says: "Barbara was no victim of conventual or

monastic persecution, for she was neither hidden away nor walled in. She was known to every one who wished to come near her, known to all the inmates of the convent, to priests, to other convents, and to many laymen." It was proved also, by production of the original correspondence, that the nuns had, as far back as 1852, communicated with their superiors at Rome and begged for leave to have Barbara transferred either to a hospital or to the care of her relations; and that this leave having been refused, on the ground that a sick nun should not be cast out among strangers but nursed by her own religious sisters, they had regularly reported her state to the Carmelite fathers, who were their superiors at Cracow, and to the predecessors of Bishop Galecki. Moreover, Father Zielinski, the former confessor, whose name appears to have suggested the Calenski of Mr. Holland's legend, "shows" (says the report), "by his sworn deposition, that the case of the insane Barbara was known even to Counsellor Vukasovich, the political Director of the government of Cracow, at that time a free city (and therefore before 1846), he himself having requested that Barbara might be transferred to a hospital at the Government expense." All this shows that there was no attempt whatever at concealment from those who by their office and position were entitled to know, and whose knowledge would be the most effectual safeguard against such persecution as has been imputed. At any rate, it fully satisfied the two Courts, which say: "It is proved that the case of the insane Barbara Ubryk was known to both the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities; that they knew her to be in confinement in the convent in Wesola Street, in Cracow; and that neither the civil authorities nor the ecclesiastical considered it necessary to order anything to be done for the disposal of the patient or gave any advice to the nuns during the twenty-one years"—so that the nuns might reasonably suppose they were doing the best that could be done.

In the next place the report of the Court fully con-

firms what was said in *Calumnies against Convents* as to the manner in which Barbara was treated during the period of her detention. The cell, it says, "was seven paces long and five broad," not therefore so excessively small, and besides of the same size and character as those of the other nuns. The furniture, too, which was in it when she was first put there, was similar to that in the other cells—in particular there was a bed with proper bedding, and a stove—nor was the window closed up. But Barbara destroyed everything—tore up the bed-clothes, pulled the stove to pieces, and used the pieces as missiles to throw at the heads of her visitors. For very safety's sake, therefore, it was necessary to remove all her furniture, as for decency's sake it was necessary partially to wall up and partially to board up the window. One would be glad not to refer to the loathsome habits of the afflicted woman, which drove the nuns at last to the well-meant if ill-advised expedient of making a direct communication between her cell and the closet pipe, in the hopes that she might be induced to use it. On the other hand, from the report of the Court and from the Polish tract (Doc. I.) we learn that the nuns, though they found it impossible to keep the cell always clean, were indefatigable in cleansing it from time to time, and that when the paroxysms were over for the while (for these were periodical, not continuous), they at once made things straight, reclothed their unfortunate sister, and visited her regularly in parties of twos and threes. Indeed, that these interludes of tranquillity rather than the times of paroxysm predominated, seems proved by the state in which she was found on transfer to the hospital. Dr. Wroblewski (in his letter to the *Tygodnik Katolicki*) remarks well: "She could not have been neglected, ill-fed, deprived of light and clothing for the period of twenty-one years, since she lost neither sight nor hearing, nor was covered with skin eruption and abscesses, nor had poisoned blood—in fact, showed none of the signs and symptoms inseparable from long neglect of attention to the needs of the body."

Still further evidence in defence of the nuns might be adduced did space permit, but Dr. Spital's letter to the Dutch *Maasbode*, written in August, 1869 (Doc. I.), cannot be entirely passed over. Dr. Spital was present as the Bishop's representative at the "discovery" of Barbara, and the purport of his letter to the *Maasbode* was to retract the unfavourable judgment he had at first passed, and to testify to the innocence of the nuns. "I am ashamed now," he writes, "of my short-sighted credulity, and I deplore its consequences. . . . The nuns were accused of concealment, and hence suspected of criminality; but they have now been completely exonerated, proofs being to hand that, ten years ago, they sought advice in Rome and elsewhere, but were instructed to regard their misfortune with resignation—which they had to do in the end. The present Vicar-Apostolic, however, had no knowledge of the case, and I had only entered on my office six months ago. The Imperial Court of Justice has opened a strict inquiry into the matter, and will certainly not shield any one from justice or from the public if guilt should be brought home to him, but up to the present the only witnesses that have come forward testify in favour of the nuns. Even the public, which at first was so filled with indignation, even the physicians and lawyers, yea, and the Jews themselves, now speak aloud in praise of the nuns, whom they have come to recognize, not as guilty persons, but as fearfully afflicted sufferers."

Here, then, this tract must end, but in concluding one may be permitted to express agreement with Mr. Holland at least to this extent, that, in view of the injurious charges against convents which he and other Protestant Alliance people are so constantly bringing, some fresh legislation in reference to convents is imperatively needed. Not indeed that there is any need of a law subjecting them to State inspection, for the existing laws are strong enough to put down any convent cruelties or infringements of personal liberty, so soon as Mr. Holland

or his friends can show to the police officers *primâ facie* evidence of their existence. But there is need of such a remodelling of the law of libel as shall enable the innocent and peaceful inhabitants of English convents to protect themselves against slanderers cowardly enough to attack them, not openly and by name, but covertly under the guise of charges against other convents in distant lands. It ought to be possible for the nuns, without undue expense, to bring such persons into Court, and there say to them: "It is us you are seeking to injure by your loathsome stories; you shall therefore at least demonstrate their truth by evidence satisfactory to an English Court of Justice, or else you shall expiate your cruel offence either in prison or in the lunatic asylum."

[The Documents designated I., II., III., IV., with an English translation, are kept at the office of the Catholic Truth Society, 21 Westminster Bridge Road.]

INNOVATIONS.

By Joseph Carmichael.

"It was Miss Limpton, at the Post Office, that first set me thinking I'd done a foolish thing in hiring the girl straight off, and when one who's been on neighbourly terms with you for years, let alone being a Government official, as you may say, speaks as strongly as she did, it makes a person feel very uncomfortable, and I should just like to hear what you think about it, Mr. Jasper!"

"But you haven't told me yet, Mrs. Gibbins," I managed to interject; "what it is you've done."

"No; but I'm coming to that now. You see I asked Mrs. Seaton, at the register office at Treeford, to look out for a servant for me, and as I was in a hurry to get one she sent the girl over to call upon me—as nice a girl as you need wish to see, and with a good written character from her last two places; and so, like a fool (begging your pardon, I'm always picking up the word from Gibbins), I engaged her then and there ——"

"Well, and why not?" I managed to shoot into the conversation again, as she paused for breath. I was somewhat pressed for time, and

could see that the "three minutes" pleaded for would be increased tenfold unless one took prompt measures.

"Ah, that's just the point," went on the dear, voluble old creature. "I shall have to explain how it happened."

I saw it was useless to kick against fate, and resigned myself for half an hour at least. I had been espied by my old friend and confidante from her window, as I rode up the lane opposite, and had reluctantly reined in Charlie to listen to the matter on which the good soul wanted my advice.

"You'll not refuse me three minutes, Mr. Jasper, and I'll not keep you longer," she began, by way of preface, and then plunged into the heart of the matter as detailed above.

I had been accustomed as a boy to trot down to the village nearly every day, during holiday times, and scarce a day passed that I did not either see or speak to my old friend. Gibbins was one of my father's most respectable tenants, an honest, prosperous yeoman of the old school. No veto was ever put upon my intercourse with him or his kindly, talkative wife; consequently I got quite intimate with them, and would run in and out as though their place belonged to me.

Later on in life our relations, though differing in character, were just as cordial. Cheesecakes or strawberries and cream had less to do with my visits, it is true; but the intimacy fostered from boyhood continued just as close, with an added deference on the part of the good folk to my opinion, which often amused me and my sister Nan.

On the particular morning to which I am alluding, my only course was to spring down from Charlie's back, tie the bridle to the gatepost, and sacrifice whatever inclination I might otherwise feel to the needs of the hour. As we paced up and down the gravelled path between the dahlias and hollyhocks (for I drew a line at the doorstep), the important question was at length evolved. The new maid, Mary Lomax, turned out to be a Roman Catholic, and Miss Limpton, voicing the combined opinions of the village, had declared it dangerous and scandalous to keep her.

"And you see, Mr. Jasper," the good woman continued, fanning herself with her handkerchief —for the stating of the case, with digressions unavoidable (as far as Mrs. Gibbins was concerned) into various tangents, had made her warm and somewhat breathless "there isn't a day that the rector and his lady don't call in at the Post Office to have a chat and ask the news, and the General and the young ladies are continually running in, and you may depend they've discussed it thoroughly, and it's very difficult to know what to do to please all parties."

My advice was to try to please no parties, but to act as her own good sense might dictate ; and I found her quite ready to accept it ; for in her secret heart she had determined to keep the girl, if she could but get some one to side with her.

My duty done, I resisted all allurements of new milk or home-brewed ale, and trotted off again on my way to make up for lost time.

Our village was nothing out of the common.

There was one long, straggling street, made up chiefly of cottages standing in trim gardens, the monotony varied at intervals by more pretentious dwellings. There was, for instance, the "Plume of Feathers," with its signboard swinging in a frame mounted on a high post by the roadside, and its ancient horse-block by the door. Then there was the blacksmith's forge and neatly built house, the wheelwright's place, and others of the same class. The substantial stone house occupied by Gibbins was at one extremity of this street, and the Post Office, which was also the general merchant's, was at the other, standing at the corner of the lime-shaded avenue which framed the church and rectory. Miss Limpton was an important personage in Semperton. Her establishment combined all the qualities of fashionable milliner's show-rooms and fancy stationer's warehouse, with the more homely, but no less necessary grocery and chandlery stores. But what gave the place its prestige was the connection with "the Government," which its position as Post Office involved.

People spoke of it in our village with a reverence approaching awe. You never heard it called "Limpton's" or "the shop," but always "the Post Office" (with an emphasis which suggested capitals). Over this important establishment Maria Limpton ruled with autocratic sway. She had a father, it is true, who took down the shutters, swept out the "emporium," and made himself generally useful to the female commander-in-chief; but old Sam Limpton had no idea of asserting any rights of his own in opposition to the law laid down by Maria. He was a thin, apologetic

old man, with a bald head, and a continual propitiatory smile for all customers. His daughter evidently inherited the character of her deceased mother, for he paid her the dutiful and unswerving obedience which she exacted without a murmur.

Miss Maria was tall, thin, and genteel extremely genteel her very cough was ladylike. She was probably about fifty at the time of which this story treats, though I never remember her looking any younger than she did then, even in my boyish days. She dressed in black, of a somewhat fashionable cut, I believe, and affected what used to be called "Madonna braids" in her style of hairdressing. She was also much addicted to linen collars and cuffs, and a silk apron. Her English was supposed, by the ordinary run of our villagers, to be the most perfect article which Her Majesty the Queen had at her disposal; but to more critical listeners it lacked somewhat of the finish of Lindley Murray.

My business on this particular morning was limited to calling for my father's letters and my own. "How do, Miss Limpton?" the usual formula was my salutation, as the lady in question appeared at the door of her establishment.

"Thank you, Mr. Jasper" with a genteel cough, partially suppressed by the usual ladylike application of lanky fingers to her lips—"I'm better than I *were*." This was the invariable answer to such interrogations, and seemed to imply a genteelly delicate constitution, which Miss Limpton's appearance belied.

I expected some communication anent the Gibbins business, and was quite prepared for Maria's subdued tone as she remarked, when handing me my letters—

"What a dreadful thing about poor Mrs. Gibbins!"

"Mrs. Gibbins!" I repeated, in simulated anxiety. "What's wrong with her?"

"Haven't you heard, Mr. Jasper?" returned Maria. "She's brought a Romanist into the place!"

Then followed the account as I had already heard it, embellished with Miss Limpton's own private views of the danger which threatened religion—nay, even life and limb—from the presence in our midst of so terrible a personage.

Needless to say, my morning had slipped away before I got back to my duties at home.

Sunday came, and I rode alone to the church; my father in his weak health was seldom able to get so far in the morning. Mrs. Gibbins again waylaid me with further details of the progress of events.

"Mary is just a treasure, Mr. Jasper," she exclaimed. "If it were not for her religion I should have no cause for complaint. She was off to the chapel at Squire Hemming's first thing this morning, and back again in time to get breakfast for us, for all the two-mile walk there and back. I told her when I hired her, plain and straight: 'You'll never be dragging over to Treeford every Sunday,' says I, 'for we always have a hot dinner, the master will be in a fine way if that's changed. You'd best attend the church here while you *are* here.' But she spoke

out straight, but respectful: 'Oh no, ma'am, I can't do that; but you won't have reason to complain about the dinner. I shall manage to get to Langdon Hall and back again most Sundays, I hope, before you breakfast even.' And so she did, and everything just as Gibbins likes it. You were right, Mr. Jasper, in saying 'keep her' [I had not said it, but never mind]; and when I ventured to mention about getting rid of her to Gibbins, he said at once, in his sharp way, 'Don't be a fool, woman; let Ria Limpton say what she likes; keep a good servant when you've got her.' You see he doesn't care for Miss Limpton. 'Her tongue,' he says, 'will do instead of the clapper of the church bell when that breaks. It's loud enough,' he says, 'and easy enough to start.' But, bless me, you'll be late for church if I keep you any longer!" So with a wave of the hand and a smiling bow the good soul trotted in to make her own preparations for worship.

Our ritual arrangements at Semperton were of a primitive order. It was a lovely little Early English Church, quite a gem in its way, but vandalism and neglect had stamped their marks upon it both within and without. Over the door was a large, empty niche where, obviously, the figure of the Patron, St. John, formerly stood. The cross which once surmounted the east gable had fallen into decay, and seemed to have dropped off of itself, for it lay in a corner of the churchyard —huge to our childish eyes, I remember, when Nan and I used to gaze upon it with awe. Its place was occupied by a gilded vane, placed there by some benefactor more utilitarian than æsthetic.

The interior was no less changed from its original condition. A beautiful carved oak screen at the entrance of the chancel had been painted by some would-be renovater a pale-blue; the chancel itself, damp and mouldy, with its worm-eaten communion-table and faded tablets of the Commandments, surmounted under the east window by the royal arms, served merely as a robing-place for the rector, except on "Sacrament Sundays." The pews dated apparently from the epoch of the decoration of the chancel-screen. They were of plain deal, each with its bolted door—typical of proprietary claims on the part of its occupant—those of the farmers and *élite* had somewhat higher tops; so that good Mrs. Gibbins, sitting within hers in all the glory of her black silk and her lace mantle, could only be detected in her sermon-nap by the suspicious nodding of her plum-coloured plumes.

The "Hall" pew, as ours was styled, stood in a corner apart from the ordinary throng, and commanded a good view of everything from its elevated platform of three steps. Some ancestor, anxious to perpetuate feudal distinctions, had built the chantry-like structure with the remains of some old carved screen from a bygone chapel, so that we were surrounded on two sides by massive uprights and crockets, which enclosed us as in a shrine. There were red curtains to draw at will when one wished for privacy (during a long, dry sermon, for example), crimson felt carpet, and plush cushions; and above our heads, on a brass plate, the legend told how "Jasper Ringwould Esq^re^ erected this pew at his sole expense, A.D. 1718."

The service, though considerably more ornate in my time than formerly, was still dreary in the extreme. The droning harmonium, which had supplanted the old bass viol, fiddle, and bassoon in the gallery, accompanied the psalm, sung in shrill tones by the school children, led by a select choir of men and girls, of whom Julia Greenson, Miss Limpton's assistant, in the conscious glory of a smart hat and feathers, was the *prima donna*. When the singing began the whole congregation turned their backs on chancel and pulpit and faced the gallery, where the singers performed their part with all the assurance of a Handel Festival choir. Mrs. Livery, of the "Plume of Feathers," and her buxom daughter; Miss Limpton, the Gibbinses, and others of the farmer type, formed a connecting link between the extremes of gentry and common folk—the former represented by the Hall, the Rectory, and General Hayes and his daughters, and the latter by the occupants of the free seats under the gallery and the side aisle pews.

Primitive as everything looked to me, it was far in advance of what my grandmother often described to us as children, when the clerk in his desk, with newly curled Sunday wig, answered all the responses and sang the psalm all alone, the congregation maintaining a dignified silence during the vicarious offering of prayer and praise.

One can well understand how, with such surroundings, Sempertonians looked with something like dread on the advent of a Romanist to their Church of England community, whose unity had been hitherto unbroken, save by the Wesleyan

Methodist butcher, who drove his wife and daughter every Sunday to worship at Treeford.

Miss Limpton more than once, in my daily calls for the letters, broached the subject of the Popish black sheep. "The Rector, Mr. Jasper, is very much annoyed, though of course he doesn't like to offend the Gibbinses. The General, of course, has been abroad so much that he is not such a strict Churchman as one would like, and the young ladies are naturally led by him. When I told Miss Margaret about the sad state of things she only laughed, and Miss Edith said, 'What a joke!' but then, you know, they're young - " Miss Maria's pursed-up lips and slight toss of the head seemed to add, "And foolish!"

I was called away from these exciting scenes by a long-promised visit to Nan and her husband. On my return, three months or so later, quite a change had come over the place. On my first meeting with Mrs. Gibbins the good soul was beside herself with joy at the opportunity of pouring into fresh ears an oft-repeated eulogium of her domestic treasure, whose worth was at last acknowledged by not a few who had previously had nothing but ridicule and contempt for her.

It was the old story of "virtue its own reward." One of the many petty annoyances which Mary had to suffer was the persistent persecution—for that term alone can express the attitude of these ignorant rustics towards her—on the part of some of the more vulgar-minded. In her Sunday visits to church she had to pass a cottage by the roadside inhabited by the Jackson family—the

husband was a drunken labourer, the wife a gossiping slattern—who particularly distinguished themselves by their Protestant zeal.

"Yah! Roman candle!" the little ones would scream, running out in a flock as she passed. "There's holy Mary, bin to worship her idols!" the loutish boy would shout. Both exclamations were driven home by the insolent laugh of mother and elder girl as they ran to gaze after her. Not that their attentions had much effect—as far as one could see—yet, after all, petty humiliations are stinging enough to all of us.

A time came for revenge, and this ignorant Papist servant-maid heaped "coals of fire" on the heads of her persecutors, according to the teaching of the Bible, which was supposed to be kept from her by her priests.

"A fine business!" was James Gibbins's exclamation one day as he came in from the farm. "Jackson's biggest boy down with small-pox, the doctor says, and the place like a pigstye, and the woman useless; it'll spread through the place you'll see."

Here was the girl's chance. Jackson's eldest daughter was just leaving her place; she could not go home; why not let her come to Mrs. Gibbins, and Mary would nurse the boy? She had done it before; there was no fear for her. Charity asked it (for in bucolic fright the villagers kept entirely aloof), and she would gladly do it.

Constant persistence in her request softened her mistress's opposition, and the girl at last got her way. The family was banished to another empty cottage, and Mary and cleanliness reigned supreme. To the delight of the doctor his orders

were faithfully obeyed (these Catholics of course are used to obedience), and the disease was conquered. Not another case occurred, and for this the village was indebted to the self-sacrifice of one whom they had hitherto despised and ridiculed.

Such was the drift of Mrs. Gibbins' story.s I was quite prepared to find after this that Mary had risen still higher in the estimation of her mistress. The old lady had even gone so far as to accompany her in a Sunday afternoon visit to Treeford, where she had been present at the service and had made the acquaintance of the priest. "And a very nice, homely young gentleman he is, Mr. Jasper, and always welcome to a cup of tea here when he's passing; and, what's more, Gibbins is as pleased to see him as any man could be; for, as to the religion, it's sensible enough when you know it."

I found by degrees that the attitude of most of our villagers towards Catholicity had undergone a change. George Jessop, the smart young blacksmith, I found, was frequently known to drive Mary over to Treeford of a Sunday morning—for the Gibbinses had waived the question of a hot dinner regularly—and people said that George would probably "turn" himself before long, for he had been seen more than once coming out of the chapel. "But, after all," said some of the young ladies (perhaps because the grapes were sour), "he's forced to be a Roman Catholic if he wants Gibbins's Mary, for she's too stiff a Papist to take a Protestant, so there's little religion in *his* chapel-going."

It was not long before I came across the priest one day at the Gibbinses, and was introduced by William as "the young squire." He was a genial, cultured young fellow, and I took a great liking to him, and the result has been that he has often dined with me at the Hall, and scarce a week passes but we have a chat together. One consequence has been the clearing up of many misunderstandings regarding the Catholic Church. I shall put no difficulty, as I told Mrs. Gibbins only the other day (to the good creature's undisguised delight), in the way of a Catholic chapel in the village, now that the starting of a cotton mill about a mile away is likely to bring Lancashire Catholics amongst us; and, moreover, I would gladly help with a subscription.

But there is one staunch Church of England heart which resents all such Popish leanings on the part of our misguided Sempertonians. Miss Limpton is firm in her opposition. "I've no patience, Mr. Jasper," she said to me only last week, "with Jane Gibbins. To think after our long friendship she should go and give me up for a rank Papist servant-girl!"

Mrs. Gibbons had not really given her up, as I had reason to know; but, at a recent meeting at the tea-table, Maria had flown out with such a spiteful attack upon Romanists in general and Mary Lomax in particular, that the good old soul was stirred to wrath. "I told her," she said, when describing the scene to me, "not to meddle with things she knew nothing about, and she flew off in a temper, saying that she'd thank me not to teach *her* religion, for if any one understood what was true doctrine, surely she ought

to do, seeing that not a day passed by that a clergyman did not enter her door, which was more than I could say."

Knowing the real state of things, I ventured to speak up for my old friend and try to smooth things over, but the irate postmistress would have none of my peacemaking.

"It's ridiculous," she cried, "to hear Jane Gibbins prating about Popery, with its medals and *mericles;* I've no patience with such nonsense. It's my belief, Mr. Jasper, that she'll turn Papist herself before many months are out, with that priest visiting the house constant- and she's not the only one that's got the Romanist fever," she added, more angry still, as she caught sight of the amused twinkle which I could not repress. "Mark my words, there'll be plenty to follow her, and some among them who ought to know better."

It was evident that in the concluding words a shaft was lanced at my unlucky self. I was classed among the black sheep, then!

Well, after all perhaps Miss Limpton may prove a true oracle! Who knows?

A LIVING PICTURE.

By Mrs. Woollaston White.

It was "five o'clock in the morning" in one of the Fiji islands, ninety miles away from Levuka, but there was no sound of "Bessie the milkmaid merrily singing in meadows fresh and fair." There was only a confused hum, rising from tiny throats of a myriad of insects and the monotonous murmur made by South Pacific waves as they softly advanced to kiss the coral reefs, then hastily retreated to whisper their secret into the ocean's reticent bosom.

Not always is the ocean thus discreet and tender, but the inhospitable reefs that gird the island are as indifferent to the waves' mad fury as to peaceful overtures. They have been in existence long enough to distrust the mighty deep, to know that treachery lurks beneath her smooth surface: to-day she may be sparkling, green, transparent, bright as a Venetian mirror, displaying treasures of wondrous delicate weed, and fish whose varied glowing tints are unknown above water; shells, too, polished without the aid of human handicraft: despite all these pledges of goodwill, to-morrow she may dye her waters

black in tumultuous rage, and heave them on high to lash the unheeding reefs.

Through the few short hours of night, till Phœbus rose suddenly from the horizon, the waves had all the conversation to themselves, but now human voices added a few notes to nature's harmony. One of them said in English

"I shall go down to the beach for a dip. After all, it is a relief to be quit of those black fellows who watch everything we do, as if we were a pair of monkeys imported for the sole purpose of amusing them with our antics!"

"Your antic yesterday has, I fear, made us many enemies amongst the natives. It was too rash of you to fire upon Toa, although the gun was only loaded with a few grains of shot," was the reply, spoken rather apprehensively by the cotton-planter's young wife.

"Not having Fijian eloquence at my command, it was the best argument I could use to convince Toa that he must drop insolence in future," said the baritone.

"But we are in such a pitiable minority that I wish you had kept peace with the chief's son—who knows what mischief he may hatch against us in the minds of the tribe? Then the inconvenience he has caused by carrying off our labourers!" put in the clear mezzo-soprano, as both speakers emerged from the single habitation in view.

It was humble indeed, a mere hut, composed of stakes driven into the soil; the sides and roof were thatched with gigantic reeds.

A year before, James Arkwright, having been unlucky in Australian speculations, had brought

the remains of his fortune to invest at Fiji. If we may judge from the languid looks of weariness and depression he threw around him as he crossed the short space between his hut and the narrow strip of white beach, this investment had not answered his eager expectation.

It was quite true that cotton would produce three yields in the year, if hurricanes left any plants standing; but how to get ground cleared, plants put in, and abundant crops gathered without hands was a problem James had been trying to solve for many months.

He relied on King Thakombau's promise to secure for him the service of natives imported from neighbouring islands, who for proper compensation undertook to lend their labour to the white man, on condition of being sent back to their homes at his expense when the term agreed upon expired.

Meantime Arkwright thought himself fortunate if he could induce some of the lazy, laughter-loving Fijians, who passed a merry existence on the same island with him, to do a little husbandry in their own happy-go-lucky style, for the sake of food, tobacco, or gay-coloured calico, which they ardently coveted.

The most decided European taste they had as yet acquired was "fire-water," but James, for obvious reasons, refused to encourage further development of this pernicious tendency.

The old chief of the tribe was disposed to like his new neighbour. Not so Toa, the chief's son, who, on the contrary, nourished a sentiment of hatred for the fair-skinned stranger. Only so lately as yesterday he had ventured to exhibit

this feeling in a manner calculated to arouse the Englishman's hot temper. A magnificent branch bearing bananas had been presented by Toa's father to the white lady, whose pale, sunken cheeks marred the perfect outline of her face, and told too plainly of suffering from lack of palatable food. The fruit had been hung upon a tree to ripen fully. Toa, passing by the planter's house, had roughly torn down the heavy branch, and biting a piece out of one banana, had flung the rest contemptuously upon the ground. His scornful laugh brought Arkwright from the shade of his hut in haste, but Toa was already out of reach.

Seizing his gun, James fired upon the native, aiming low to "pepper his legs," as he afterwards explained. The report was enough to frighten Toa, who increased his speed, disappeared like a snake, gliding swiftly among the rank vegetation, and sent back a shout of derision when he thought himself safe.

Angrily throwing aside the gun, James was bent on pursuit; his wife sprang to the doorway and laid a strong clasp—for such slender fingers—upon his arm. "What are you going to do, Jim? For Heaven's sake let him go! don't take the law into your own hands; report him to his father the chief, and have him properly punished according to their code."

"Away with their code! What is it to me? Stand aside, Madge!"

There was no smile upon her husband's compressed lips; she tightened her clasp and used another more effective feminine plea. "I don't care a straw what becomes of the bananas, nor of Toa, but I *will not* be left here alone!"

Her appealing eyes were irresistible, they prevailed upon Arkwright to defer his vengeance for the moment; he resolved to take the first opportunity of giving Toa a private lesson on good manners.

Supper time came that evening, bringing with it twelve natives who had been planting cotton on the ledges in a steep cliff, which rose straight up from the back of the homestead. They seated themselves in a circle round a cauldron, and a native cook served boiled yams with considerable delicacy; they were passed round in banana leaves, not taken in the fingers. All made a hearty meal upon yams and green coco-nuts, but something was missing from the banquet. It was the usual accompaniment of musical accents and light-hearted laughter. Margaret noticed a change, and was not altogether surprised when the spokesman of the party advanced with cautious steps into his employer's doorway, and told him with diplomatic circumlocution of their purpose to leave him and return to their tribe that evening.

"Toa, the son of our chief, has called us; we dare not disobey."

Having now explained how matters stood between James Arkwright and his coloured neighbours, he shall be left to his sombre reflections and to his "dip," while we follow his wife to her little oratory in the face of the cliff.

It was but a stone's throw from their hut, but nature had contrived the tiny recess so ingeniously, and clothed the entrance with such wealth of huge leaves, that no one had discovered Margaret's retreat.

James was not without his suspicions, yet, dearly as he loved her, Margaret had not found it expedient, for reasons known to herself, to tell him that during one of his unavoidable absences from her in Sydney, she—upon firm conviction and at her earnest request—had been received into the Catholic Church, of which he, educated in ignorance of its doctrines, was an unreasonable enemy.

There was just enough room for Margaret to kneel within the cave, its leafy screen closed behind her.

Did her guardian angel stand before it, interposing his white wings to shield her from molestation while she prayed for her husband's conversion, and to be delivered from evil?

Half an hour passed: she had finished her devotions, and rose to rejoin him, when she heard him call her name sharply, urgently. There was a ring of pain in his tone which filled her with misgiving.

"Margaret!" again he cried.

"Here!" she shouted, as she ran breathlessly round to the little amphitheatre-like space in front of the hut.

Upon the scene was James, whose back was towards her; with him were powerful, sinewy natives, one of whom held his neck as in a vice, another had pinioned him from behind, a third had bound his hands fast up to the elbow.

On returning from his bath Arkwright had gone to change the milch-goat's tether, and was stooping to tie the rope to a stake driven into the ground, when a well-known native, whose approach he did not hear, stood smiling before

him, offering a hand in token of friendship, and laying an arm confidingly upon his shoulder. In the same instant Arkwright was seized by two others who had crept up behind him.

As Margaret appeared there was a rustle of leaves, and as if by magic the green circle was filled with savages. They bounded lightly forward, uttering yells of exultation at the success of their stratagem.

A dozen hands were busy drawing the tough thongs tighter over every limb of the "Great White Chief," as they called their victim, whom they threw upon the ground, still struggling valiantly but vainly for freedom.

"Get the revolver! Fire steadily upon them!" said James to his wife, his voice thick with strangulation. Margaret sped swiftly to fetch it, but her hand trembled—the chamber exploded harmlessly.

The natives gave her no time to repeat the experiment. One held her slight wrist, another caught the pistol, others roughly unclenched her small white fingers. Then their mood changed to mirth; laughing with glee they tried to fire it off as she had done. Two or three reports followed at intervals, whilst the new toy was bandied from hand to hand, to be abandoned when curiosity was satisfied—and the drama went on.

Margaret knelt beside her husband, as he lay for an hour with the sun blazing down upon his upturned face and uncovered head. There were no tears upon her cheeks—the situation was too awful for any such relief. She bent over him, trying to slacken the ligature round his throat. She appealed, besought, commanded

by gestures, that the natives should loosen the cord, and let her go for his hat.

They yielded at length, and gave him room to breathe more freely, but the hat was not conceded till they began to fear that sunstroke would put an end to his suffering. Two of the party went with Margaret, watching her keenly; they suspected a ruse on her part, and thought perhaps the "White Chief" had more pistols that one in his hut.

Toa had observed the first operations from behind a bush; not till his enemy was overpowered did he show himself; then he leaped round him. Waving a club, he stooped close to snap his lithe fingers in Arkwright's face, and incited the others to follow his example, with frantic gesticulations of contempt. The sight of blood oozing from the Englishman's bruises and scratches perhaps kindled a thirst for it in Toa's breast; but it was the man's calm self-possession and the woman's intrepid bearing that roused the young chieftain's fury.

As time went on the clamour of tongues rose louder—the natives could not agree upon a verdict. Some pointed to the sea, others brandished their weapons over the pair in the centre of the arena, and displayed masterly skill in aiming strokes within a hair's breadth of their heads.

Suddenly Toa stooped, caught Margaret by the nape of her neck, lifted her from her knees, and flung her violently away from her husband. Then ensued a terrible crisis; rough hands seized Arkwright to drag him hither and thither till his light clothes were torn to shreds. Exhausted,

bleeding, his wrists swollen by struggles for liberty, he made a desperate effort to speak. A cold sweat of mental distress stood in large drops upon his forehead. Writhing in his bonds he called out in broken Fiji, "Let the white lady alone! She has done you no harm! Kill me if you like, but send her to her white brother in Levuka."

A murmur of disapproval followed Toa's treatment of Margaret; she had risen instantly to her feet, moved more by indignation than terror.

A native placed himself before her protectingly; her quick glance espied a rosary that hung upon his neck; she reached up her hand to clasp the crucifix attached to it.

The tumult increased. Margaret believed that death was at hand; again she knelt beside her husband, praying that she might die with him, half-wondering what the final blow would be like. Her own hat had fallen off, and exposed waving hair that fell in curls upon her shoulders. In spite of her disordered dress, she was a lovely picture; the delicacy of her complexion was enhanced by contrast with the copper-coloured beings who were ranged as a frame about her. Their powerful figures, and features distorted by rage, caused her clear, fine profile to stand out in greater refinement and purity. Raising her eyes to heaven, she solemnly made the sign of the holy Cross.

Looks were exchanged among the natives; they became more calm, the noise gradually lulled. They observed her eagerly as she opened her dress to draw forth her *Agnus Dei* and

medal of the Immaculate Conception. Kissing these reverently, she held them up between her outstretched hands and exclaimed aloud with intense, thrilling fervour, "*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!*"

Silence fell over the wild clamour; there was a strange, sudden pause of tones and actions. Several among those savages had heard the prayer before. Catholic teaching had gained a hold upon these minds in which, with regard to most things, one impression was swept out by the next, as quickly as figures are effaced from a slate. But the zealous French missionary who established a church in Levuka had not spent his life of heroic, self-denying labour in vain, even for these more distant islanders. Some years had passed since his venerable form had been seen among them, for infirmities of age and health, broken by hardship and privations, kept him now from journeying by sea. His young coadjutor went the rounds in a mission-boat, built by his own skilful fingers, while Père B. watched over the church in the capital.

Catholic natives closed round the two victims, and whispered among themselves; one reminded another of the young priest's last visit, and of a special order given by him to show the white lady and her husband great respect, Christian kindness, and civility.

The stillness did not last long, murmurs were again beginning to swell, but at this juncture some one advanced into the very centre of the group with easy, rapid stride. The new comer glanced rather timidly at the form lying upon the ground, as if to assure himself that the

strong "White Chief" was too fast bound to be dangerous.

It was Peter, the native interpreter.

"Blessed be God!" said Margaret. Then to her husband she bent, speaking low. "Now we have a chance of coming to an understanding with them; don't you speak to him, dearest, you may get angry; let me manage the interview." Her woman's wit told her that capital might be made out of Toa's behaviour to her, and though she could not follow their animated speech, she saw by their gestures that the natives felt they had gone too far.

Toa took his stand in the midst, and imposed silence upon the others by an authoritative sign. Haughtily he demanded satisfaction for the insult offered to his high rank; loudly and violently he argued, and called upon his clan to support the claim. His vibrating tones affected his hearers only too visibly.

"Margaret, do you think you could raise me a little?" James asked. A gleam of renewed energy flashed from his weary eyes.

Exerting all her strength, she lifted him to a better position, and kept him up by the pressure of her knee against his back.

"Let me go when you are tired, darling," he said; then with brief eloquence he made his appeal to the interpreter. He told of the provocation given by Toa, and how he had retaliated, explained that the gun was not loaded to injure, merely to warn, and added, "I am quite willing to compensate for the damage done to his dignity, but how will he atone for his cruelty to my wife? Tell him that an Englishman is ready to do what

is fair and just, but he does not permit a finger to be laid upon his wife, he would defend her from insult to the last drop of his blood, and he considers the man who hurts a woman to be the meanest *Kaisi*[1] in creation."

At the word *Kaisi* Toa started as if he were stung.

"The white man denies that I am the son of your chief!" he shouted, determined to excite his people and turn their attention from Margaret; "but why waste words over him? I have only to lift my hand and he lies grovelling there!" Toa's long, muscular fingers quivered with scorn as he pointed them at Arkwright, and fiercely stamped upon the soil. "Hearken, O Peter, two days ago that white fellow dared to kill a turtle, and gave his wife to eat of the flesh sacred to chiefs of our tribe; let him atone for his crimes before I listen to his proud words."

Peter had stooped his tall height over Arkwright to hear his statement, with a debonnair smile; his features were composed to profound gravity when he turned to the native prince.

"You, Toa, are brown, the foreigner is white, both are chiefs; your rights are equal; you should live as brothers."

Groans and applause greeted this declaration. Toa spat upon the ground in utter disdain.

"A chief? Where are his followers?" he asked, with biting sarcasm.

"In the great fire-ships," was Margaret's quick reply, as she fixed her eyes bravely upon him. Turning to the interpreter she said, "Tell Toa I forgive his unmanly treatment, but let him

[1] The lowest grade.

know that we are not alone as he thinks. Our white war-chiefs who live in the big fire-ships are here to punish our enemies, and *our words will reach them sooner or later.*"

Peter translated this speech with great effect, giving due emphasis to the last sentence. He knew the natives' wonder and awe of a letter; they marvelled at the way white men could send news from afar; they had a superstitious dread of these mysterious missives. Peter had conquered his dislike sufficiently to be the bearer of many, but he never touched a letter with his hands—it was carefully held in a split at the end of a stick.

He had prestige among his people, for he had travelled to one of the cities in Australia, and could tell of the wonders he had seen there; he traded successfully upon his knowledge, and made himself useful to English settlers by his talents as interpreter, drawing largely upon his imagination in free translation. Peter's aim in life was to keep good friends with as much of the world as he knew; he therefore used great discretion in toning down the rough edges of a dispute, and had a good reputation as adjuster of grievances.

He was, too, a fine-looking fellow, and made the most of his advantages; his strong, well-knit limbs glistened under their coating of cocoa-nut oil; his native garment, the *sulu*, hung gracefully from his loins; his hair was elaborately dressed—arranged to stand out from his head, a foot in diameter—beneath the huge mop his bright, handsome face beamed, inviting confidence.

Though Margaret made light of her pain, it

was really acute. She now raised both hands to clasp her neck as if she found the suffering unbearable. Her action attracted all the attention she wished; the natives took note of a handkerchief she had tied on her throat to ward off overpowering heat, and crowding round begged her to remove it, that they might see the injury Toa's malice had inflicted. As no blood was drawn, she knew the sight would not gain enough sympathy, so she protested it was impossible; the handkerchief must not be touched if they wished her to recover.

Conversation was now entirely carried on between her and the natives, with Peter's assistance. Each time Arkwright desired to speak, she gave him an imploring glance and a persuasive touch to keep him silent.

At length they consented to adjourn into the shelter of the hut, but refused to unbind even his wrists until the terms of agreement were settled. At first Toa's demands were exorbitant; he wanted every object he had heretofore coveted within Arkwright's domain, and ten pounds in money to boot.

"Until our cotton is turned into money, we have not that sum to give; Toa does not understand what he is talking about," said Margaret, growing bolder as time went on, for she felt the Catholic natives were friends—indeed Peter took great care to explain that all loved the white lady, though they were angry with her chief.

"I will give what I can, not because Toa's claim is just, but to have my husband set free at once."

It was an anxious moment when, in the close

custody of two natives, others looking over their shoulders, she unlocked the trunk containing a bag which held means in reserve for leaving the island, if forced to abandon their property, in default of protection for it and their lives.

The wild, dark eyes watched her greedily as she dived her hand in.

Great nicety of touch was required to draw out the exact sum she wanted (three pounds in silver) without betraying the existence of more—to be swift without appearance of haste.

She re-locked the box resolutely, and turned to Peter with all the determination she could muster.

"Now set his arms free; my husband must himself count the cash, and give it with his own hands; women don't do business in my country."

A merry twinkle lurked in the interpreter's eyes as he tried to persuade his people of this.

Poor Arkwright had been bound and trussed for more than five hours, he was enduring tortures. Margaret feared he would faint from exhaustion before she could prevail upon Toa to release him. Another fear rose up too; it was that the natives might yield to covetousness, seize all they wanted, and put the *papalangi*[1] to death. It would be so easy; one blow from a club would kill him as he lay there defenceless!

But, though Margaret was not aware of it at the time, her bold mention of the ironclad, then cruising among the islands, had its effect upon Toa, it subdued his arrogance as nothing else could have done. He dallied now because he was afraid to untie Arkwright until he had sworn

[1] Foreigner.

to keep peace and not send word to the great "war-chiefs" in the "fire-ship."

After a hurried consultation with the tribe, Peter again addressed Margaret.

"The *papalangi* must take an oath—but my people say he is not a Christian, so his word has no value with them."

"We are both Christians," she quickly replied.

"*Merama*[1] is, the chief is not," insisted Peter.

"I will swear the oath on my Bible . . . bring it as fast as you can, dear. . . . I am nearly done for," said Arkwright to his wife.

She obeyed. All the dark, eager faces congregated round to look at it, and a chorus of dissident voices arose.

"My people say there are many strange books, but only one Crucified Redeemer; let the *papalangi* prove that he worships Him by kissing His Cross. We do not understand the White Chief's book, and we see no pictures in it of our Lord, nor of His friends." As Peter said this he held a crucifix towards James, the same which Margaret had seen upon a native's breast.

"If you love me, do not refuse!" she pleaded, in a low voice, for she saw a look of hesitation upon his countenance. "Undo his arms that he may make the sign of the Cross," she continued aloud.

Slowly the cutting ligatures were unwound.

"Now we will take the oath together," she said, placing herself opposite to her husband.

He raised his bruised, blackened right hand, and, observing her very carefully, followed his wife's example, signing himself as she did. When

[1] My lady.

his lips touched the crucifix, his eyes became suddenly dim ; Margaret believed they were veiled by tears.

The strain was not over yet ; cool self-command must be retained to the end ; the two pale faces looked steadily away from each other to control the emotion that stirred their two hearts in quick throbs. Toa took his booty in silence, but he acknowledged the receipt by a dignified gesture which meant that he was satisfied. The other natives broke out into joyful cries with cordial assurances of friendship. At length they departed in regular Indian file, marching in the footprints of their chieftain. James and Margaret stood watching their powerful forms sway along the narrow beach till the last man was hidden from view by a projecting spur of rocks ; not a single head turned to glance backward.

The pair stood motionless, their eyes fixed on that distant point, as if spell-bound by the deep stillness that reigned where all had been confusion and turmoil. The rich foliage of an *ivi*-tree spread a grateful shade overhead ; not a leaf quivered on the stem.

James folded his wife in his arms, and gazed with tender seriousness into her up-turned face. "Your faith saved us, dear child ! we owe much more to your prayer than to Peter's mediation. Lying there helpless I had time to observe the effect upon those savage men ; it was a wonderful sight ; I never thought to witness so convincing a proof of the power of unity in Faith. Here were we in the shadow of death, cut off from our race, kindred, friends ; beyond reach of their aid ; out of the pale of civilization, prisoners on this

spot of earth in the midst of the vast Pacific; unable to exchange speech with the wild beings that people it; powerless to avert their anger, or to arouse their pity—except through the medium of . . ."

"The true Church," said Margaret. Then her sweet voice failed; tears of joy rushed into her eyes, a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving filled her soul.

NO SACRIFICE—NO PRIEST;

OR,

WHY ANGLICAN ORDERS WERE CONDEMNED.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES.

One who undertakes to write a brief account of the reasons which lead Catholics to deny absolutely the validity of Anglican Orders finds himself at once in a difficulty on account of the variety of the arguments which are available for his purpose. "All roads," says the old proverb, "lead to Rome;" and in like manner the inquirer, whatever path he may take to lead him to the truth on this subject, will find himself irresistibly brought to one and the same conclusion, namely, that Anglican clergy can in no sense be considered real priests. It would almost seem, indeed, as if there were no necessity to discuss the question at all, for it is settled by the common sense and universal opinion of mankind, which in such a matter is scarcely likely to make a mistake. There are not, indeed, many points of religious controversy on which so universal an agreement can be found to exist as on this: that Anglicans are not Catholics, and that their clergymen are not priests. Here, at any rate, Roman Catholics are at one with the East, Lutherans with Calvinists, Jews with infidels. Within the Anglican Church itself, a full half would agree with the rest of the world, and would deny that they possessed a real priesthood in any sense whatever, while an overwhelming majority would deny it in any sense which would not explain away the ordinary meaning of

the words. The claim is made seriously only by the High Church party, and only by the "advanced" or Ritualistic section of that party. The English nation is but a fraction of Christendom; the Established Church claims a bare half of the English nation; the High Church party certainly does not include one-half of the members of the Established Church; the section which believes in any real sense in the sacrifice of the Mass, and in its correlative idea the Christian priesthood, is but a fraction of the High Church party. Yet it is these men, a fraction of a fraction within a body which itself comprises but a portion of a single nation, who set themselves up against the universal voice of Christendom, and not only of Christendom, but of the world. They are refuted by the arguments not only of opponents, but also of the large majority of those who make up their own communion. Others might well be excused if they declined, on the ground of its absurdity, the task of examining into a claim so preposterous. Here, if anywhere, it may be said, the maxim of St. Augustine against the Donatists must apply—*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* It is not likely that all the world is wrong, and this handful of men is right, on such a point as this.

The matter, however, is not one which we can thus lightly dismiss, because there is involved in it the honour of our Divine Lord in His holy Sacrament. To say that Anglican clergy are not true priests would, if they do really possess that character, involve the doing of dishonour to the person of our Lord, present in the Sacrament by virtue of their consecration of the bread and wine. To say that they are true priests when they really are not would result in the not less terrible consequences of leading Christians to commit a material idolatry by worshipping as their present God what is nothing more than bread and wine, and, further, of causing them to rely on the grace of imaginary sacraments which are really only empty forms and barren ceremonies. The question, therefore, is not one which can be set aside, still less one which may be decided on grounds of mere expediency or politeness. Those who talk as if the

late Papal Bull could have been inspired by such motives probably do not consider all that is involved. To accuse the Pope or his advisers of having been consciously swayed in their judgment on this matter by motives of mere expediency and worldly policy is to accuse them of putting the interests of party before the honour of God, of subjecting our Lord in His Sacrament to contumely and insult; renewing, so far as that is possible, His Passion and His Cross; and playing the part, to put the matter in a single word, of devils rather than of men. It is a question which every Catholic must approach with the full realization of the fact that there is here involved no matter of mere ecclesiastical policy, no question of expediency or the reverse, but nothing less than the honour and the protection of our Blessed Lord Himself in the Sacrament of His love.

There are at least four main lines of argument on which we may proceed in our discussion of the matter. We may show (1) that in the Anglican Church the clergy are not made real priests, since the "form" and "intention" of the Ordinal are alike defective; or (2) we may show the same thing with regard to the bishops, in which case the priesthood also fails for lack of a lawful minister to confer it. Again (3), we may betake ourselves to the historical argument, and show that there is no certain proof of even a material succession of laying on of hands, so that the chain may be broken, and there can be no security that the grace has been continued; or (4) we can leave the theological and antiquarian arguments alone, and satisfy ourselves by the mere inspection of the Anglican Church as it is, and still more as it was, that we can draw no other conclusion than that a ministry which has so neglected its central function, and for whole centuries so failed in realizing its lofty prerogatives, cannot possibly possess the powers and graces which it has so systematically ignored and denied.

Of these four lines of argument, the first two are theological and conclusive. They alone are spoken of in the recent Papal pronouncement on the subject, which makes them for Catholics decisive of the matter, and

either by itself is amply sufficient for our purpose. The third, the argument from history, is wearisome and endless, and as it can scarcely lead to anything but a probable conclusion, we may safely prophesy that we shall hear less of it in the future than we have done in the past, the principal office of this, together with the fourth argument—that, namely, which is drawn from experience—being to confirm, by the consideration of actual facts, the theoretical conclusions arrived at on *a priori* grounds. In the present pamphlet we confine ourselves entirely to the first of these lines of argument, and say nothing about the others.[1]

Priesthood is the correlative of sacrifice. Where there is no sacrifice there can be no reason for the existence of a priest, just as where there is no priest there can be no sacrifice. This is clearly laid down in the Epistle to the Hebrews, where St. Paul argues that the Eternal Priesthood of our Blessed Lord necessitates the existence of a sacrifice which He may offer. "Every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices: wherefore it is of necessity that this man have somewhat also to offer" (Heb. viii. 3). To offer is the essential function of a priest—the *only* function which is essential to the idea of his office. A priest may, indeed, have other functions. He may be further commissioned, for instance, to minister sacraments, to bless, and to give absolution. But these functions are no essential part of his office as a *priest;* they are separable from it—at any rate, in idea—and he might be a priest, in the full sense of the word, if these powers had never been given to him. On the other hand, the chief end of priesthood, and that which forms its essential idea, is sacrifice, and that alone. A priest is a man who has power to offer sacrifice, and every man who has power to offer sacrifice is thereby constituted to be a priest.

[1] The argument drawn from the defective character of the Episcopal Consecration, and the consequent failure of Apostolic Succession is treated at length in the Preface to *The Popes and the Ordinal*, by the present writer.

Now in appointing to any office which carries with it powers or authority of any kind, it is customary among men to confer it, either by directly naming the office to which appointment is made, or by some formal transfer, either verbal or symbolical, of the powers that are to be conveyed. Indeed, it is difficult to see how, in the case of any public office, it could be done in any other way. We shall therefore expect to find that our Lord, when He ordained His apostles, acted in the same manner as He did in the case of the other sacraments—*more humano*—and made use of some form of words to signify the gift of grace and the transfer of power which was taking place. And as priesthood consists mainly in this gift of power to offer sacrifice, we shall expect to find that the words used by our Lord signify this gift and the conferring of this power. Nor are we disappointed. Our Lord did actually ordain His apostles by giving them power to offer the Sacrifice of the New Law. *Do this*, He said, *in remembrance of Me.* The ordination carried with it by implication the authority to do all that is contained in the idea of the Christian priesthood—to baptize, to bless, to absolve, to excommunicate. But these powers were not at this time given explicitly. One power alone is mentioned, and that one, as we should have expected, is the only one which is really essential to the idea of the priesthood—the power to offer sacrifice. *Do this in remembrance of Me.*

Now we have here the very kernel of the whole controversy. Anglicans generally, being ignorant of Catholic theology on this point, think that our Lord ordained His apostles on the evening of the first Easter Day, when He breathed upon them, saying, *Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit*, &c. They cannot understand, therefore, what Catholics mean when they contend that the Anglican Ordinal is defective in "form" and in "intention." "We use," they say, "the very words that Christ Himself used when He ordained His apostles, and if they are not sufficient, how can any form of words possibly be more so?" A Catholic, on the other hand, for whom the matter has long been settled by the authority

of the Church, and into whose mind the idea has never entered that any one can entertain so perverse a notion as that the apostles were made *priests* by receiving explicit authority to *absolve*—a function which is not essential to the priesthood at all, and might conceivably have been given to laymen had Christ so willed—can not understand how it is that Anglicans do not see at once that as Christ ordained His apostles by giving power to offer sacrifice, so also the Church must do now if she desires to perpetuate the office which Christ founded. The whole divergence of opinion on this matter really springs from, and is the result of, this difference in the teaching as to the time and manner in which Christ actually ordained the apostles. It will be well for us, therefore—nor will the time be misspent—if we pause in the argument until we have thoroughly established this point, after which we may proceed to argue further upon the question at issue.

Catholics, then, believe that Christ ordained His apostles at the Last Supper, and with the words, *Do this in remembrance of Me.* They do so for reasons principally drawn from the following considerations:—

1. *The Person of the Speaker.* The words of our Blessed Lord were the words of God, and were therefore words of power effecting that which they asserted, and giving power to fulfil what they commanded. Just as we believe that by the words *This is My Body* there was effected the change which those words express, so also we believe that by the words *Do this in remembrance of Me* the apostles were not only commanded, but also empowered to offer the Christian Sacrifice.

2. *The nature of Priesthood.* Since a priest is one who is empowered to offer sacrifice, our Lord could not have made any of His followers *priests*, save by giving them this power. Had He used any words on this occasion which did not imply this, He might, indeed, have given them other and supernatural powers, but He would not have made His apostles priests in the proper sense of the term.

3. *The definition of a Sacrament.* These words,

'Do this in remembrance of Me," gave power to offer the Sacrifice of the New Law. But to give power to offer a sacrifice is to ordain a priest. And since the Sacrament of Order confers *character* and cannot be repeated, it is clear that the apostles, having been made priests on Maundy Thursday, could not have been again ordained on Easter Day. Hence it follows that what our Lord did on Easter Day was not to ordain priests, but only to give *explicitly* a power which He had already given *implicitly* in the act of ordination. Just in the same way the Western Church now uses these same words of our Lord in the ordination of her priests, not, however, as the act of ordination, but only after ordination is complete and the newly ordained have joined with the bishop in their first Mass; thus doing exactly what Christ did and giving at a later time explicitly and in words powers which have already been conferred implicitly, and, in fact, in the act of ordination itself.

4. *The tradition of the Church.* It would be impossible in a pamphlet to transcribe all the words of the Fathers bearing upon the point. We must content ourselves with a few, from Fathers of the Eastern as well as the Western Church:—

Justin Martyr (A.D. 139).—"For the apostles in the memoirs composed by them, which are called Gospels, have delivered that Jesus gave them injunction, as follows, that having taken bread and given thanks, He said, 'Do this in remembrance of Me,' . . . and that He distributed to them alone" (*Apol.* i. 66).

St. Hippolytus (A.D. 222).—"It is not lawful for a deacon to offer up sacrifice. Christ, having become man for our sakes, and offering up to God and His Father the spiritual sacrifice before His Passion, to us alone did He give commission to '*do this*,' . . . although there were others like unto us who had believed on Him, but not by any means was every one that believed at once appointed a priest" (*De Char. Trad. Apost.*, n. 26; *Galland*, tom. ii. p. 512).

St. Cyprian (A.D. 248).—"If Jesus Christ, our Lord and God, be Himself the great High Priest of God the

Father, and first offered Himself a sacrifice to the Father, and commanded *to do this in remembrance of Himself*, assuredly that priest who imitates what Christ did, truly acts in Christ's stead; and he then offers in the Church to God the Father a true and complete sacrifice, if he so begin to offer according as he sees Christ Himself did offer" (*Ep. lxii. ad Cœcilium*).

St. Gaudentius (A.D. 387).—"He would have His benefits be permanent amongst us. He would have souls be at all times sanctified by His own precious Blood . . . and for this cause does he enjoin on His faithful disciples, whom also He constituted the first priests of His Church, to use unceasingly those mysteries of eternal life, which must necessarily be celebrated by every priest in every Church of the world until Christ shall come again from heaven" (*De. Pasch. obs. Tr.* ii.)

Apostolical Constitutions (A.D. 270).—"For this reason do you also, now the Lord is risen, offer your sacrifices, concerning which He gave an ordinance to go through us, saying, *Do this in remembrance of Me*" (Lib. v. c. xix.).

Theodoret (A.D. 424).—"If, then, other sacrifices are needless, why do the priests of the New Testament offer up the mystic sacrifice? It is clear to those who have been instructed in the Divine things, that we do not offer up any other sacrifice, but celebrate the memorial of that one and saving Sacrifice. For this did the Lord Himself appoint unto us: *This do in remembrance of Me*" (t. iii. Interp. in Ep. ad Heb., c. viii.).

Thou art a priest for ever, &c. "Christ began that priesthood on the night after which He began His Passion, when *having taken bread, &c.* . . . and He now exercises that priesthood, not Himself offering up anything, save as Head of those that offer. For He calls the Church His Body, and through the Church exercises His priesthood as Man, while, as God, He receives the things that are offered" (t. i. Interp. in Psa. cix.).

Eusebius (A.D. 325).—"Our Saviour Jesus, the Christ of God, even till now, through His ministers celebrates

among men what pertains to the priestly function, after the manner of Melchisedek. For as he . . . with bread and wine alone blessed Abraham, so also our Saviour and Lord first, and then all the priests from Him, performing the priestly function with bread and wine, shadow forth the mysteries of His Body and saving Blood" (*Demons. Evang.* l. v. c. 3.).

St. Chrysostom (A.D. 387).—Commenting on 1 Cor. x. 16, *Do this in remembrance of Me.* "Here He hath transferred the sacred office to that which is far more awful and glorious, changing the very Sacrifice itself, and instead of the slaughter of irrational creatures, commanding to offer up Himself" (In 1 Cor. x. 16, Hom. xxiv. § 3).

"That same Sacrifice which was then offered, we offer now too; that, the inexhaustible. For this is for a memorial of that which took place then. For He saith, '*This do in remembrance of Me.*' We do not offer a different, but always the same Sacrifice; or rather we offer a memorial of that Sacrifice" (In Heb. ix. 28, Hom. xvii. § 3).

S. Leo (A.D. 440).—"That the shadows then might give place to the Body . . . the old observance is taken away by the New Sacrament, sacrifice passes into Sacrifice, blood is taken away by Blood, and the legal festivity is at once taken away and completed" (Serm. 58, § 1).

In addition to these passages, in which the words *Do this in remembrance of Me* are spoken of as instituting a new priesthood, we might quote, as involving the same truth, all the innumerable passages of the Fathers which speak of the Eucharist as the sacrifice of the New Law. If the Sacrifice was instituted at this time so also must have been the priesthood.

5. *The actual decision of the Church.* The words of the Council of Trent make the point *de fide* to all Catholics. The matter was very carefully discussed in several sittings and by a large number of bishops, whose speeches may be read in the *Acta* of the Council in Theiner's edition. The result was that the point was

decided and embodied in a Canon. "*If any one shall say that by these words, 'Do this in Remembrance of Me,' Christ did not make His apostles priests, or that He did not ordain that they and other priests should offer His Body and Blood, let him be anathema* (Sess. xxii. Can. ii.). This should be read in conjunction with Cap. i. of the same Session, where it is said that "Christ at the Last Supper offered His Body and His Blood to God the Father under the species of bread and wine, and under the same form gave them to be received by His apostles, *whom He then constituted Priests of the New Testament*, and bade them and their successors in the priesthood to offer likewise, saying, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' *So the Catholic Church has ever understood and taught.*"

These arguments will probably be sufficient to establish even to non-Catholics the truth of the first point of our position, that it was at the Last Supper, and not after His resurrection, that our Lord ordained His apostles priests, and that He did it by conferring power to offer sacrifice, and not by giving the merely secondary power of absolution. The extreme importance of this point, which is really the very keystone of the whole doctrine of the priesthood, will be sufficient excuse for our having gone so fully into the matter.

We now go on to the second portion of the argument, which is, that the Church has ever, in her practice throughout the ages, been faithful to the pattern then set her. Clearly it is always the function of the Church to do what Christ did, and to continue the office which Christ instituted. And as, in the matter before us, that office, by common consent, is the office of priesthood, and the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, we shall expect *a priori* to find that she has always done this in Christ's own way, either, that is, by actually naming the office of priesthood itself in the "form" by which the Sacrament of Order is conferred, or else, at the least, by the explicit mention in that "form" of the principal function of the priesthood, viz., the offering of the Holy Sacrifice.

There are extant, contained in the various Liturgies of the Church, a large number of sacramental "forms" which have actually been employed in the past, or else are now in use, for the ordaining of priests. Some of these are very ancient, and probably enshrine the actual words employed for this purpose in apostolic or sub-apostolic times. They are in many languages and have been in force in many and widely differing countries and circumstances. But in all, without exception, there is preserved the one special feature of a prayer of peculiar emphasis and dignity, closely connected with that laying on of hands which is universally acknowledged to be the essential act or "matter" of the sacrament. This prayer, as is now generally admitted, is the sacramental "form"; and in every case, within the limits of this sacramental "form," though these forms differ widely from one another in actual wording, it is distinctly mentioned that the office which is being conferred is the office of the priesthood, and the graces needed to fit the ordinand for the performance of the functions of this office of priesthood are duly impetrated on his behalf. The matter is not difficult to prove if proof be called for. The crucial sentences from these various "forms," both for the priesthood and the episcopate, are collected and tabulated in the Appendix to this pamphlet. If the context be desired, the whole prayers which constitute the "forms" will be found collected in a larger book already published by the present writer,[1] or they may be studied in the original in the pages of Goar, Denzinger, and Morinus. A reference to these "forms" will prove at once the truth of the assertion here made, that the Church has ever done what her Master first taught her, and has ordained her priests by the use of words which express, at the moment of the essential act, the sacred order of priesthood to which they are admitted. The Holy Father implies in his Bull that less than this would suffice, if in default of naming the Order the "form" were to "express its grace and power, which

[1] *The Popes and the Ordinal.*

is chiefly the power of consecrating and of offering the true Body and Blood of the Lord in that Sacrifice which is no nude commemoration of the Sacrifice offered upon the Cross."[1] But, as a matter of fact, she has never failed to take the clearer way, and to name the office of the priesthood itself directly, though there is generally added, especially in the Eastern Church, a definition of that office, and of the Sacrifice which it is its special function to offer.

Now we turn to the Anglican Church. How does the matter stand with her? Does she do as our Lord Himself did, and taught His Church to do? Not at all. She has abolished the old "form," and has adopted instead words which were not originally intended by Christ to ordain priests, and which the Church has never employed for that purpose—words, which indeed may confer a power given to none but priests, but which are absolutely insufficient to make priests or to express the whole priestly office. The word priest does not occur at all in this "form" of ordination, as that "form" stood from 1559 to 1661. At this latter date a change was made, in consequence of the criticism, made alike by Catholics and Presbyterians, that neither the offices nor the functions of priesthood and episcopacy were therein expressed. The change, however, was made just a hundred years too late, for, as the Pope says, "Even if these additions could give to the 'form' its due significance, they were introduced too late, as a century had already elapsed . . . and therefore, as the hierarchy had become extinct, there remained no power of ordaining." Again, there is not a single mention of the Christian sacrifice from cover to cover of the Prayer-book. The only sacrifice known to the Anglican Church is "the sacrifice of the lips," the sacrifice, improperly so-called, of prayer and praise and thanksgiving. Her "priests" are ordained without any allusion to the function which, if they are real priests at all, is the very object for which they exist. So far as can be gathered

[1] Bull of Pope Leo XIII, *Apostolicæ Curæ*.

from any Anglican formulary, our Lord never instituted a permanent and external Sacrifice on earth at all—the clergy are spoken of as "preachers" and as "pastors," as "dispensers of God's Word and of His sacraments," but of the essential action of the priesthood, the offering of Sacrifice, there is not a word.

Nor is this omission the result of accident. It is *intentional*. The Anglican formularies, as we are all aware, have a certain relation to their Catholic predecessors. It is one of the points most insisted on by the advocates of the theory of "continuity," that the Anglican services are not wholly novel, but are the same as the Catholic, only with certain changes introduced. The Anglican Ordinal, it is quite true, is based upon the Pontifical. But every allusion, however faint, to the Christian Sacrifice, or the power of offering, has been deliberately removed, as we should naturally have expected from the known heretical opinions of its compilers. In the Anglican Church, by the evidence of its formularies, backed up by the almost unanimous opinion of its members—an opinion even more unanimously held in the past than it is in the present—there exists no Sacrifice, and because no Sacrifice, therefore no true priest. The Anglican Ordinal is fatally defective alike in its "form" and in its "intention."

Against this conclusion there can be urged practically but a single argument. It is based upon the retention of the actual word "priest," in spite of the elimination of all mention of the priestly function. If not in the actual sacramental "form" as it existed from 1552 to 1661, yet at least in other portions of the service of ordination the word "priest" was retained. The ordinand comes and is presented "to be ordained priest." Hence, say the defenders of the Anglican position, it is clear that the office itself was intended to be retained. What matters, they ask triumphantly, the elimination of all mention of the priestly *act* if the priestly *office* itself is retained? By your own confession priest is the correlative of sacrifice—where there is a priest there must be a sacrifice—and the Church of England, by retaining the office, is

clearly proved to have also retained the sacrifice which that office involves.

The answer to this argument is simple enough. It is not enough to come to receive a sacrament unless that sacrament is validly conferred. To bring a child for baptism avails it nothing unless it is duly baptized with valid "matter" and valid "form." To be truly married it is not enough to come to church for that purpose, but a valid contract must be duly made. And, similarly, to be validly made a priest it is not sufficient to have been presented for that purpose to the bishop, to have listened to a sermon on the duties of the office, to have knelt while litanies and prayers are said on one's behalf. All these things are but preliminaries, they effect nothing at all, and they might all be omitted without touching the validity of the sacrament in any point. One thing alone is needful to make a priest: it is the explicit conferring of the office, or at least the bestowal of the power of offering sacrifice, and it just this one essential which is utterly wanting in the "form" of the Anglican Ordinal.[1] The matter is well put by an anonymous writer in the *Revue Anglo-Romaine*, who was, however, identified by common report with one of the best and most highly placed theologians of Rome. He writes as follows: "The compilers of the Ordinal have kept what is superfluous while throwing away what is essential. They have forgotten no preliminary . . . but then, suddenly and at the decisive moment, the Ordinal fails us altogether, there is not a word to designate the order that is being conferred. All the preparations for the marriage are made, the bride and bridegroom stand at the altar, there and then, and in a hundred eloquent fashions, they express their mutual affections one for the other, and now that the instant has come for them to pronounce the decisive 'I will,' they both of them shut themselves up in the most obstinate silence." [2]

[1] It must always be carefully borne in mind that in these discussions it is not the present Anglican Ordinal that is in debate, but that Ordinal as it was prior to its alteration in 1662.

[2] "Les Ordinations Anglicanes," &c., *Revue Anglo-Romaine*, Feb. 29, 1896.

In the primitive Liturgies, in the practice of the Catholic Church, and in that of the Eastern separated bodies the occurrence of the word priest, *presbyter* or *sacerdos*, in the Ordination "form" is sufficient to designate the office, for by common consent in those Churches priest is the correlative of sacrifice, and one who is ordained "priest" is thereby understood to receive power to offer sacrifice. But it does not follow that the same will necessarily hold good of the Anglican Church. Here we are dealing with the extraordinary and illogical action of a body of men who retain the name of "priest," while deliberately expunging from their liturgical books all mention of the sacrifice which it implies. How can we argue in such a case as this that the word priest implies a sacrifice? There is no magic about the word; it is used by men in a human way, and therefore it means just what they intend by it, and nothing more. They may be using it in some unheard-of fashion which does not imply a sacrifice, keeping for convenience' sake the name while they have deliberately done away with the thing which it ordinarily implies. The absence of all mention of sacrifice in the Anglican formularies implies that this is the case in the Church of England, and we are confirmed in this opinion by the writings of Anglican divines.

Among these, for instance, there is none that stands higher in general estimation than Hooker. He has held his own as one of their foremost authorities for more than three centuries, and to this day is given by almost every Anglican bishop to be studied by all the candidates for ordination. And this is the way in which he deals with the argument that the mere retention of the name of priest implies the retention of the Sacrifice and the power to offer. He is answering the Presbyterian argument that where the Sacrifice has been abolished, the name of priest should not be retained, and he does it by conceding their point that in the Anglican Church there is no sacrifice. "Sacrifice," he says, "is no part of the Church's ministry," for "the Gospel hath properly no sacrifice." Yet the word priest,

he says, may be retained without harm, for when men hear it, "it draweth no more their minds to any cogitation of sacrifice, than the name of a senator or of an alderman causeth them to think on old age" (*Eccl. Pol.* v. 78). And Hooker was perfectly right. The Ordination Service itself proves his point that the word priest, as used therein, is used in a non-natural sense, and does not signify the possession of power to offer sacrifice. The Catholic rite of the Sarum Pontifical, as used in England before the Reformation, contained a definition of the priestly office. "It appertains to a priest to *Offer*, to Bless, to Preside, to Preach, to Consecrate the Eucharist, and to Baptize." This definition was not, in spite of the alleged "continuity" of the services, retained in the new Ordinal. Another definition was substituted for it. They are now defined to be only "the Messengers, the Watchmen, the Pastors, and the Stewards of the Lord," and their office is "to teach, to premonish, to feed, and to provide for the Lord's family." Sacrifice as it is excluded from the service provided for Holy Communion, so also forms no part of the idea of a "priest" as that office is "continued" in the Anglican Church. If it is objected that the word "sacrifice," like the word "priest," is not altogether excluded, although "altar" is, but that the "priest" is allowed, after the Communion has been received, to say a prayer asking God to receive "this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving," which words may be referred to the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the answer is very simple. The words are carefully chosen to exclude the idea of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It is no *thing* that has been offered, not the Body and Blood of Christ our Lord, not even bread and wine, but a sacrifice, improperly so called, of praise and thanksgiving. And, that no doubt whatever may remain as to the meaning of these words, the Church of England employs them on other occasions, when there can be no real sacrifice, namely, when at Morning or Evening Prayer, or after the Litany, thanks are given for fine weather or for rain.

Further, a proof that what we are urging now is no straining of a doubtful point by a hostile critic, but is the

accepted doctrine of practically the entire Anglican community, has just been given to the world in the so-called "Answer" of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to the Apostolic Bull. Writing as the official representatives of the Anglican body to "all the Bishops of the Catholic Church," and with the expressed intention of "making plain for all time the doctrine of Anglicans about holy orders and other matters pertaining to them," they have committed themselves to a denial that the Eucharistic Sacrifice, in any real sense, exists among them. "We think it sufficient in the Liturgy which we use in celebrating the Holy Eucharist—while lifting up our hearts to the Lord, and when now consecrating the gifts already offered that they may become to us the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ—to signify the sacrifice which is offered at that point of the service in such terms as these. We continue a perpetual memory of the precious death of Christ, who is our Advocate with the Father, and the propitiation for our sins, according to His precept, until His coming again. For first we offer the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; then next we plead and represent before the Father the sacrifice of the Cross, and by it we confidently entreat remission of sins and all other benefits of the Lord's Passion for all the whole Church; and lastly we offer the sacrifice of ourselves to the Creator of all things, which we have already signified by the oblation of His creatures. This whole action, in which the people has necessarily to take its part with the priest, we are accustomed to call the Eucharistic sacrifice."

Exactly. In the Anglican Communion there is—

1. A sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.
2. An oblation of gifts and creatures.
3. A pleading of a Sacrifice that is past.
4. An offering of "ourselves, our souls and bodies."

But the Sacrifice of the Mass, in which Christ Himself is offered, a true, proper, and propitiatory Sacrifice to God for the living and the dead—in that the Anglican Church has no part. It offers in sacrifice words, and gifts, and creatures—but not Christ. That is precisely

what we have contended, and no more overwhelming proof could possibly be given to all the bishops of the Catholic Church, to East as well as West, that the Pope was fully justified in his action. By the solemn assertion of the two archbishops speaking in the name of the whole body, the Anglican Church stands convicted of having cast away the Sacrifice that Christ Himself ordained, and therefore by an infallible consequence of having lost the Priesthood which our Lord ordained to provide the ministers on earth for its perpetual offering. Where there is no Sacrifice there can be no need of priests.

This "Answer" of the two Archbishops ought to speak with overwhelming force to those members of the Church of England who have attained to a higher notion of the Eucharistic Sacrifice than is there set forth. Either they must protest against it or they must stand before all the bishops of the Catholic Church as sharing the thoroughly Protestant teaching of their official leaders. Catholics will watch with interest to see what they will do. Probably, however, they will do nothing. Reason and logic are not the principal motives which guide them to a decision. The motive which is strongest in holding back Anglican clergyman from admitting what their reason is often convinced of, and from agreeing that their Church did not and does not in her Ordination Services intend to give power to offer sacrifice, or to make "priests" in the generally accepted sense of that term, is a purely subjective one. They *feel* they are priests. They *feel* that they themselves are better men and better Christians through the use they have made of the ordinances of their religion, and therefore they *feel* that those ordinances are true sacraments. They are not very learned in theology, and so they fail to understand that God may be giving grace abundantly to them and to their flocks while they remain in good faith, even if they are not priests and their sacraments are not valid. Moreover, they are inconsistent in their treatment of others who advance the same plea on behalf of their feelings. No one can be harder than a

High Church clergyman on the Methodist who *feels* he is saved, or on the unbaptized parishioner who *feels* he is in grace and needs not the Sacrament, or on the woman who has found out her marriage to have been null and yet *feels* she is married in the sight of God. In all these cases he is eloquent on the uselessness and the danger of trusting to mere feelings, and on the absolute necessity of a valid sacrament. But in his own case it is different, he *feels* he is a priest, and therefore, of course, he stands secure and without fear before God.

We have now stated as simply and with as little use of technical language as may be, a portion of the reasoning which led Pope Leo XIII., after the most careful and searching investigation, to "pronounce and declare that ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rite have been, and are, absolutely null and utterly void." We know not how we can better end this short explanation of his action than by quoting at length the loving and forcible appeal with which the venerable Pontiff concludes his great decision.

"It remains for Us to say that even as We have entered upon the elucidation of this grave question in the name and in the love of the *Great Shepherd*, in the same We appeal to those who desire and seek with a sincere heart the possession of a hierarchy and of Orders. Perhaps until now, though aiming at the greater perfection of Christian virtue, and searching very devoutly the Divine Scriptures, and redoubling the fervour of their prayers, they have nevertheless hesitated in doubt and anxiety to follow the voice of Christ, which so long has interiorly admonished them. Now they see clearly whither He in His goodness invites them and wills them to come. In returning to His one only fold they will obtain the blessings which they seek, and the consequent helps to salvation of which He has made the Church the dispenser, and, as it were, the constant guardian and promoter of His redemption amongst the nations. Then shall they indeed '*draw waters in joy from the fountains of the Saviour*,' His wondrous Sacrament, that is, whereby His faithful souls have their sins

truly remitted and are restored to the friendship of God, are nourished and strengthened by the Heavenly Bread, and abound with the most powerful aids for their eternal salvation. May the God of Peace, the God of all Consolation, in His infinite tenderness enrich and fill with all these blessings those who truly yearn for them. . . . We ask and beseech, by the tender mercy of the Lord our God, all to strive faithfully to follow in the open path of Divine Grace and Truth."

APPENDIX.

In the following table will be found the essential sentence from the "forms" of every Liturgy which has been or is now recognized by the Catholic Church. In every case the words given are conjoined with the laying on of hands, which constitutes the "matter" of the Sacrament, and it will be seen at once how in every case the Office of the presbyterate or episcopate is formally expressed.

Liturgy.	For the Priesthood.	For the Episcopate.
Ancient Roman (Leonine Sacramentary).	Bestow, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, on these Thy servants the dignity of *Priesthood*, and renew within them the spirit of holiness.	We beseech Thee, O Lord, to bestow upon these Thy servants whom Thou hast chosen to the office of the *High Priesthood* this grace. . . .
(Supposed) Ancient Gallican.	Do Thou, O Lord, lay the hand of Thy blessing upon these Thy servants whom we set apart to the honour of the *Priesthood*, so that . . .	As above in the Roman "form."
Greek.	Do Thou, O Lord, fill this man also, whom Thou hast been pleased should take up the degree of *Priesthood*, with the gift of Thy Holy Spirit.	Do Thou, O Lord of all, strengthen this man also, who has been . . . held worthy . . . to undertake the dignity of the *Episcopate* . . . with the coming and the virtue and the grace of Thy Holy Spirit.

Liturgy.	For the Priesthood.	For the Episcopate.
Coptic.	Look upon Thy servant, N., who is promoted to the *Priesthood*, . . . fill him with the Holy Ghost and with grace. . . .	Pour forth the power of Thy guiding Spirit, Whom Thou didst give to Thine apostles, and grant this same grace to this Thy servant, N., whom Thou hast chosen to the *Episcopate*, that he may feed Thy holy flock. . . .
Syro-Jacobite.	As above in the Coptic "form."	Send down upon this Thy servant Thy Holy and uncreated Spirit, to the end that he may feed and administer Thy Church, . . . may ordain priests. . . . Grant him all the power of Thy Saints, that he may be a glorious *Bishop*. . . .
Maronite.	Choose, O Lord God, and mercifully promote this Thy servant, N., who . . . has been to-day presented from the Order of Deacons for the high and sublime degree of the *Priesthood*. Grant him . . .	Perfect, O Lord God, Thy grace and Thy gift amongst us, and in this Thy servant and *Bishop*, N., and grant to him, together with this imposition of hands, the influx of Thy Holy Spirit. . . .
Nestorian.	Look upon these Thy servants, and choose them with an holy choosing for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, . . . and choose them also to the *Priesthood*.	Choose, O Lord, this Thy servant, with an holy choosing through the anointing of Thy Holy Spirit, that he may be to Thee *a perfect Priest*, . . . and that he may make by the power of Thy gift priests . . . for the ministry of Thy Holy Church.

Liturgy.	For the Priesthood.	For the Episcopate.
Armenian.	Hear, O Lord, the voice of our prayers, and preserve this Thy servant, N., now ordained, whom Thou hast chosen, and hast received to the *Presbyterate*, faithful in that *Priesthood* to which he has been called. Grant him . . .	The Divine and heavenly grace which ever supplies the needs of the holy ministry of the Apostolic Church, calls this man, N., from the priesthood to the *Episcopate* in the ministry of the Holy Church. I lay hands upon him, do ye all pray. *Then follows a long prayer invoking the Holy Ghost and the gift of all needful grace for the new Bishop.*
Apostolic Constitutions.	Look upon this Thy servant enrolled in the order of *Priests* by the vote and judgment of all the clergy, and fill him with the spirit of grace and counsel. . . .	Grant, O God, to this Thy servant, whom Thou hast chosen to the *Episcopate* to feed in Thy name Thy holy flock. . . . Grant him . . . to share in Thy Holy Spirit that he may have power . . . to provide clergy as Thou hast bidden. . . .
Canons of St. Hippolytus.	Look upon Thy servant, N., giving to him of Thy might, and the Spirit of power which Thou didst give to the Holy Apostles. . . . Grant him, O Lord, the *Priesthood*, and . . .	Look upon Thy servant, N., giving to him of Thy might, and the Spirit of power which Thou didst give to the Holy Apostles. . . . Grant him, O Lord, the *Episcopate*, and . . .

For the purpose of an easy comparison the Anglican "forms," as they were in the Edwardine book used from 1559 to 1662, and as they have been since 1662, are appended. The first is that which has been adjudged invalid, the second, which *per se* is probably valid though very unlike any ancient form, came a hundred years too

late, for the succession had of course been already lost long before.

	For the Priesthood.	For the Episcopate.
1559 to 1661.	Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God, and of His holy Sacraments: in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.	Take the Holy Ghost, and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is in thee by imposition of hands: for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness.
1662 to present time.	Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands: whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of His holy Sacraments: and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is given to thee by this imposition of our hands: for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness: in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.	Receive the Holy Ghost, for the office and work of a Bishop in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands: in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost Amen.

Sergeant Jones,

And his Talks about Confession.

TALK I.

JONES TELLS HIS DIFFICULTY.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Come in, Jones, and sit you down. Don't be afraid of a poor priest's bit of a study. So you want to be one of us! What makes you want to be a Catholic?

JONES. Well! you see, sir, it's the old woman and the children. You see, she being a Roman Catholic, and the children also going along with her, I don't like to be the only one of the family to go against them. It comes over me queer when we get out of our door on a Sunday morning, for me to be going up the street, and my own flesh and blood to be going down it. And when I gets to the chapel, I don't feel somehow as if I could say my prayers without the old woman alongside of me. It ain't natural for religion to be the only thing that parts us. We eats together, and we talks together, and we goes out pleasuring together, and we does everything together except the grand thing.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! but Jones, you have been married these many years.

JONES. Fifteen years come Michaelmas at the Catholic Church in Moorfields.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! have you never thought of all this before?

JONES. Not as I've done lately. It's grown on me. The old woman says it's the children's prayers. You see, when we first married I was younger and I didn't take so much notice. At first I thought I'd turn her; but law! I soon gave that up. She was like a limpet to a rock. Besides, it ain't altogether the Sunday separation; I've been to your place several times, and I don't know what it is, something keeps pulling at me. I feel drawed like. Part of it, I think, is that I find you Catholics out to be different from what everybody said you were. They used to tell me you worshipped images and things, and one thing after another I found they were all rubbish. Your Reverence, begging your pardon, don't talk so fine as our minister at the chapel, but you put things clear and easy, and you make 'em all look natural and reasonable.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Then you believe all that you hear?

JONES. Well! your Reverence, pretty nearly; but there is one thing is like a drag on me, a sort of dead weight, just as if I'd got a hump on my back.

F. O'Flanagan. Well! what's that? Can't you make out about Our Blessed Lady?

Jones. Oh! yes, I've no trouble about that. No, no, I've got a mother of my own, and I love her—God bless her, she was the good mother to me—and it would be an odd thing if Our Lord did not love His Mother, and do all He could for her, as I do all I can for mine. Bless us! no, that's not the hump on my back; that's natural enough.

F. O'Flanagan. Well! what is it? The Pope?

Jones. The Pope! God bless your honour, no. A family must have a father; I'm a father myself, and I know that that's common sense. The old woman's right there anyhow.

F. O'Flanagan. Well! what is it?

Jones. Your Reverence will laugh at me—it's telling my sins to the priest.

F. O'Flanagan. You don't like it?

Jones. Well! no, I don't, that's truth.

F. O'Flanagan. Nor do I, Jones, I can't bear it. There are many things I don't like. I don't like castor oil; I shouldn't like having my leg cut off: I don't know anybody who does like medicine, and cutting, and caustic, and all the other things that the doctors are so fond of giving other people. But if I had to choose between living with one leg or dying with two, I'd rather lose the leg and live. Nobody likes Confession, Jones; God does not mean us to like it.

Jones. Not mean us to like it?

F. O'Flanagan. Of course not. If He made the way back out of sin actually pleasant to us, it would be making sin a comfortable business. Where sin is, there must be pain. If one of your children offend you, Jones, you don't make it up with him too easily; you take some little notice of it, don't you?

Jones. Indeed I do, sir; what I stick at is that they should tell me the whole truth. And if I see they have told me the whole truth, and seem sorry, I don't say much to them then.

F. O'Flanagan. Quite so. Well! you see what you ask of your children God asks of you. Tell the whole truth and be sorry. But I suppose your children don't like telling you, do they?

Jones. No, they don't; it seems punishment enough to them, poor things to have to tell me at all. They do cry some of them, yet they seem easier after.

F. O'Flanagan. Exactly; and you, a grown man, are afraid of the pain you give your children. Is it not so?

Jones. Well! I don't know, but your Reverence may be right. Still, why can't we confess to God?

F. O'Flanagan. Because it is not the will of God. He does not choose to have it so. And one reason why He does not choose, we can see. Because it would not be good for us.

Jones. Not good for us!

F. O'Flanagan. No. It makes things too comfortable. There is no shame in telling God; we don't feel the same shame at that. It is

easy work to go down on your knees and call yourself a miserable sinner. But you don't take that from your children, Jones; you don't let them say to you, "Please, father, we will tell God in our prayers to-night." You want them to tell you.

Then again, what a man can do whenever he likes, just at his own choice, never gets done at all. It's different when you have a priest to remind you of your duty, and to bring you to it at proper times.

Besides, you wouldn't take the same trouble to find out your faults; you wouldn't look into your conscience, and see what you have done wrong half so carefully, if you were not obliged to tell the truth and the whole truth to some man, and to put it into clear words so that he might know.

And then—you see I've plenty of reasons, Jones—

JONES. Yes! your Reverence was always good at a reason; that's what the missus says.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! I won't give you all of them, only this one more. It is good to tell our sins to our fellow-man, because he helps us to see them as they ought to be seen. Consciences get wrong like minds and bodies; no man has an infallible conscience; mind that, Jones, because people talk in these days as if their consciences all kept Greenwich time and couldn't possibly go wrong. Nothing gets out of order so easily as a conscience. We like ourselves, Jones, better than other people like us; and so we varnish up our sins, and make them look respectable. And another man rubs the varnish off, and shows us our sins without their clothes, jackdaws without the peacock's feathers. He asks us a question or two and drags out two or three sins which we had put away in the lumber-room, and forgotten all about them. Then he puts another question or two, and off drops a grand dress we had made for some pet sin, and we see it as it is, not a man but a monkey. All those fine excuses we had been spinning, "we couldn't help it," and "somebody made us," and all the rest, they go like cobwebs; but they wouldn't go if we went down at our bedside and said we were sinners. David didn't see himself as other men saw him, till Nathan came and helped him.

JONES. I dare say your Reverence is right about that; there may be some use in telling our sins to our fellows after all.

F. O'FLANAGAN. And, therefore, for our good it is the will of God that our sins should be forgiven through our fellows. He might have forgiven in other ways; He chooses to forgive in this way, because so He can get Himself more souls, and make those souls more careful, more afraid of sin, more sorry for sins done.

JONES. Of course if it is God's will, as your Reverence says, then we must do it. But show me more clearly that it is His will. It is so strange that man should forgive sins done against God; sinful man forgive sinful man! It does seem so strange. No one can forgive sin but God.

F. O'FLANAGAN. It sounds odd as you put it, because you don't see it rightly. Let me put the same thing in other words. That God

should forgive sins through God's messengers, there is nothing very strange in that.

JONES. No, that sounds right enough.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! that is all. The priest is nothing, God is all. Now tell me, Jones; you see I am going to write on this paper: tell me now, truly, who writes, I or the pen?

JONES. Well! your Reverence puzzles me. It ain't you, and it ain't the pen exactly. It is the two of you together.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Quite so. Without the pen I should make queer writing; but the pen without me could do nothing at all. It lies on the table, and unless I take it up there it lies. But tell me, Jones, who has the power in it, I or the pen? Does the pen write of its own power or by mine.

JONES. By yours, of course, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. It is not by any power in the goose-quill and feathers, not by its nature as a pen, that the thoughts come out of my mind and go down upon that paper?

JONES. No! your Reverence, I never saw a thinking, moving pen.

F. O'FLANAGAN. It writes then as my messenger, not simply as a goose-quill. The pen can do things above its nature, above its own powers by the power of a nature stronger than itself. Well! Jones, as the pen is to me, so am I to God. Of my own power, by my nature as a man, I can do nothing. Like the pen I lie idle. But God takes me up and uses me, and then I can scratch out the sins upon a soul; but not through my power, so that a man only forgives sins (except, indeed, that he knows what he is about, and need not do it unless he likes, while a pen must whether it likes or not), in the same sense in which a pen writes a book. Nobody praises Dickens' pen instead of Dickens. So no Catholic gives to the priest by himself the power which belongs to God.

JONES. I see, your Reverence, it is different from what I thought before. But HAS God chosen to use man as His pen?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! it is Saturday night, I must run off to hear Confessions. Come on Monday night, and we'll have another talk.

TALK I

PEN AND INK.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! Jones have you come to make your Confession to-night?

JONES. Not to-night, your Reverence. I can't see through it yet.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Then I must go on trying to make it clear to you, must I?

JONES. If you please, your Reverence; I don't like the notion of

telling you my sins; but if you can show me it's right, I'll do it, that I will.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Spoken like a man, and a good man, Jones. I wish everyone was like you so far at all events. Well! I was talking about a pen last time, and saying the priest in the hand of God was like a pen in the hand of a writer. You remember?

JONES. Yes, I remember. As the pen doesn't write of itself, so the priest cannot forgive sins by himself, but by the power of God.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Exactly. Now let me go on a bit with that. You see me take up this pen now, and I try to write, but I find I can't write a word.

JONES. It would be a wonder if your Reverence could; why! you've got no ink.

F. O'FLANAGAN. So something else is wanted besides the pen and the hand that holds it?

JONES. Of course.

F. O'FLANAGAN. So with the priest, Jones. The priest is the pen, and God is the hand that holds it, but the ink without which God cannot write upon the soul is the Precious Blood of our dearest Lord. It is that by which our sins are forgiven, Jones.

JONES. So I always thought, your Reverence; but they always told me that you Catholic priests gave out you could forgive sins without that.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Oh! Falsehood, falsehood, falsehood! Truly in this world there are two things stronger than cannon and armour. The one is truth, but the other falsehood. And I sometimes think falsehood is the strongest. Marvellous is the power of lying. And verily the English know how to use it when they talk of Catholics.

JONES. What! is there no truth in it, your Reverence?

F. O'FLANAGAN. There is not the shadow of a shade of truth, Jones. It is falsehood complete, whole, entire. Truth! why the Catholic truth is, that not the forgiveness of sins only, but every lightest blessing of every sort, comes to us from the Precious Blood that flowed upon the Cross.

JONES. The old woman's right again, then. Your Reverence will forgive me, but, though the old woman's not much of a scholar, yet somehow she seems to know almost as much about it as you do yourself.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Right you are, Jones. It is not only to a priest, but to "babes and sucklings," to the poor and the lowest of the poor, that God's true Gospel is preached. Now then for another thing, Jones. See! I have got ink in the pen now, and I am writing. But the ink won't mark, it is all blotchy; the ink goes out of the pen, but it can't get properly on to the paper.

JONES. Your Reverence has got hold of a greasy bit of paper; you may write for ever, but you won't get on much with that.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Quite so. You see, there is something more wanted than the pen, and the hand that holds, and the ink in the pen; it is that the paper should be ready. If the paper is bad, very queer sort of

writing. Now, so it is in the forgiveness of sins. The priest is the pen, and God is the hand that holds, and the Precious Blood is as the ink which writes, but the soul is the paper: and if the soul is not made ready by true and real sorrow, if it is all foul with unrepented sin, the Precious Blood with all its power cannot write upon that soul.

JONES. Repentance? Why! your Reverence, they always told me that what you priests wanted was money, not repentance. Don't they always say that you forgive whether a man is sorry or not, and that you even give leave for wicked things like murder to be done beforehand, and all for money?

F. O'FLANAGAN. God forgive them, Jones. Did not the same sort of people say that Our Lord was a glutton and a wine-bibber?

JONES. It's all false, then, your Reverence?

F. O'FLANAGAN. False, Jones! The wickedest, most hateful, most absurd of lies. Money! do you think we should have our Confessionals crowed every Saturday night for five or six weary hours by the poorest of the poor, by rags and filth and vermin, if we wanted money? Do you think we should spend hours hearing the confessions of children, if we wanted money? Do you think we should go about battle-fields to the wounded, and ride as I have known a priest ride, on the cannon up to the assault into the midst of the thick volley, if we wanted money? Do you get money out of London poor, and little children, and dying soldiers Oh! shame, Jones! I did not think you believed such rubbish.

JONES. No! your Reverence, I don't. I used once, and I took care the old woman had nothing to bring you when she came. But when I found you heard her just the same, and I found she went to Confession as often, I gave that up.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Why! it would be the most sinful of sins to take money for the grace of God.

JONES. But, I think, your Reverence, I have heard of money being given to the priest by people going to Confession.

F. O'FLANAGAN. You have perhaps heard of people willingly and of their own accord offering money, just as money is offered at baptisms or churchings, or what not. If a person uses a priest's time, and gives a priest trouble in any way, he is of course always at liberty to offer him money if he chooses. I suppose, Jones, if people use your time and give you trouble, you expect money, don't you?

JONES. Indeed I do, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Very well; but here is the difference between you and the priest. You can require the money, you can demand it; and if people won't give it you, you can make them give it. But a priest must give his time and his labour without money; he can never demand —never require it; and if people give him money, they give it as a free-will offering, because they want to keep alive a man who serves them for nothing. Then when such an offering is given, it is not payment for baptism, or payment for absolution. No man, Jones, can value the grace of God, and say it is worth so much; and no one can sell the grace of God, saying, "If you will give gold, I will forgive;

but if you give nothing, I will not forgive." The grace of God is beyond all price, and the gathered wealth of the cities of the world could not purchase a single absolution from one poor priest. Nevertheless, if a priest is any good he must live; and it would be a bit of a shame, Jones, would it not, if the man who spent his life in helping you to save your soul, was to die of starvation?

JONES. Right you are, your Reverence; you'll never starve for one, so long as the old woman's alive. She's the good heart, she is, bless her!

F. O'FLANAGAN. Very well, Jones, hence the use of offerings. But now enough of this. Bah! even talking of money about such matters makes one sick at heart. I would there were no money in the world! Now for the other matter—the sorrow. Can you baptise, Jones, without water?

JONES. I don't know much about such matters, your Reverence, but I don't think you can.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Certainly not: nor, Jones, can a priest forgive without sorrow. Sorrow is as necessary for Confession as water for Baptism. Of course sorrow is not forgiveness. Your children may be sorry when they are naughty, Jones, but you may nevertheless not forgive them for a while. Sorrow is what man offers to God, forgiveness is what God gives to man. But no sorrow no forgiveness; just as if there were no sins there could be no forgiveness. Sins sorrowed for, that is what man brings; forgiveness, that is what God sends. And God sends it through His messenger, the priest: so when the priest's absolution touches the sins sorrowed for, then God's forgiveness through the Precious Blood washes the sins away.

Now mark, Jones, what sort of sorrow the Church wants, and then tell me whether it is sorrow enough. First, Jones, hatred of past sins. You wish you had never done them, you would like to undo them; you can't undo them; what is done, God help us! cannot be undone; so you bring them to the Precious Blood, and the Precious Blood does what you cannot do, undoes your sins, destroys them, so they are slain and dead and crucified, never to rise again.

Well! now secondly, resolution not to do them again, NEVER. This is common sense; a man who was exceedingly sorry for treading on your toes, but had the fullest intention of doing it again, would not seem to you mightily distressed.

JONES. Certainly not, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. So much then for the absurd charge of giving leave for sins beforehand. It is simply one of those superb falsehoods which are as thick as blackberries outside the Church, those grand, lasting, fossil, antediluvian falsehoods, like the big beasts at the Crystal Palace: —which, beasts as they are, and ugly enough and savage enough in all conscience, one cannot help admiring, because they are so big:—fine specimens of that savagest of savage monsters which the devil created in Paradise—a Lie.

JONES. Your Reverence is hard.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Not at all, Jones. I cannot help wondering at those

good evergreen lies; they do so last and spread and bloom, there is no killing them; fine full-blown peonies of lies, whose leaves never fall nor pale nor wither. But to go on—

Thirdly, Jones, your true sorrow must not only mean to give up sins, but to give up all occasion of sin, anything that would lead you into sin. A drunkard who wants to give up the drink, but not to give up going into the "Black Lion" where he always gets drunk, would not be in earnest, Jones. And an infidel who gave up his infidelity, but did not mean to give up his infidel books and infidel companions would be, to use a rough word, playing the fool.

And then, fourthly, restitution; character blackened must be made white, if possible; honour taken away must be given back by apology; money stolen, goods injured, little frauds and little cheatings, all must be replaced, and where this cannot be done to the people wronged, then to the poor. Now, Jones, are Catholics in earnest or not?

JONES. They are in earnest, your Reverence; the sorrow part of it is right enough. I will go and talk it over with the old woman, my head is too full for more to-night.

TALK III.

GOD'S USE OF MAN.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! Jones, have you talked it over with the old woman?

JONES. Yes, your Reverence, and I think I am getting clearer on it. It seems to me more sensible, the more I think of it. It don't seem so unreasonable and so presumptuous like as I used to fancy.

F. O'FLANAGAN. You see about the priest being only an instrument, only a messenger?

JONES. Yes, still that's not all my trouble; but before I go on, I want to ask your Reverence about something the old woman said last night. I was telling her just in my fun—for I like to teaze her sometimes, it sets her tongue a-going, and I do love to hear her talk, she's better than any parson—so I was telling her that Confession was made by the priests for the people, to keep them under. So she says, "Why! bless you, John," she says, "the priests go to Confession a deal oftener than the people do." Well! I says, just to vex her a bit more, "I reckon that's because they don't charge anything for it, just like the doctors who dose each other for nothing"; so with that she got very wild and came and gave me a kiss, as she generally does when she's wild, or I shouldn't be so fond of teazing her. But what I want to know is whether it's true that priests go to Confession too, as well as the people?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Of course it is, Jones, and as your good wife says, they go much oftener, because they say Mass every day, most of them, and should no say Mass with unforgiven sin upon them.

JONES. But the Pope, he doesn't go to Confession, does he?

F. O'FLANAGAN. As much as anybody else. I never was a Pope, you see, Jones, but I should think he would go more than anybody else, because he has so many souls and so many duties to answer for. Heaven help us! it's bad enough to be a priest, it must be dreadful to be a Pope. I wonder he's not at Confession all day.

JONES. But how's that, your Reverence? Don't you all say you get your power of forgiving sins from the Pope?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Certainly, from the Pope under God.

JONES. Well! how can he give the power of forgiving sins to a priest, and then get his own sins forgiven by him? How can he give a man the power to forgive himself? I think I've got your Reverence there.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Not quite, I think, Jones. He gives the power to forgive sins as Pope, as Head Bishop of Bishops: but he goes to Confession as man. His office of Pope is one thing: his life as a man, his sins and faults, his failure to do his office properly through human weakness, all these are another thing; as Pope, he is above the priest to whom he confesses: as man, he is for the time below him, and the priest who hears him is sent by God to him to rebuke, to exhort, to forgive, even, if need be, to keep back or refuse forgiveness, just as with the meanest layman on the earth's face. Priests and Bishops and Popes at their Confessions are as other men, mere laymen as it were for the time.

JONES. I see: so his power of Pope, just like a priest's power, has nothing to do with himself like! Just as, your Reverence will pardon a rough sort of likeness, policeman Brown takes you up to the Court by his right as policeman, not by any power in himself as Tom Brown.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! Jones, I never heard the Pope compared to a policeman before, but there's something in it, you're not so very far wrong. But now for your real trouble, what is it?

JONES. Well! your Reverence, I see Confession's not unreasonable, supposing God has ordered it; but the question is, HAS God ordered it? One would think God would forgive sin Himself, not through men. If He chooses to do it through men, of course it is His will, and we can say nothing against it. But has He so chosen? It seems so strange that man should forgive man!

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well now, Jones! You and I are so different, that to me it would seem almost strange if man did NOT forgive man!

JONES. Strange!

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! strange may be a strong word, but I mean that it would not be so like as it is to all God's other ways of dealing with us. When God made the world, He gave it to the children of men; they were to manage it. He gave Adam Paradise, and Adam was to keep it. It was his own, his castle, like an Englishman's house, and even God would not interfere with him, but would trust him, and leave him to do as he liked. God gives freely, a thorough perfect entire gift, "Do with it what you like, use it, abuse it, be thankful or unthankful; there is the free gift, your own, and to be managed your own way." And if God is still the King of His own world, as of course He was and

is, still He rules it and manages it and does all things in it through men. To begin at the very beginning, who made you, Jones?

JONES. Why! God, of course. I'm not so ignorant as not to know that, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. True, Jones; you and all things else that have been or will be. And God is the ONLY Creator; He alone is Life, and the giver of life. He alone, Who is Being, can make things to be. Not the highest angel in Heaven, not Mary herself can create; God only; nor can God give this power to others; He cannot create Creators. And yet, Jones, even here, God is pleased to call man in, and bid him help Him. At the first when He created Adam, no man helped Him in that, for there was no man to help; but since that time God has created men, not as He created Adam, but using the help of other men. God creates children now, as He created Adam, but then by Himself, now not without the help of their parents, who are in a sense fellow-creators with God. Is this right, Jones?

JONES. Yes! your Reverence has an odd way of putting things; I never thought of it before; but it's right. It's the pen again, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Yes, Jones, it's the pen again. God alone creates, God alone forgives sin. Yet God uses man in creating man; is there anything much more strange in His using man in forgiving man? The one is His power, the other is His mercy. If men are to share His power, why not His mercy also.

JONES. There's a difference somehow, your Reverence, but I cannot quite see yet what it is.

F. O'FLANAGAN. I'll tell you directly. I see where the knot is. But let us go on. God not only creates men through men, but He preserves men through men. Men are His Providence to their fellow-men. God alone can give life, God alone can preserve life. Yet as parents are after a fashion fellow-creators with God, so are they a fellow-Providence with God. God only gave life to that chubby little rascal of yours, Patsy: He preserves that life He gave, but if the mother refused him milk, if you did not work, like an honest fellow as you are, to keep the soul in the old woman, why! the soul would go out of the old woman, Jones, and poor little Patsy would die. Now you think the priest claims a great power in forgiving sins: see what you are yourself, Jones—a Creator and a Providence, a giver and preserver of life.

JONES. Am I all that, your Reverence? I never thought of it; you give me a sort of respect for myself which I never had before.

F. O'FLANAGAN. You never thought how wonderful and great man is, how thoroughly man has received the likeness of God, and how good God is who has given such power unto men. Oh! how good God is, Jones, how good God is!

JONES. That's what the old woman is always saying. I DO notice that about you Catholics. It comes so natural to you to think of God, and you seem somehow tender and affectionate to Him, just as my children are to me, God bless them!

F. O'Flanagan. Well! I must go on. God creates men through men, preserves men through men, and governs men through men, gives rewards and punishments through men.

Jones. How is that, your Reverence?

F. O'Flanagan. Through the kings, the judges, the other rulers of the world. The laws under which you live are made by your fellow-men to whom God has given the power. They are fellow-kings with Him in ruling and arranging His world. To them He has given His power of punishing; even He has called them into a share of the power which mostly He keeps in His own hands, the power of taking life away, the power of death. So men share God's power in creating and preserving, God's justice in punishing;—why not also God's mercy?

Jones. Well! your Reverence, there's a difference somehow, but I can't hit on it.

F. O'Flanagan. Is it this? You mean that all I have been saying has to do with this world, and absolution has to do with the next? The other things touch the body, but forgiveness touches the soul, and gives something which is greatly above our nature. God has given earth to the children of men, that you think right enough; but in absolution He seems to have given heaven also.

Jones. That's somewhere about it.

F. O'Flanagan. Very well! now let us see whether He does not give men the things of the next world through men, as well as the things of this. If He does it in other matters, it is not so surprising as it otherwise would be, if He does it in forgiveness also. But perhaps I have spoken enough for to-night, let us break off until another time.

TALK IV.

"ONE DOSENT THINK HOW GREAT IT ALL IS."

F. O'Flanagan. Now, Jones, are you clear where we are?

Jones. Pretty well, your Reverence. You were saying that for God to forgive sins through men is like what He has always done since He made the world. He has always managed men through men.

F. O'Flanagan. And you don't think I've quite made it out?

Jones. Well! about the things of this world. It is clear that men manage their fellow-men in things of this world. But about Heaven. How does God give the things of the next world through men?

F. O'Flanagan. We will talk about that to-night. I think we shall find that from the first God has given the things of Heaven in large measure through men. Now, first of all, your own children, Jones, do they ever say prayers?

Jones. Don't they, your Reverence? I do love to see them with their little hands folded at their mother's knee. It makes one half-laugh

and half-cry, little Lizzie looking so reverent-like, and calling God, Our Dada, when she says the Lord's Prayer.

F. O'Flanagan. It is very beautiful to see children pray, when they pray well. But, now, Jones, do you think it will help them to Heaven?

Jones. Of course it will, that's what the old woman says. Set them on the road to Heaven, says she, before they can walk, make them say their prayers before they can talk, and their feet and their tongues will never know no other use.

F. O'Flanagan. And supposing you and the old woman never taught them their prayers. There are children, Jones, God help them, by thousands down in the gutters of London and the worse gutters of Liverpool, and other gutters nearly as bad of every large town in England; they grow up to drink, to swear, to thieve, to be foul with foulness beyond thought, because there was no one to teach them, and no one to love. Fathers who were no fathers begot them and thought no more. Mothers who were no mothers bore them and flung them in the gutter to rot or scramble into life as chance might lead. Will they know God and the road to Heaven? Would your children know God and the road to Heaven unless you and the mother taught them?

Jones. I don't see how they could, your Reverence. It ain't picked up so easy.

F. O'Flanagan. Then, Jones, see how Heaven, and the things of Heaven, are given to men through men. Good parents, and a child saved; bad parents, and a child lost. You see, God not only creates men through men, preserves men through men, governs men through men, rewards and punishes men through men, but He also educates men through men. He creates the Reason—but when He has created it He leaves it to men to make it grow. As with the body, men may neglect the child's body and the child shall die; so with the soul, men may neglect the child's reason, and the reason shall grow wild and useless. And not only does He educate men through men, but He leaves the knowledge of Himself to be given to men through men. Train the child's reason ever so much, yet if you do not teach him of God he will scarcely know of Him, or may make fancies of Him wrongly. The clear knowledge of God must come through man. No knowledge of God, no heaven; no teaching about God, no knowledge of Him; therefore Heaven and the things of Heaven are very much left in the hands of our fellow-men, to give to us or to keep from us, as they will. God is giving your children the knowledge of Himself—but how? Through you and your wife. You two are God's Priests to your own children—to save by teaching—to destroy by not teaching.

Jones. It is true. I never thought that my children's souls lay in my hands that way. Your Reverence makes things seem so great. Smoking one's pipe alongside of the old woman, and playing romps with the kids, one doesn't think how great it all is.

F. O'Flanagan. Then again your ministers—the Protestant clergymen. Is there any good in them, Jones?

JONES. Well! the old woman says she never saw no good in them.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Ah: I see she comes from the old country. But what I mean is, what is supposed to be their work—what are they for?

JONES. I suppose they are meant to teach the people, to explain the Scriptures, and so forth.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Very well. Your having ministers shows that you think God gives the things of Heaven through your fellow-man. You yourselves call sermons and such like the means of grace! Your preachers say that God blesses their ministry to the salvation of souls. Mr. Spurgeon is one who awakens souls and the like. In other words, God touches the soul of man through his fellow-man. Is it not so?

JONES. I suppose it is.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Very well; then it seems to me that if God teaches the knowledge of Himself to men through their fellow-men, if He touches the consciences of men through men, and calls men to repent through men, it is but a step in the same direction to forgive men's sins through men. If men can make men repent, why should they not be able to give forgiveness also?

JONES. But our ministers say it is the Holy Scriptures which do it all.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! certainly not all; for they put great importance on preaching themselves. But, as you have spoken of them, about the Holy Scriptures, here is another case. The Holy Scriptures tell men about Heaven, and lead men to Heaven; do they not?

JONES. Yes, your Reverence, we all agree in that.

F. O'FLANAGAN. We all agree in that. Well! these very Holy Scriptures; how were they given us—how do they come to us?

JONES. How does your Reverence mean?

F. O'FLANAGAN. I mean, did God write the Holy Scriptures as He created the world, with His own hands, with no one to help Him? Or as He creates man through man, preserves man through man, governs man through man, educates man through man, teaches man about himself through man, converts man through man, so did He send the Holy Scriptures to man through man?

JONES. Of course He did: men wrote them.

F. O'FLANAGAN. The ten commandments—have they to do with Heaven, and the getting it?

JONES. Of course they have.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Who gave them?

JONES. God.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Moses.

JONES. God gave them to Moses.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Moses gave them to his fellow-men; so God gave them to men through a fellow-man. Now, if God can lay commandments on men through men—why not forgive the breaking of those commandments through men also? But it is not only the ten commandments—were not all the Scriptures written by men?

JONES. By God through men.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Exactly so: and what are the Scriptures but the knowledge of God and the knowledge of God's will—God's threatenings, God's punishments, God's mercies? And all that comes to us through our fellow-men; so that if the Revelation of God is given to men through men, why not also the forgiveness of God? Now mark, besides; the whole history of the Scripture is a history of God's dealing with man through man. If He punishes Pharaoh for his obstinacy, it is through Moses and his rod. If He takes away His punishments when he repents, it is still through man. If He sends messages to His people, it is still through Moses, or through the High Priest going and consulting Him. If He punishes or forgives His people, it is still through Priest and Prophet. Elias—"Elijah" you term him—shuts up the Heavens; Elias open them, Elias raises to life; the very bones of Eliseus give life. If Hezechias live it is Isaias who gives him life—man through man. God's justice, God's mercy, conveyed to man through man. Now have I reason for saying that it is God's custom to deal with man through man; and that therefore to forgive sins through man is simply according to the custom of God, and that it would be less like Him, if He did not?

JONES. I think your Reverence has reason.

F. O'FLANAGAN. I have still more to say; another night will do.

TALK V.

WHAT SAY THE GOSPELS?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! Jones! some more talk about Confession?

JONES. If you please, your Reverence; I want you to show me that God HAS chosen to forgive man's sins through man.

F. O'FLANAGAN. You see now that He could so choose if He liked, and that it would not be wonderful if He did so choose · not wonderful but according to His usual ways.

JONES. Yes! your Reverence; now I want you to show me that He HAS so chosen.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Very well. You have brought your Protestant Bible, I see. You know we Catholics don't grant you that your Protestant Bible is the Bible at all or has any authority: however, you think it has, and so we will take your Protestant translation instead of our own, lest you should say I am unfair. So open your book and turn to St. Matthew, chapter ix., verses 2 to 8, and then St. Mark, chapter ii., verses 3 to 12.

JONES. I have it, your Reverence, about healing the sick of the palsy.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Yes! you know the history; the four who brought the palsied man, came so full of faith in Our Lord's power to heal that they were not driven back by the great crowd, but went up on the roof, uncovered it, and let the palsied man down right before Our Lord. Our Lord said, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." Then some

of the Scribes and the learned men began to think about these words, and in their hearts they accused Our Lord of blasphemy. Our Lord, to show it was not blasphemy, works the miracle and heals the palsied man.

JONES. Yes, your Reverence, I have it.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! now, keep the pages open while I go through with it. Now then, first of all, there was an enormous crowd gathered together about Our Lord; what He does and says is not done and said privately, as when He talks to Nicodemus or the Apostles, but openly before the ignorant, uneducated, uncultivated mob. Is that so?

JONES. Yes! there was such a crowd that the bearers of the palsied man could not push through. "There was no room," it says, "not so much as about the door."

F. O'FLANAGAN. Exactly. Then, secondly, please to notice that this was just at the beginning of Our Lord's public preaching, in the first of the three years; the utmost possible attention was called to everything He did and said, because of His wonderful miracles; men were asking, can He be the Messias? Still, did anyone of that immense multitude think Him to be God?

JONES. I don't know, your Reverence; did they?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Surely not one. If you remember, it was specially given to St. Peter to confess, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." His Godhead was hidden even from His Apostles until that confession, and men said, "Some John the Baptist, some Elias, others Jeremias or one of the Prophets," right up to the third year of His public preaching; but none said, certainly none in the first year, that He was the Christ the Son of the living God.

JONES. True, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. You see Peter got a special blessing for knowing Him to be God in the third year, after He had been with Him as an Apostle for some two years, seeing all He did and hearing all He said; so that in the first year no one of that great crowd at the door of His house in Capharnaum—Capernaum as you call it—would know Him to be God.

JONES. No, your Reverence, I don't see well how they could.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Yet they believed Him to have the power to heal?

JONES. Of course they did, or they wouldn't have taken this mighty trouble about the roof, and letting the poor man down on the heads of the people.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Would they think He had the power of Himself as a man, or from God as a Prophet of God?

JONES. I suppose they thought He was a wonderful Prophet, like one of the old ones they had heard of in the Bible.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Exactly; and those old ones — would the people think that they did their miracles by their own power, or by God's power?

JONES. Oh! by God's power, of course. They wouldn't think that Moses got water out of a rock himself.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Then this crowd at the door and in the house

thought of Our Lord as a man—only a man, mark you—teaching in the name of God, and working miracles by the power of God?

JONES. I don't see what your Reverence is driving at: you'll be coming round the corner at me by-and-bye with something or other like a shot.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! they thought Him to be a man, and man only. Into the midst of this crowd they let down the palsied man. How everybody must have looked to see what Our Lord would do! Would He touch the sick man, and he would rise? Would He be angry at their letting him down like that? What would He do? What did He do, Jones, as a matter of fact, in the midst of this staring listening crowd? Did He cure him at once?

JONES. No, not at once. He let him lie till they murmured at Him.

F. O'FLANAGAN. What did He do?

JONES. He said, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee!"

F. O'FLANAGAN. Your own translation, Jones?

JONES. Yes, the Protestant Bible, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. He said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

JONES. Yes.

F. O'FLANAGAN. And the crowd thought Him only a man?

JONES. Only a man.

F. O'FLANAGAN. And a man claiming to forgive sins?

JONES. I suppose so.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Would Our Lord know that they thought Him only a man, and a man claiming to forgive sins?

JONES. Of course he would. He saw the thoughts of the Scribes. He would see the thoughts of all.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Did the man rise immediately Our Lord said, "Thy sins be forgiven thee?"

JONES. No, he did not. There he lay still.

F. O'FLANAGAN. I suppose his sins were forgiven him?

JONES. Surely Our Lord would not say so if they were not.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Then Our Lord could not simply mean, "your illness which is the punishment of sin be forgiven thee," or else the man would have risen at once. Now mark what Our Lord does. All thought Him a man. All heard Him say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." All wondered. What a hush must have come over the great crowd, as the sweet words made their quiet strong way to the most distant ear! How must they have looked into each other's faces, and pushed reverently nearer! In the silence not a word was said; even the Scribes thought, but dared not speak. And as His words rang into heart after heart, the Eyes of the great Teacher saw into the depths of each. He had worked many a miracle before, but He had never yet spoken such words, and He spoke them now, we are told, because He "saw their great faith." And as He spoke the words, where the great faith was, there was no murmuring, and where the great faith was not, behold they murmured. They who murmured, Jones, were they who knew the Scriptures so well, and thought themselves so great and good.

JONES. The Scribes.

F. O'FLANAGAN. And why did they murmur?

JONES. They said, "This man blasphemeth. Why does this man speak blasphemies?"

F. O'FLANAGAN What was the blasphemy, Jones?

JONES. Forgiving sins. "Who," they said, "can forgive sins but God only?"

F. O'FLANAGAN. Exactly, and as Our Lord seemed to them only a man, what right had He to forgive sins?

JONES. I suppose that was it.

F. O'FLANAGAN But did not the multitude think the same?

JONES. They don't seem to have done so. They seem to have taken it quite quietly.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Then the multitude was wrong surely, and the Scribes right.

JONES. Your Reverence is one too many for me.

F. O'FLANAGAN. It was the Scribes who were wrong, you see, Jones, Our Lord is particularly angry with them. "Why do ye think EVIL in your hearts?" Was it evil to think that God only can forgive sins?

JONES. How can that be evil, your Reverence?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Would it be right in the multitude to think that man by his own power could forgive sins?

JONES. No, your Reverence, surely not.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Then, why is Our Lord angry with the Scribes and pleased with the crowd? Was He angry with the Scribes for not knowing He was God?

JONES. No, the others didn't know He was God.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! I suppose, at all events, Our Lord soon put it right. He said to them all, "I am God, I forgive sins not as man, but as God; therefore, it is not blasphemy. God only can forgive sins, but I am God." Does He not say this?

JONES. No: He doesn't say that; He seems to say something very different.

F. O'FLANAGAN. He does, indeed. Now He raises the sick man at last. There he has lain before them all, his sins forgiven, but the disease not cured. Strange, his cure has been delayed, because God saw their faith! But now comes the cure as a proof that those strange words which struck the crowd with silent awe were true. "Lo!" says Our Lord, "disease is the punishment of sin. To take away sins is great, to take away sins and punishment too is greater. I will take away the punishment, that you may believe that I can even take away the sins. Both I take away as the Son of Man." The Scribes were wrong, the crowd was right. The Scribes believed not, and because they believed not, they said God only can forgive sins and God CANNOT FORGIVE SINS THROUGH MAN. The crowd was right which believed, and because it believed said, God who can work miracles through men can forgive sins through men also. Therefore, "that ye may know that the Son of MAN

hath ' from God "power on EARTH to forgive sins, Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." Mark, Jones, was Our Lord Son of God?

JONES. Surely, He was Son of God.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Does He call Himself Son of God?

JONES. No, Son of MAN.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Mark again, how He adds the words, "ON EARTH." While all the crowd—learned and unlearned—listen, He is very distinct and clear. It is not the Son of God in heaven, nor even the Son of God on earth, nor the Son of Man in heaven, but it is the Son of MAN ON EARTH. Now mark, Jones, was it wrong to think that God alone can forgive sins?

JONES. I don't see how it can be.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Yet God was angry at the thought. Mark again, if the crowd thought that man by his own power could forgive sins, would that have been blasphemy?

JONES. Surely.

F. O'FLANAGAN. And Our Lord could not possibly have encouraged the crowd in blasphemous thoughts?

JONES. Not possibly.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! then, Our Lord could only have meant to teach that while God alone can forgive sins, yet He has been pleased to forgive sins THROUGH MEN, and that is what the Gospel says; "the multitude marvelled," and instead of thinking that man by his own power forgave sins, they "glorified God which had given such power unto men." Mark you, Jones, unto MEN—the plural, men: they did not think that God had given such power to one man alone; they did not think such power given only to a human nature joined to the Divine Person of the Son of God They thought it given to a man amongst other men, and that what was given to one man might be given to others; nor did Our Lord contradict this idea. He saw their hearts, and let them go away thinking that He AS MAN had forgiven the sins of men, and that God had given such power to MEN. Now do you doubt that Our Lord meant to teach that God had given the forgiveness of sins into His Hands AS MAN, and that His will was to forgive sins THROUGH MEN?

JONES. It reads so, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. It does so read, indeed. God, having taken the nature of man Himself, honours the nature which He has taken, gives to that nature kingly powers, and rules the earth in that nature. As man He judges, as man He condemns, as man He forgives, as man He loves His fellow-men, and calls them into a share of His own dignities to sit with Him at the right hand of God.

JONES. There is one thing, your Reverence. I see that He forgives sins Himself as man; I should like to see more clearly that He gave that power of forgiving sins to other men.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Next time, Jones; for to-night we have had enough.

TALK VI.

IN THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE.

F. O'FLANAGAN. So you have brought your Bible again, Jones? Let us see where we have got to:

First. God can forgive sins through man, if He pleases.

Secondly. If He forgives sins through man, it would be like His other dealings with man.

We are now upon a third question—How did He forgive sins Himself when He was on earth? That He forgave sins by His human lips, pronouncing words of absolution, we know; and when He forgave them, did He tell those who heard Him that He was God, or did He know that they thought Him only a man, and still let them think so, and let them think that as a man He had forgiven sins? We have seen in one case, Jones, have we not, that He was angry with those who said, "God only can forgive sins," and pleased with those who glorified God for giving such power to men. We come now to another case. Open your Bible, Jones, at the 7th Chapter of St. Luke, verse 36 to the end. Have you got it?

JONES. Yes, your Reverence, I see—about St. Mary Magdalene anointing Our Lord in the house of Simon.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Yes! the first time. She twice anointed Our Lord's head; once was towards the end, when His death was drawing near; but this time, of which I now speak, was earlier, in the second year of His Ministry.

Mary was a great sinner, and known to be a great sinner. The public forgiveness of her sins would create a stir; public forgiveness given too in the house of a man of distinction, a wealthy man and a Pharisee, and on a public occasion when he had guests. Such an act could not be hid, and Our Lord clearly did not wish it to be hid. Not only the guests at Simon's table, but all Capharnaum, would hear of it. All Capharnaum would hear; but would Capharnaum think that He had forgiven sins as God, or that He had forgiven sins as a man, as a Prophet of God? Now, Jones, in the first place, did Simon himself think Him to be God?

JONES. I think not.

F. O'FLANAGAN. I am sure not. He has not made up his mind yet even that He is a Prophet. "This MAN," says he, "IF He were a Prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman that is that toucheth Him; for she is a sinner." He has pretty nearly made up his mind that Our Lord is not a Prophet.

JONES. Besides, Father, he didn't treat Our Lord with much respect.

F. O'FLANAGAN. You are right, Jones; the kiss, the washing of feet, the fragrant ointment, were the common civilities shown by the wealthy to their honoured guests—but not one of these civilities had Simon shown; beyond doubt he did not think Him God; he inclined to think Him no Prophet.

Then Our Lord, in His mercy, gives Simon proof that He is a

Prophet—by showing that He knew both Simon's thoughts and Mary's sins. "I know that she has been a sinner, but she has repented truly, and is a sinner no more; she has loved much and sorrowed deeply, therefore her sins are even now forgiven. On you, Simon, are now more sins than on her; you have not sinned so deeply, but you have not repented so truly."

Now what I want you to notice is this. Our Lord knew that Simon and the rest thought Him at most a Prophet?

JONES. Yes.

F. O'FLANAGAN. He knew also that Mary was thoroughly and truly repentant?

JONES. Yes.

F. O'FLANAGAN. And repentant from the best and truest of reasons—because of her love of God.

JONES. Yes. He says, "she loved much."

F. O'FLANAGAN. Therefore there would seem to have been no need for Him to pronounce words of forgiveness. He has already said her sins were forgiven (v. 47), yet He turns to her—turns from Simon and the guests to her, as she stood at His feet, and says markedly, and so as to call the attention of all, "Thy sins are forgiven." He has already seen that her sins are forgiven, yet He with human lips—with lips that no one at table thought to be the lips of God—pronounces her absolution.

JONES. I don't see it quite. Could not Our Lord have been telling her what He had already told the others, that as a matter of fact her sins were forgiven—not forgiving them exactly, but telling her that they had been forgiven.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well objected, Jones. If the old woman dies, we must make you a Doctor of Divinity. But to answer it. I think it is quite clear from the Bible that Our Lord did not simply tell her that her sins had been forgiven; for "those that sat at meat with Him" clearly understood Him to have there and then forgiven; for they said within themselves, "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?" They would not have said this, if they had thought Our Lord meant simply to say that by the spirit of prophecy He knew her to be forgiven. Do you agree?

JONES. I think I do, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well then! Our Lord saw that they looked upon Him as a Prophet, who claimed that through Himself, as through a channel, forgiveness was conveyed. He saw that; yet He says the words of absolution, and leaves them still to think on, that He as a Prophet and a Messenger of God had claimed to forgive sins. One of two things: either He must have expected them to know that He was God, or He must have been content to let them think that He forgave as God's Messenger. He could not expect them to know that He was God; for, as we have already seen, this was a special grace given to Peter, not a common grace given to all, until the coming of the Holy Ghost. Therefore He was content to let them think He was man, and that, as man, He claimed to forgive sins. If this was wrong doctrine, if the idea that God forgave sins through man was blasphemous and wrong, could Our

Lord have possibly permitted that idea to be produced in men's minds by His words, and to stop in their minds without an attempt to change it?

JONES. I do not think he could.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Then Our Lord must have meant by this public forgiveness of sins, as in the case of the palsied man, to prepare men's minds for the truth that, as God had Himself become man, He had been pleased to forgive sins Himself as man, and to convey forgiveness through His fellow men: human souls and human lips had become the channels of God's grace, since God had wedded human nature to Himself. But this we shall see more clearly, when we come to show how and when it was that our Lord, having during His lifetime conveyed the forgiveness of God to men through His Human Nature, chose His fellow men to be channels also of that same forgiveness. For to-night, Jones, I will ask you to notice but one thing more.

JONES. Yes, your Reverence; what is that?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Please notice, how exactly this account of St. Mary Magdalene agrees with Catholic teaching about Confession. You know by this time, Jones, what is the best and highest reason for which we should be sorry for our sins. Is it the fear of hell?

JONES. No, your Reverence; the love of God.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Very well; when a sinner mourns over his sins from the pure love of God, his sins are forgiven at once; mortal sin and the pure love of God cannot live together; if one comes into the heart, the other must go out. Therefore the moment love of God enters the sinner's heart, that moment the sins, without waiting for Confession, are forgiven and pass away.

JONES. Then I suppose he need not go to Confession?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Yes, yes, he need. That is what I wanted to make you notice. In every case Confession. True, his sins are forgiven, and if he cannot get a priest and dies unconfessed he will go to heaven: but if he can get a priest, to a priest he must go, and the priest must give him absolution; in all cases, even when Our Lord has forgiven Himself secretly in the sinner's heart, yet even then He will forgive also through the human lips of the priest. In all cases He will honour His messenger.

See, then, this is Catholic doctrine. By contrition sins are forgiven; yet those forgiven sins must be brought to the priest and receive the absolution from the human lips. And this is the doctrine taught you by our passage of to-night. Of St. Mary Magdalene Our Lord says, "her sins are forgiven"; she has contrition, she has "loved much"; yet over the forgiven sins of this loving one He speaks the words of absolution, "Thy sins are forgiven." See, Jones, how in all things the Church, which is God's work, agrees with the Bible, which is God's work also. God's works cannot disagree.

TALK VII.

THE GIVING OF THE GREAT GIFT.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Glad to see you again, Jones; you must be tired of my lectures, I fear. We are nearly at an end of them now. Our last passage of Scripture is in St. John, chap. xx.

Have you found it? Now then, verses 21 to 23, read them out in your own translation, Jones, then you'll be sure it is all straightforward.

JONES. "Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.

"And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost.

"Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

F. O'FLANAGAN. That is right. Are they simple words and clear?

JONES. They seem simple and clear enough.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! they bring us to the last thing we had to attend to.

We have seen that there is nothing unlikely or unreasonable, or contrary to God's other dealings, in His forgiving sins through men if He pleased. That was step one.

We have seen that Our Lord Himself forgave sins as man, and led people to think that sins would be forgiven through men. That was step two.

Now we are at step three: did Our Lord give this power of forgiving sins to men or not?

JONES. And you find it in this passage?

F. O'FLANAGAN. I find it in that passage. The words are as clear as language can make them. "Whose sins ye forgive." YE, Jones; who are meant by YE?

JONES. The Apostles of course.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Whose sins the Apostles forgive. What about those sins, Jones?

JONES. They are forgiven.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Were the Apostles men, Jones?

JONES. Of course they were.

F. O'FLANAGAN. But different men from you and me, Jones; not children of Adam like us?

JONES. I don't see it, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. But giants, Jones, weren't they? Made of other clay? They lived so long ago, you know, Jones. They were a larger race of men—like the big fossil creatures at the Crystal Palace.

JONES. Now your Reverence is chaffing me. They were men like us, of course.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Of course they were, Jones; men as we are, and men with faults such as we have, weak men who ran away from the Crucifixion, and one of whom denied his Lord; men who looked for

earthly glory, and wondered who would be the greatest; ignorant men, Jones, and illiterate, poor and humble. Yet Our Lord gave them the power of forgiving sins?

JONES. It looks like it, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. It would be useless saying: "Whose sins you forgive they are forgiven," if they were not to forgive anybody's sins; would it not, Jones?

JONES. Surely, your Reverence is right there.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well, then, let us look more closely into the account. On what day and at what time were these words said?

JONES. On Easter Sunday, I believe, your Reverence, the very same day He rose from the dead, in the evening.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Yes. Not until He rose from the dead, and when He Himself was no longer to appear as a living man among the living, and when by His Crucifixion He had won from His Father that all power—even the power over sin—should be given into His Hands as man.

JONES. As man?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Yes, as man. As God He had all power from all eternity, had He not?

JONES. To be sure, He had of course.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Then it would not need to be given. His own life among living men was over, men had not willed that He should stay among them, He could not any longer stop on earth Himself and with His own human lips use the power given Him as man and forgive sins. While He was Himself on earth to forgive sins, it needed not that He should give the power to others; now He was to be no more on earth, and if through human lips at all sins were to be forgiven, it must be through the human lips of other men, not through His own. Therefore, now when His own life was over, He gives His powers to others, that others may carry them on. Even we, Jones, with our little human wisdom, would do the same. If we wished our work to go on, we should give it to our children or to our friends to do, when we could no more do it ourselves, should we not?

JONES. That is right, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Let us look now more closely into the words and see how clearly Our Lord tells them that this is His intention, His meaning, that what He had done they were to do. "Peace be to you," is the first, I forgive you Myself your sins;—your cowardice at the Cross, your denial of Me, the wavering of your faith, your desertion of My Mother, all is pardoned. "Peace be to you." But I will do more than pardon, "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." What I have been on the earth, that you are to be. "As My Father hath sent Me." How did His Father send Him, and for what? Armed in His human nature with all the power of heaven, with power to teach without chance of error, with power to interpret Scripture to the full, with power to give grace, with power to work miracles, with power to pray prayers that MUST be heard, with power to offer a Sacrifice that could not be refused, with power to forgive sins—so had His Father sent Him, and

—"even so send I you." Power also shall be yours to teach unerring, to interpret, to pray, to offer sacrifice, to forgive sin, and, therefore, now, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." And, lest there be doubt of what He means, He gives to His words a solemn action which He had never used to them before: He breathed His breath—the breath of the risen God—upon them, the token of the Holy Spirit, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." When He so said, Jones, did they receive the Holy Ghost, or were the words of God empty, and did His breath return to Him void?

JONES. Surely they must have received Him. God does not speak in vain.

F. O'FLANAGAN. And for what purpose did they receive Him? If we are to be simple in explaining the language of God, if we are not to twist and torture God's words, as we should never dream of torturing the words of man, they must have received the Holy Ghost that they might have power to do that which Our Lord says they should do in the words that follow—"Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them." This is the clear plain meaning of the words. We have seen that there is nothing in that meaning which is strange or contrary to God's dealings with man, or against God's love, or beyond God's power; therefore there is no reason for putting aside the plain meaning—and the Church has never seen reason for putting it aside, and has always said that this plain meaning is the true one.

And for what other reason would they receive the Holy Ghost? For their own holiness they had already received Him; they had not been with the Sacred Heart so long and not received of Its holiness; their still further holiness, and all the abundance of the Holy Spirit's gifts, they were to receive on Whit-Sunday. Our Lord did not give now what He had already given in Baptism; nor did He give now what was to be given at Pentecost; yet surely He gave now something—and what was that something but a gift, not of holiness only, and not for the sake of the Apostles only, but a gift for the sake of all men and all times—this great gift, "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them."

Thus, Jones, Our Lord's words and actions have all, at His first appearance to His Apostles, one clear, simple, connected meaning. He comes for a special reason: that reason is to give to them powers which would show them at once that His death was not a defeat, but a victory; that His work was still to go on; and that, cowardly and weak as they had been, they were restored to His favour, and were to be the instruments by whom His work was to be carried on. And this purpose for which He came He carries out by His words. He sends them on the same message on which His Father had sent Him—and armed with the same powers. That they might have those powers He bids them receive the Holy Ghost, and as the principal part of the work He bids them forgive sins, and tells them that whom they forgive on earth He forgives also, and that His pardon is conveyed through them.

And so, Jones, He completed the gift which He began at the Last Supper. Then He gave them power as Priests to go on with another part of His work—the worship of His Father by the continual showing

forth of His death in the Holy Mass.

The worship of His Father—for that He provides first, even before He dies.

The forgiveness of man—for this He provides next, on the very day of His rising.

And those two things are the things for which His Father sent Him—the worship of God and the pardon of man.

Now, Jones, do you believe that Our Lord could have forgiven sins through man?

JONES. I do.

F. O'FLANAGAN. That he forgave sins Himself as man when living among men?

JONES. I do.

F. O'FLANAGAN. That lastly He gave the power He used as man to His fellow-men on Easter Sunday?

JONES. Yes; I think your Reverence is right there too.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Then get you gone, Jones, and ask the old woman to teach you how to examine your conscience.

JONES. I can do that for myself, thank your Reverence. I shouldn't fancy confessing to the old woman, much as I like her. I will come on Monday; but I shall have a word or two to say before I kneel down.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Why! what's the matter now?

JONES. Well! I believe in it, you know, and all that; but still I'm not used to it, and it seems so funny like. However, good night, your Reverence.

TALK VIII.

PUTTING IT OFF.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Why, man! you don't look as if you came quite willingly. You are like the rest of us. You don't quite like it.

JONES. I don't, your Reverence, asking pardon for making so bold, it seems so queer.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Well! let's see if I can find out what's the matter. To begin with, you know a Priest can't tell?

JONES. So the old woman says. I shouldn't think he could.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Aye! but you don't feel quite sure for all that, eh? Not quite, quite sure.

JONES. I think I do, your Reverence; still, telling a man all you've done and said and thought, for the first time, makes one feel a little strange.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Let me try and make you more certain about it. To go back to our old likeness of the pen, Jones, the Priest is the pen in God's hand, when He scratches out our sins. Now tell me, when you

wrote that letter of yours, you know, asking the old woman if she would be your wife, you didn't want everybody to see the letter?

JONES. Indeed no, your Reverence.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Nobody knew the secret but you and the pen! You were not afraid of the pen's telling anybody.

JONES. Your Reverence jokes. Of course not; how could the pen either know it or speak it?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Why! the pen wrote it! Now, Jones, that is just the likeness of the Priest. He is blind, deaf and dumb as the pen. He neither knows your sins, nor can tell them. While God uses him as a pen indeed, he acts as God's pen; but when God has laid him down, he has no more to do with the sins he has just heard than the pen with the words it has just written.

JONES. Do you mean that he has actually forgotten them?

F. O'FLANAGAN. No, he could remember them if he chose. I do not mean that God works a miracle, and bolts the confession supernaturally out of his mind. But if he remembers them, he knows so thoroughly that he has no longer anything to do with them, that it is just as if he had never heard them at all. To tell them would be the most terrible of sins. He dare not speak of them even to yourself, except in the Confessional again. He dare not show, even by a look, that he knows any sins he has heard. Because you have told him something dreadful he does not therefore wear a look of horror; he does not shrink from you, or sigh, or look gloomy—because he actually does not know your sins.

JONES. Not know them?

F. O'FLANAGAN. As a PRIEST he knows them; but not as a man. As God's pen, as God's messenger, he knows them; as your fellow-man, Mr. O'Flanagan, he does not know them. In the Confessional he knows them; out of the Confessional he knows nothing about them; knowing, he still knows not. Now I will take a hard case. We will say that you are my dearest friend, I have known you for years, we have been as brothers, we have sat together at table; you come to me at Confession, and tell me that you are a murderer. I know by what you say that it was my own mother that you murdered. You are repentant, and I give you absolution. We leave the Confessional, and till you die never by word or sign can I show to you that I know you to be my mother's murderer. I cannot put you from my table, nor wear the look of coldness, nor refuse to press the hand stained with my mother's blood. Nay! I cannot even think the ill thought of you. You are a repentant forgiven sinner, of whose sins, which God has blotted out, I know nothing, nor have ever known anything. Nay! you are not repentant, you defend and excuse the murder, and I cannot absolve you; yet am I still to you as I was before, and of your sin I know nothing, nor have ever known anything. There could not be a harder case than that, Jones, I think, to a man who loved his mother.

JONES. There could not, your Reverence—dreadful! And he couldn't speak a word of it?

F. O'FLANAGAN. He couldn't LOOK a word of it, Jones. He must be just as he was before, eating with his mother's murderer, caressing his mother's murderer, walking with his mother's murderer, to whom he had himself conveyed God's pardon, and secured the salvation of his soul.

JONES. Horrible!

F. O'FLANAGAN. Beautiful! so much stronger is the charity of heaven than the love of earth. But now let us go a little more into the everyday common sense of the matter. Are there not others to whom secrets are told as well as priests?

JONES. I suppose there are.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Aye! and unpleasant secrets too. Many a husband has an odd thing or two to tell his wife before the marriage day, or just after it, as the case may be; and many a wife has an odd thing or two to tell her husband; but neither fears that the other will tell. And the doctor! Truly I think he hears as many confessions as the Priest, and uglier confessions, too, I fancy. Confessions not willingly told, but wrung out of the culprit, or confessions not necessary to be told, but there written for him to read. Yet who dreams that he will tell? Then the lawyer! The murderer there in the condemned cell has told him of his guilt. Does he straightway go and blab it out before the court? No, no, no. Why! not a man in all the big world who is not this moment keeping the secret of some strange confession. Yet the world trusts and is content, and never dreams that they will tell! Mere natural honour—the honour of friend or the natural love of relation, or mere professional honour, the honour of physician or of judge—to this they trust, but the honour that is beyond nature, the honour that is strong with God's grace, this they trust not in—pretend to trust it not.

JONES. Does God then give grace?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Surely. God does not lay burdens on men without giving strength to bear them. The heavenly power to keep the secrets of the Confessional is part of the Sacrament of Order. When the power to forgive is given, the power to hide sins in secrecy is wrapped up in it. So that, Jones, as a matter of fact, never has it been known since the Church began that any Priest has ever told a secret whispered in confession. There have been bad priests since the Church began, priests who have sinned all manner of sins, who have been untrue to their vows, who have lost the Faith, who have left the Church; but not one even of them, let him have been ever so vile and bad, has committed that meanest and vilest of sins—the breaking of his honour to God by telling the secret of the Confessional. Did you ever hear of St. John Nepomucene?

JONES. St. John who?

F. O'FLANAGAN St. John Nepomucene. St. John who was born at a little place in Bohemia rejoicing in the name of Nepomuc.

JONES. The old woman is as full of saints, I sometimes tell her, as our puppy is, asking your Reverence's pardon, of fleas, but I don't think I ever heard her tell of that one.

F. O'FLANAGAN Well! before I tell you of him, just one word about the common sense of the matter. You good Protestants often think of us,

I fancy, as liking to hear confessions, rather enjoying the Confessional. Heavens! I wish I could put you into my confessional for half-an-hour. It may be unpleasant to make a confession, it is a thousand times worse to hear one. Of all dreary weary jobs I know none drearier and wearier. Scores and hundreds of human beings coming and telling you the same stale old human sins, the same weary old human weaknesses, too much drink, and too little prayer, the same old changes rung on the same old seven deadly sins week after week, month after month, year after year, the same resolutions broken, and made and broken again—mercy! it is like living in a churchyard, bones and skulls and skulls and bones, save that in the Confessional the bones and skulls come to life again and the dead souls arise. But do you think, Jones, that when a man has been six hours in the Confessional, or even one hour, hearing the same old dreary tale from mouth after mouth—do you think that he cares to remember what he hears—or could remember if he chose—or cares to do anything except to get out of that prison-house to his supper or his bed? Talk of charity! no visiting the hospitals, no going to the prisoner, is one-millionth part of the charity which is in tending the sick soul in the Confessional, and stopping — charity's prisoner — in that weary little wooden box; St. Philip Neri's Hospital, that Confessional he loved so much, is the true Hospital after all.

JONES. Well! your Reverence; about St. John with the odd name —Nep—something or other.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Nepomucene. I'll tell you. Some 800 years ago, was a certain King of Bohemia and Emperor of Germany named Wenceslas—an unhappy lad who had the ill chance to become King and Emperor at sixteen years of age. The poor lad lived, as one might have feared, a most evil life, and earned for himself the unpleasant nicknames of sluggard and drunkard; and he deserved them; he was little better than a brute every way, violent and savage in his temper as a madman. His Empress was as good as he was bad; his violence made her a Saint; her holiness enraged him and made him still more the brute; for all that he was dotingly fond of her with a wild sort of savage fondness. The Empress made her confessions to our St. John, a learned and holy man, a magnificent preacher, and almoner for the Royal pair. Amongst other fancies it struck the good King Wenceslas that he would like to know what his Empress said in Confession to St. John. Of course no one would say him nay! so he called St. John and bade him tell the tale as it was told to him. What the Empress said he must know. St. John made the answer which every priest must have made; Confessions were made to God, not to him as man, and the secrets told to God he could not reveal.

A day or two after Wenceslas' dinner was not to his liking. A fowl served to his majesty's palate was over-roasted or under-roasted, or something was the matter with the roast. Thereon Wenceslas, like a madman, gave orders that the cook who could not roast should himself be roasted, and the poor wretch was spitted and roasting before his own fire, when St. John ran into the Emperor and threw himself at his feet. In vain he

asked for mercy; he himself was thrown into prison, not to go thence till he had told the confession of the Empress.

Every effort was made by the Emperor: prison had not opened St. John's mouth, perhaps coaxing would: a magnificent feast—and St. John called out of prison to sit at the board of the Emperor entreating and persuading; but St. John speaks not.

Then more tortures, rack, burning torches, roasting—still no word from his lips but the names of Our Lord and His Mother.

Again released, and apparently in favour. Yet did the lion only slumber. One day as Wenceslas looked from his window he saw John pass. The madness came upon him, "Follow him," he cried, "bind him, and throw him bound into the river." And so bound, but with his secret safe, he was thrown into the river.

And lo! a light upon the river and all Prague gathered to see! On the water, floating calmly quietly on its bosom, the body of the saint; and round it shone the glory of God. And 330 years after they opened his tomb; the bones perfect, but the flesh consumed: only NOT consumed, but fresh as in life, the Tongue which told not the sins of the penitent, which held fast the secret whispered to God.

JONES. A wondrous tale, your Reverence, and a holy man. And would all Priests do as he?

F. O'FLANAGAN. By the blessing of God, all.

TALK IX.

AT LAST.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Any more objections, Jones?

JONES. I don't like it, Father; it feels so queer, and I feel ashamed like. I can't tell you all I've done.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Rubbish! Jones, I don't want you to tell ME. By-and-bye when I sit down in that chair, and you kneel before God and His holy saints and angels, you will whisper it all to God, and God's messenger, but you will forget all about me. Think of God and tell it all to God. I am lost, I am nobody, only God's instrument; no longer the Father O'Flanagan whom you have known so long, and who has talked and joked and eaten with you, but simply God's instrument, lost as it were in Him. Forget me and remember God. Make God's presence real to you, feel Him, see Him; and then as He already knows all about your sins, why fear to tell Him that which He saw you think and do, and heard you speak? But then again, Jones, do you think I've never heard any confession besides your own?

JONES. Of course you have, your Reverence, hundreds.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Hundreds! aye thousands. Then you speak in confession to one who has heard all the vices and the wickedness of which poor human nature can be guilty, one to whom no sin is strange or startling, and who, whatever you may have to tell him, is sure to have

heard the like before, not once or twice, but many times. In truth men are men, their humanity the same, their temptations pretty much the same, the same flesh and the same world and the same devil ever at them; and your tale, if it be not quite the same, is yet probably very much the same as that of hundreds who are kneeling in the Confessional the world over this minute, and of millions upon millions who have kneeled in confession since St. John Baptist's penitents confessed their sins.

Then again, Jones, the priest in the Confessional is bound to be sweet and gentle to you: he represents in the Confessional the Mercy of God,—true the Justice also, but the Justice made captive by the Mercy, and compelled to be almost unjust to itself. He is there to pardon, to give the seventy times seven pardons, and he then is likest to the Sacred Heart which was sent, "to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." Oh! mercy of mercies! there is no work of mercy like the Confessional. One absolution is worth all the sorrows and the trials of a priest's life:—but there, you are staring at me; I didn't mean to burst out like that.

And the priest is bound to be all the more sweet and gentle to you, because he who represents God's mercy needs that mercy himself, because he who forgives sin is himself a sinner. Men feel it as an objection that they should confess sins to a fellow-sinner. I know not—it seems to me that it is one of God's mercies that He has chosen our fellow-sinners to hear us: to tell our sins to an angel, to one of spotless purity, yet a creature, and full of jealous love for the honour of His Creator, would be to me a terrible thing: but to tell one's sins to one who is hedged about with temptations like to my own is an easy thing. He is not one who cannot feel for our infirmities, but one who is in all respects tempted as we are: sweet certainly and gentle and most tender, as he hopes for mercy himself, must he be to others.

JONES. Your Reverence does not mean to say that there is no shame in telling your sins in confession?

F. O'FLANAGAN. No. Of course there is some shame, but I mean that the devil makes the shame appear ten thousand times greater than it is. The devil, of course, hates the Confessional. He would rather do anything than let you go in there. You know in the Gospels how he disliked losing the people whom he possessed, how he raged and tore the poor wretch, and hurled him on the ground. Well! it is in the Confessional that he has to leave the poor souls he possesses, and he does not like it. A few whispered words, and his power is gone: and his sceptre broken, and he is uncrowned and driven from his kingdom: he does not like it, and so he raises any barrier that may keep you from the Confessional. One of his chief barriers is shame. Well! you must simply play the man and cast off this shame. For remember a sinner has no right to expect his sins to be forgiven without shame and without pain: he should not have sinned. At baptism indeed, when God first started us on the road to heaven, we were forgiven painlessly and shamelessly, but if after all

the grace of baptism we choose to fall again, what right have we to complain of a little shame and a little pain. Truly it is a little; the mercy of Our Lord has put upon us the lightest of disgrace and punishment; to whisper our sins to a fellow-sinner, who cannot tell and dare not be hard upon us, is surely amongst shames the least and lightest. If we choose not this shame, then indeed there is shame in store for us on the last day, the great Day of Judgment. Before the whole court of heaven and earth and hell your sins stand out plain and clear for all creation to see, the more shameful, the more you have concealed them here; the more shameful, the more you have shrunk cowardly from laying them open in the Confessional.

JONES. Well! your Reverence, I see all that; it's right enough that we should be put to shame a little. We put Our Lord to shame enough by our sin. But I don't think it's exactly the shame. I don't know that I've been such a bad man,—foolish enough, and thoughtless a bit when I was younger, as young chaps are, but never given to swearing much or drinking, or anything of that;—but I feel shy like about it, it seems so odd; I shan't know what to say.

F. O'FLANAGAN. Ah! that's what half of them say. You're awkward about it. Of course you are, poor fellow; not like a Catholic brought up to it from his childhood. Oh! well! leave it to me, I'll soon put it right for you. At your first confession you'll just let me ask you questions, you'll not have much more to say than yes or no to them, and before you know where you are you'll have got rid of the burden of your whole life, all your sins gone for ever, and you a ten times happier and better man for their going.

JONES. Well! your Reverence, I suppose I must. Will that be all then? Will that make me a Catholic?

F. O'FLANAGAN. Not quite all. You were christened when you were a baby?

JONES. I believe so, at the old Protestant church at home. Do you christen me again?

F. O'FLANAGAN. I do, and I don't. That puzzles you. Well; you know that anyone can baptize, Catholic, Protestant, heathen, adult or child, anyone can baptize; it would be the DUTY of every one to baptize, if a child was dying; no one but a priest OUGHT to baptize except in such case of necessity; but if anyone else chooses to do it, the baptism he gives is as good a baptism as the priest can give, and will open the gates of heaven to the child as much as the priest can.

JONES. Yes, your Reverence, so I've heard the old woman say.

F. O'FLANAGAN. A Protestant clergyman has no right to baptize; but if he chooses to do it, and does it properly, his baptism is a good one, and therefore you would not want to be baptized by me. But very often Protestant clergymen do not baptize properly, either from ignorance or from carelessness. I myself have seen even High-Church clergymen, who are the most careful, baptize in such way that it was no baptism.

JONES. It is an easy thing to do, your Reverence, one wouldn't have thought they could make a mistake.

F. O'Flanagan. It is easy, it only wants simple water flowing on the skin, and a few words said at the same time. But sometimes they have not used simple water, and sometimes they have baptized in a batch, and sprinkled a lot of babies together at hap-hazard, and sometimes they have used a wet finger, and sometimes they have thrown water on the woolly hair of a boy and not a drop has touched the skin, and sometimes they have not said the words at the time at which they poured the water. Half of them, you see, do not really believe in Baptism. So we cannot tell if the clergyman who baptized you, baptized you properly or not Now you know a person can only be baptized once; so when it is doubtful if a person has been rightly baptized or not, we give what is called conditional baptism, we say, "If thou art not baptized, I baptize thee," and so on.

Jones. Then which do you do first? Baptize or absolve me?

F. O'Flanagan. First you make your confession; then I will baptize you, and then I will give you absolution. You do not know an "Act of Contrition?"

Jones. Act of Contrition? What is that, your Reverence?

F. O'Flanagan. A form of words, in which you tell God that you are sorry for your sins, and with your understanding and your will put away sin from you, put away your past sins and resolve to do them no more. When you have made your confession, you shall make the act of contrition with me. Here is a short and easy one: "O my God, I am very sorry that I have sinned against Thee, because Thou art so good and I will not sin again."

Jones. Do you give me a name at baptism?

F. O'Flanagan. Yes, you may take another name if you like. It should be the name of course of some Saint, a real Christian name.

Jones I should like to have taken the name of Our Blessed Lady, only I am a man.

F. O'Flanagan. You can do so if you like; many men in Catholic countries are called Mary in addition to some other name.

Jones. Then give me the name of Mary, there is none like it. And now, Father, I am ready.

. . . . .

F. O'Flanagan. You are tired, Jones, I see; but you are all the happier for your confession?

Jones. Happy! God bless your Reverence!—I cannot speak much:—I am another man, and it is another life:—Thank God, thank God!

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